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- ART. I.—1. *The Old Testament in the Jewish Church: Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism.* By W. R. SMITH, M.A. Edinburgh: Black. 1881.
2. *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. III. (Art. on "Bible," pp. 634-648, by W. R. SMITH.) Edinburgh: Black. 1875.
3. *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. XI. (Art. on "Hebrew Language and Literature," by W. R. SMITH.) Edinburgh: Black. 1880.
4. *The Newer Criticism, and the Analogy of the Faith: a Reply to Lectures by W. R. Smith, M.A., on the Old Testament in the Jewish Church.* By R. WATTS, D.D., Belfast. Edinburgh: Clark. 1881.
5. *The Canon of the Bible: its Formation, History, and Fluctuations.* By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D. of Halle, and LL.D. London: King and Co. 1877.

THE great difference between our own times and those of antiquity is in no instance more marked than in the facilities for tracing the history of books. There is still some uncertainty respecting the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*; and there are those who say that the tractate of the seventeenth century, *Eikon Basilike*, was not the work of a royal hand. Yet the year in which either of these came to light can be fixed; and the respective circle from which each must have issued can be defined. Historical criticism is learning the use of her weapons. It cannot yet separate the fabulous from the true in Geoffrey of Monmouth, nor authenticate all that

passes under the names of Aristotle or Cicero, nor certify every composition usually attributed to Shakespeare. In the mystical literature which has abounded in the wake of great religious movements it finds frequent and typical occasions for the exercise of its art. In this sphere it reckons to have achieved its greatest triumphs. It has banished legends, fables, and mythologies, like the early gods of Greece, into the lower world. The antiquarian and philologist may yet rake among them for golden grains of primevalism; but only a few now hope, like Lord Bacon, to elicit from them a hidden philosophy. In other cases, where criticism has not entirely neutralised the pretension of former days, it has raised suspicions; and the additions to the Book of Daniel, the Gospels of the Infancy, and the notorious decrees of Isidore, serve sometimes to limit the value of more faithful witnesses.

The invention of printing, the increase and diffusion of learning, and the establishment of more immediate communication between scholars, have brought about the new state of things. Perhaps we ought to add that, in the moral progress of our race, truth itself has reached a higher value among men. It has come to be thought of as "the pearl of great price," and the gems of ancient opinion are freely exchanged for it. The demand for verification is so peremptory that new perils are threatened to the truth itself. Equal certainty is demanded in every sphere of knowledge. It is assumed that what is true can be at once shown to be true, *Decipimur specie recti*. Because truth is not always found at the bottom of a well, as the old philosopher said, many seem to conclude that it must always dwell on the surface of things.

That collection of time-honoured treatises known by us under the title of the "Old Testament" belongs to a far-back period when the conditions of literary truth were very different from those which exist now. How are these venerable archives affected by the new tests? It was impossible that they should escape the trial which the "Newer Criticism" was eager to apply to them. May their reputation for integrity, often challenged, but not successfully assailed heretofore, be expected to survive the nineteenth century? This is really the question which underlies the discussions included in the *Lectures* of Professor Robertson Smith, the title of which stands at the head of this paper. He says, in his preface, that "a temporary victory

of the opponents of progressive Biblical science in Scotland" made it necessary for him to expound the subject in detail to the public, that they might "have an opportunity of understanding the position of the Newer Criticism." There was a time, and not very long since, when it seemed as though only experts could appreciate the evidence on which hinged the authenticity of Scripture books. Even in his article on the "Bible," Professor Smith says, "The origin of each of these records forms a distinct critical problem." The "Newer Criticism" was to be carefully discriminated from the vulgar infidelity of Tom Paine and the secularists who put, in the simplest Saxon, the charge of direct forgery against the authors of Scripture. But now, since many scholarly members of his own communion have repudiated his theories, the Professor appeals to "the public." An ordinary Briton, with the version of 1611 in his hand, is supposed to be competent to decide between the Free Church Assembly and the Professor of Hebrew whom they have condemned and deposed. We are encouraged, therefore, to hope that we may place before our readers the chief features of the controversy for which Mr. Robertson Smith has become notorious. The ability to interpret rabbinical Hebrew, and "to converse with Arabs in their tents," which is reported to be among the intellectual possessions of Mr. Smith, is happily not indispensable to every one who wishes to know whether the books of the Bible are genuine and authentic.

It is well known that our English Old Testament is a translation from that Hebrew version which, from the times of the destruction of Jerusalem, has been venerated and used by the Jews. In the case of the New Testament there are several different versions, or families of manuscripts; but there are no such diversities in the copies of the Old Testament. The only variations are clerical, literal, or grammatical, and do not present an essentially different sense. This was the text from which Jerome, in the fourth century, derived his Vulgate—from which again came the translation of Wicliffe. This was the selfsame text from which the Targums or Chaldee paraphrases were made in the earliest Christian times. So that though no existing manuscript of the Old Testament is known to be older than the ninth century, it is certain that the text of the Apostolic age, at least, was identical with our own. The neo-critical school, represented by Dr. Davidson and Professor Smith,

plead that there were disputes about the canonicity of Ecclesiastes and Canticles as late as 90 A.D.; but they cannot deny that they were in the Canon. Josephus (100 A.D.) asserts that the whole Canon was settled by Ezra, and that no one since his day had dared to interfere with it. His catalogue of books answers precisely to ours, except that by a slightly different arrangement he makes the number to be twenty-two, which is the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet.

It is not disputed, then, that in the first Christian century the Jewish Scriptures were substantially such as we have them. They were not arranged in exactly the same order: but the difference in the succession of the books is incidental only to the history of our national Bible. Wickliffe, translating from the Vulgate in the fourteenth century, followed its order of the books, which it again had taken from the Septuagint. The ecclesiastics of the Council of Trent, betrayed by their ignorance, declared the Vulgate, including the Apocryphal books, to be the authoritative Scriptures for the Church in every age. The Reformers, receiving enlightenment from their study of Hebrew and the Canon, placed the Apocrypha in a separate section. The Authorised Version of 1611 included them, but in this intermediate condition, and it was well understood that they did not stand on a level with the canonical Scriptures. In the later editions of the English Bible the Apocryphal books have been usually omitted; but the order of succession, derived as we have intimated from the Vulgate and Septuagint, has been retained. In the Jewish Scriptures the succession of books is as follows:—I. The Pentateuch. II. The Prophets; beginning with Joshua, including Samuel and Kings, and ending with Malachi. III. The Hagiographa, or Holy Writings; commencing with Psalms, including Daniel, Ecclesiastes, &c., and terminating with Chronicles. The latter, therefore, stand at the very end of the Jewish Scriptures. To this threefold division there can be no question that our Lord refers in Luke xxiv. 24, where He says, "All the things written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning Me must be fulfilled."

The facts before us, then, are—first, that the books of the Old Testament existed in the time of our Lord in their present state, even to the very text, of which, indeed, there has been since that day but one recension; secondly, that

our Lord and His Apostles constantly asserted that these Scriptures contained the supernatural element of prophecy. It may be that we are not able always to interpret the predictions. Sometimes these ancient sayings may have been referred to the events of after times without authority. But since man cannot predict the future, it is quite clear that if there are found throughout the "Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms," certain "things concerning" One who was to live centuries afterwards, these documents cannot be treated quite like "any other book." This is what the rationalistic critics insist should be done. Starting with the theory that the supernatural does not exist; that prophecy, like every other miracle, is impossible; they come to the conclusion that Jesus and His Apostles were either deceivers, or themselves deceived. Renan ventures to allege that both these positions are true. Mr. R. Smith could not have found the smallest constituency of sympathisers in the Free Church of Scotland if he had repudiated the doctrine of the supernatural. He therefore is at pains to say to his auditors (*Lectures*, p. 27), "If you find me calling in a rationalistic principle; if you can show at any step in my argument that I assume the impossibility of the supernatural, or reject plain facts in the interests of rational theories, I will frankly confess that I am wrong." Yet in another place (pp. 18, 19) he says, "We hear many speak of the human side of the Bible as if there were something dangerous about it, as if it ought to be kept out of sight, lest it tempt us to forget that the Bible is the Word of God. . . . The whole business of scholarly exegesis lies with this human side." In this view of the distinction between the Divine and human "sides" of Scripture lies the primal weakness of his system. He imagines that it is possible to divide between the human and heavenly elements of that which is at once the Word of God and the word of man. As the Romanists think they can distinguish between the *substance* and the *species* of bread, so he dreams that he can separate the *matter* of Scripture which is Divine, from the *form* which is human. This feat being performed, he has defined the sphere and "business of scholarly exegesis." But this is a serious mistake. The "scholar" who investigates the letter of Scripture must also be a disciple of Him who gave it; and the student of the Word must be a subject of the Spirit which is its origin. The human elements of Scripture are not the mere clothing of

the Divine principles which abide when it is abstracted. The Word of God is "living," and the speech of holy men is an organic and integral part of the process of inspiration. It may for ever be beyond the ability of human reason to define the exact limits of these essential factors in Holy Scripture. Where can we place prophecy, according to Mr. Smith's scheme? Is it Divine or human? He has chosen to speak of the prophets most approvingly as moral teachers, and on this account exalts them above the priestly class, to whose ritualistic tendencies he attributes the prevalence of idolatry in Israel. But did our Lord refer only to their moral teaching when He said that they spake "concerning Him"?

It is evident that of two possible extremes of opinion respecting the true character of Scripture, Professor Smith has selected that which reduces the Old Testament to the level of "any other book." The opposite extreme scarcely allows a "human side" at all to Scripture. It leaves little or no room for historical criticism, and would give to every letter the authority of an absolute utterance of God. To some minds either theory presents an easy and ready solution of the mystery of revelation. But neither can be satisfactory. Mr. Smith tells us of one point in the inquiry where we come upon "fundamental problems of theology." Dr. S. Davidson (*Canon*, p. 184) has this remark: "Those who look upon the question as historical and literary take a one-sided view. It has a theological character also. It needs the application, not only of historic criticism, but the immediate consciousness belonging to every Christian." If this be so, the assumption that the Bible is "like any other book," and has even a "side" which is purely and absolutely human, must be as false and misleading as the grossest theory of mechanical and literal inspiration ever given to the world.

In pursuing the history of the Canon in pre-Christian times Mr. Smith rejects the tradition that the Scriptures were watched over by "the Great Synagogue." This corporation, he ventures to assure his readers, is a myth,— "a pure fiction from Elias Levita, a Jewish scholar, contemporary with Luther." Dr. Davidson, more cautiously, not only allows its existence, but describes its operations; and dates the conclusion of its labours at about B.C. 200, when the Hasmonean College succeeded to its labours. And of this body of scribes, which Professor Smith says is "a

pure fiction," Dr. Davidson, who might be supposed to represent "progressive Biblical science" as well as himself, asserts that "they did not refrain from changing what had been written, or inserting new matter. Some of their novelties even in the Pentateuch can be discerned."

But at present all parties are agreed that the Pentateuch, substantially what it is now, existed in the time of Ezra. Davidson and Colenso in England, Smith in Scotland, Kuenen in Holland, and Welhausen in Germany, consent to this. It may not be long before some more "progressive" investigator shall arise, and announce his discovery of another "great unknown"—a Maccabean compiler, or a redactor after Antiochus Epiphanes. But as yet there is no voice heard which challenges the claim of the present "Torah" to be that which Ezra brought with him from Babylon, and read to the people in Jerusalem. To its existence then there are three separate and independent witnesses. The first is that Hebrew Version which Jews and Christians alike venerate. The second is the Samaritan Pentateuch. The third is the Greek Version, called the Septuagint, which was made at Alexandria, in Egypt, about 280 B.C. Respecting the first of these, the Hebrew, there is sure evidence of its identity in the descriptions given in the books of Ezra and Nehemiah, in its connection with the sacrificial worship, and in the consistent traditions of the Jewish Church. There is more diversity of opinion respecting the history of the Samaritan Pentateuch. The old view was that it came into the possession of the Samaritans soon after the settlement of that race in the land of Israel. If that could be demonstrated—and the contrary cannot—it would at once dispose of the rationalistic theories of the Old Testament. The more modern view, with which some orthodox writers agree, is, that it was introduced into Samaria by Manasseh the priest, who promoted the erection of the temple on Mount Gerizim about B.C. 430. This was within half a century of the times of Ezra. The alphabet with which it was written is an older form than the Hebrew of our Bibles. In some passages it differs from the Hebrew, and also from the Septuagint. Sometimes it seems to have been altered in favour of the Samaritan religion. Professor Smith wishes to deduce from its variations the inference that originally there were differing copies of the Pentateuch—an inference which he thinks is supported by the variations found in the Septuagint.

The Septuagint, though dating only from the early part of the third century B.C., also bears its testimony to the previous existence of the Pentateuch. The first Book of Maccabees (B.C. 150) quotes its translation of Daniel; and this leads Dr. Davidson to say that the interval between the Hebrew and Greek of Daniel must have been inconsiderable. It more certainly shows that the later portions of the Old Testament Canon had been in their places long before. Antiochus Epiphanes (B.C. 168) sought out the "books of the law" and burnt them. If we may quote an opinion, held by Dr. Davidson twenty years ago,* the Latin Prologue to Ecclesiasticus may be as old as the second century B.C.: and it refers to "the Law, the Prophets, and the other books which have been handed down to us by the Fathers." This would attest the existence of the threefold Canon at that time, and so does 2 Macc. ii. 13, which speaks of the library of Nehemiah as containing "books of the kingdoms, and of prophets, and David, and the epistles of kings, and concerning the gifts." By the latter is most likely meant the books of Ezra and Nehemiah, containing the letters of authority under which Jerusalem was restored. Professor Smith, however, finds it convenient to disparage this testimony to the existence of the Canon at that time. We have no information which enables us to determine when the monographic character of the Hebrew Bible was secured, supposing there ever were different versions of it. If the whole came to light at so late a period as Professor Smith decides, one does not see how versions differing so much as the Septuagint, the Samaritan and the Hebrew could have originated. It is also equally doubtful when the older alphabet was relinquished and the modern Hebrew accepted. The Samaritan was written in the older character, and Maccabean coins have the Phœnician lettering, rendering it improbable that Ezra introduced the new style. Yet such a change could only take place under the prestige of considerable authority; and, in fact, it gives to the version we know the character of a translation rather than the original itself. Mr. Smith will not allow us to attribute change to the "Great Synagogue;" but there were, always after the days of Ezra, schools and colleges of scribes who preserved the sacred books down to Masoretic times. The scribes, however,

* Horne's *Introduction*, ii. p. 1032.

who were the guardians of tradition rather than critics, are not to be our guides any longer in regard to the history of the text or its interpretation. "It has become possible," Mr. Smith tells us, "for Biblical students to get behind the Jewish rabbis upon whom our translators were still dependent, and to draw from the sacred stream at a point nearer to its source." We must now consider what the "Newer Criticism," having become independent of scribes and rabbis, has to say about the Pentateuch; and, incidentally, what it can reveal about other books of Scripture.

The Pentateuch, according to Professor Smith, existed in the time of Ezra, for he was its author. Ezra vi. 17 describes him as "a ready scribe in the law of Moses, which the Lord God of Israel had given." So "ready" was he, that he was the actual compiler of the Pentateuch, the composer of large portions of it; and 4 Esd. xiv. 37 alleges that he wrote the whole Bible out by revelation after it had been lost during the Captivity. The latter feat, certainly, is not much more incredible than that he should have fabricated the Pentateuch under the name of Moses. The "Newer Criticism" allows that portions of the book had existed before. Deuteronomy had come to light in the reign of Josiah; Elohistic and Jehovistic histories had existed from the times of the kings. But now it was necessary to establish the Levitical worship at Jerusalem. Ezekiel had already given a sketch of the new temple and its appointments, and this outline was filled in by Ezra with the various enactments which occupy the greater part of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers. Before that time sacrifice was not of any Divine appointment or sanction. The Levites had always been priests by some tradition of their tribe, but the origin of this tradition was "lost in obscurity," Professor Smith says. We suspect that the "obscurity" is a dark spot in the vision of the school to which he belongs. However, he ventures to assert that sacrifice among the people of Israel, previously to the Captivity, "was only part of natural religion which Israel had in common with other nations." Did not "Samuel and all the prophets," down to Jeremiah, protest against sacrifices and offerings? Did they not say that "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams? What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me? saith Jehovah. I am

full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats." From such sayings as these Professor Smith makes the following inferences: "The Levitical sacraments of atonement were not the forms under which God's grace worked, and to which His revelation accommodated itself in Israel before the exile" (p. 306). "Worship by sacrifice, and all that belongs to it, is no part of the Divine Torah to Israel. It forms, if you will, part of the natural religion which other nations share with Israel. . . . Jacob paid tithes, . . . the patriarchs had altars and sacrifices, . . . the law of blood is as old as Noah, . . . the Arabs consecrate firstlings, and there was an autumn feast of vintage among the Canaanites; but the difference between Jehovah and the gods of the nations is that He does not require sacrifice" (*Lect.* p. 296). "Deuteronomy and Jeremiah alike stand outside the priestly Torah" (p. 371). We ought to add to these statements a paragraph from the Preface, viz., "That Biblical criticism is not the invention of modern scholars, but the legitimate interpretation of historical facts." That the "interpretation" is anything but "legitimate" we think it will not be difficult to show.

It is only very recently that Professor Smith has satisfied himself of the correctness of his theory. In his article on the "Bible" (in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. v.) he says: "Here arises the great dispute which divides critics, and makes our whole construction of the historical books uncertain. It is plain that the chronology of the composition of the Pentateuch may be said to centre in the question whether the Levitico-Elohistic document, which embraces most of the laws in Leviticus, with large parts of Exodus and Numbers, is earlier or later than Deuteronomy." So that it is during the last seven years that he and his critical guides have been able to decide this question, which, as he says, "has issues of the greatest importance to the theology as well as to the literary history of the Old Testament." If the theory stand, there will be an important addition to the triumphs of discovery, and to the feats of criticism already belonging to the last decades of our century. This remarkable chapter of human history will not only have seen the Napoleons crowned and discrowned, the Bourbons degraded, and the Pope deprived of his temporal kingdom, but also have beheld Moses brought-down from his

unlawful pre-eminence. He may indeed, ere the century close, have become as mythical as Pythagoras or Zoroaster. It is certain, that if this theory is established, Ezra becomes his intellectual superior, the real author of the social and religious legislation attributed to the fabulous lawgiver of the wilderness; though, perhaps, the circumstances attach to the memory of the Babylonian Jew an infamy of untruth which it could well have spared.

In tracing what he supposes to have been the history of Jewish law, our author "takes up his parable" as follows:

1. We are not certain that Moses wrote anything except the Ten Commandments.

2. The first collection of laws may be found in Ex. xxi.—xxiii. It was a very simple system of religious and civil polity, adequate to the requirements of a primitive agricultural people. The date and author are unknown.

3. The second legislation is that of Deuteronomy, which originated in the reign of Josiah.

4. The Levitical legislation commenced with Ezekiel, but was completed by Ezra. This legislation is artistically interwoven with the accepted history in Exodus, Leviticus, &c., but it may be taken out of these books without much injury. The differences between it and the previous systems are easy to detect. The first legislation and Deuteronomy regard Israel as a nation, the third legislation regards Israel as a Church. The first legislation allows altars to be erected anywhere; Deuteronomy permits unity of worship to be deferred until Palestine is possessed; but the Levitical system requires that it should be confined to the sanctuary with its ark and priesthood. Deuteronomy knows no Levites who cannot be priests; but the later legislation divides the tribe into "priests and Levites."

Such is the genesis of the Pentateuch according to the "Newer Criticism." Professor Smith says (*Lect.* p. 216): "This is no mere personal opinion, but the growing conviction of an overwhelming weight of the most earnest and sober scholarship." We fear, however, that by "scholarship" he means rationalism; as Nöldeke, Kuenen, and Welhausen, to whom he refers his readers for authority on the main points of his theory, are avowedly opposed to the orthodox views of the supernatural in connection with the Bible and its history. But rationalism finds it difficult, if not impossible, to account for such a book as the Old

Testament, and its theories have of necessity been perpetually changing. Only eighteen years ago Dr. Pusey said in his book on Daniel (p. 306), that "the wildest criticism does not now doubt that the whole Pentateuch was before the Captivity." Neither Eichhorn, Ewald, Colenso, or Davidson had at that time suggested that the Pentateuch was later than Jeremiah; but to this point "progressive Biblical science" has brought its followers at last. It is really the position assumed by that arch-rationalist Spinoza, but to which until now his disciples have been unwilling to come.

The evidence on which such a theory can rest is, of course, chiefly of a negative kind. The "silences of Scripture" and of history are the strongholds of the sceptical school. There are few recorded instances of the careful observance of the Levitical institutions in the times between Moses and the Captivity. It has therefore been inferred that the ritual peculiar to the Pentateuch could not have been in existence during the period of the judges and the early kings. Samuel offered in holy places besides Shiloh. David, Solomon, Elijah, and others were not restricted to worship at one altar, and that at Jerusalem. In Neh. ix. 34 the people confess that neither they nor their fathers had kept the law; but then this applies as much to moral conduct as to ceremonial observance; and, further, they do not all intimate that the law had had no existence in the previous ages. It was part of their sin that the law which had been given had not been observed. In Neh. viii. 17 it is said that the feast of Tabernacles had not been kept since the days of Joshua as it was then. Yet this was commanded in Deuteronomy, which, we are told, was published in the days of Josiah. Why was it there described, if never observed until two centuries afterwards in the days of Nehemiah? On the meanest view of the ritual of Israel, this was one of the principal feasts of the people of the land. Even Professor Smith has told us above that the Canaanites had their "feast of the vintage" which was held in the days of Samson. As long as the objectors to the earlier origin of the Levitical system confine themselves to observations on the scanty evidence supplied in the history, they have a little plausibility; but when they descend to particulars, and attempt to adduce positive evidence of their theory, they fail. No link in the chain will bear the weight put upon it.

For instance, it is supposed that Moses wrote the Ten Commandments, and that this was all he bequeathed to his people. But how often are these referred to in the subsequent history? There are many occasions on which a reference to them would have been most appropriate. But when Samuel stood before Saul, or Nathan before David, or when Elijah denounced Ahab, they did not mention them. Shall we conclude, then, that they did not exist? Was it likely that such a code of morals should be extant, and yet the prophets who arose, age after age, to vindicate the moral law, especially against ritual excesses, never appealed to it? Moreover, if the history has been manipulated to the extent alleged, and personation employed so liberally, it will certainly raise the suspicion that this magnificent minimum of the Mosaic institution is a pious fraud too. Moses himself, like the Levitical institutions, is seldom mentioned for a thousand years after his time. The claim of the Decalogue to antiquity cannot long be maintained if the sacrificial worship is repudiated on account of the fewness of references to it. If the flame of criticism can do so much as this, it is not like that of the "bush," which consumed nothing; it is a fire which will rage until the personality of Moses vanishes into air.

"But the prophets from Samuel to Micah deny that God is propitiated with sacrifices." We may at once say that this is not true. The prophets never depreciate the sacrifices as such. They condemn the observance of ritual when put in the place of moral obedience. There is not a single instance in the history in which sacrifices to Jehovah were rejected because they were without authority. Joel, Amos, and Micah protest against the idolatry practised in high places. Even in Jerusalem the externalisms of service were maintained when the heart of piety was dead, and the moral law ignored. Against this corrupt formality not only Isaiah, but Zechariah and Malachi raise their testimony. But this doctrine that the sacrificial institution was objected to by the prophets before the Captivity is a pure invention. It scarcely deserves a place in the same category with the notion cherished by the older Presbyterians, that instrumental music is unlawful in Christian worship, because it formed part of the "sacrificial institution" and was abolished with it. We do not hear that Dr. Begg, who is a stout opponent of Professor Smith, is inclined to avail himself of the advantage which would be

gained for his crusade against organs, by adopting the new theory. It would certainly give a more effective depreciation to instrumental music, supposing it to belong to the Levitical worship, if it could be shown that the latter was not ordained by Moses under Divine direction, but by Ezekiel and Ezra falsely in the name of Moses. But on this whole subject may we not give to Professor Smith the reply which our Lord gave to the Pharisees: "Go away; and learn what that meaneth; I will have mercy and not sacrifice"? The "progressive Biblical science" cannot interpret it, any more than the scribes could eighteen hundred years ago.

If we take up other particulars of the evidence by which Professor Smith desires to support his scheme, we shall find them equally unsubstantial. He says (*Lecture*, p. 317) that the "first legislation" and Deuteronomy regard Israel as a nation; but the Levitical law, dating from Ezra, regards Israel as a "congregation." The word that is said to indicate this change in the politico-ecclesiastical relations of the people is *nyē-dah*, which is not used in Deuteronomy to describe Israel. Its omission becomes a distinguishing feature in the style of that book, because the term is so common in Exodus, Leviticus, and even in the books of Joshua, Judges, and Psalms. But it only occurs once in the book of Chronicles, which, he says, are so thoroughly imbued with the Levitical spirit. Then, it is never found in the books of Ezra, Nehemiah, or in those of Zechariah and the post-exilic prophets. Surely, if the word indicated such a decided change in the social aspects of the people, it would have been found in the writers who belong to that period. Besides this, the post-exilic books, when they speak of the "congregation" of Israel, do not use this word, but employ generally, another term, *kāhāl*, which is found in most of the books of the Old Testament.* Therefore, so far as this particular word *nyē-dah* is concerned, there does not seem to be "the shadow of a shade" of testimony for the opinion that the Levitical legislation belongs to times subsequent to the Captivity.

We cannot follow the "Newer Criticism" into every

* Yet *יְקָהָל*, which is frequently found with *יְקָהָל*, is used in Deut. xxiii. 1, 3, and elsewhere in the book; as also *אֹהֶל מוֹעֵד* = the tent of the congregation, or the tent of witness (so LXX.), Deut. xxxi. 14.

detail of investigation by which it endeavours to support its novelties. There are some points, however, to which Professor Smith attaches special importance and emphasis, and that to which we now turn our attention is spoken of as "one of the clearest proofs that Deuteronomy was unknown till long after the days of Moses" (*Lecture*, p. 353). But we think we can show that an unusual amount of misrepresentation, perversion, special pleading, and prejudicial colouring enter into the argument, and also, that it does not lead to the conclusion which is so confidently claimed for it. At first, it presents itself with an imposing speciousness, but on closer examination it degenerates into a very commonplace mistake.

Professor Smith says that the Deuteronomic law in the reign of Josiah abolished the local sanctuaries which had been until that time allowed. In the "first legislation," in Ex. xx. 24-26, a promise is made that the Divine sanction will be given to altars in many places, while Deut. xii. 5, with other passages, confines worship to one place. But is this not explained by the fact that the first promise was given to the people when they were about to enter upon a lengthened and dangerous pilgrimage, while the later counsel belongs to the time when they were about to enter Canaan? During their wanderings they would, of necessity, erect fresh altars in every place: but in Canaan one place should be chosen. Professor Smith cannot carry out his argument on this point without assuming that the "local sanctuaries" of Israel were identical with the places on high hills and under green trees sacred to the Canaanites. He makes the religion of Israel to be a variety of Baalism, and suggests that only the later teaching represented the national idolatry as belonging to Canaan. The antagonism to idolatry was the growth of religious progress, and chiefly due to the zealous agency of the prophets. He tells us that "the old marks of a sanctuary, such as Masseboth, = sacred pillars, and Asheroth, = sacred groves, were continued in the sanctuaries of Jehovah down to the eighth century B.C. They were allowed by Isaiah, . . . were found in Solomon's temple, . . . were used by the patriarchs." All which, if it were true, would not lead to that identification of Jehovism with Baalism which is the apparent consequence of his theory. But we shall see that the theory is built upon sand.

It would be very astonishing if anything approaching to

idol worship had been "allowed by Isaiah." This prophet, who was one of the most intense and uncompromising antagonists of idolatry the world has ever seen, ought not to be implicated in connivance with it. But on the strength of one saying in the writings of the prophet our Professor does not hesitate to bring the charge. Isa. xix. 19 says: "In that day shall there be an altar to Jehovah in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar (Masseba) at the border thereof to Jehovah." But what was a Masseba? Only a tall stone, an obelisk or menhir, of which there were many in Egypt, devoted not only to the gods, but to the memory of great men. But to set up "a stone of remembrance," like Eben-ezer, or that erected at Gilgal when Israel had come over Jordan, or that anointed at Bethel by Jacob, is not the same thing as to set up Masseboth of Baal, which Deuteronomy consigns to destruction. "But they were found in Solomon's temple." Solomon could not very well build his temple without pillars; and, dependent as he was upon Phœnician art for his decorations, the figures of cherubim, of "palm-trees and open flowers," would to some extent resemble heathen shrines. But all this is duly chronicled in the books of Kings, which Mr. Smith says are post-exilic in origin, when these "marks of a sanctuary" had become unlawful, and were "abolished by Deuteronomy." They are faithfully described in the books of Chronicles, which are so full of the Levitical spirit. What is more, the sacred pillars reappear in Ezekiel's reformed temple, and even the cherubim and palm-leaves! But to set up sacred pillars of brass in the temple—calling one Jachin,=confirmation, and the other Boaz,=strength, was not like the erection of Baal-images in the Syrian worship; and the memories of Paradise in the floral decoration of the sanctuary need not be confounded with the vile associations of an Asherah. The Masseboth of Baal and the Asheroth also were to be destroyed, according to both Exodus and Deuteronomy. Jehoram (2 Ki. iii. 2) destroyed some, as did Jehu (2 Ki. x. 26) and Hezekiah, Asa and Josiah destroyed others. But all this confirms the view that these insignia of Baalism were excluded from the worship of Jehovah. It is true that Hosea iii. 4 says that "the children of Israel should be many days without prince and sacrifice, and Masseba, and ephod and teraphim." In the days of Hosea the implements of corrupt religion had become

strangely joined with the true rites, especially in Israel; and in captivity the true worship as well as the false was cut off. It is Hosea who tells us that when it "offended in Baal," the nation perished.

But Professor Smith does not interpret one portion of the saying in Isaiah to which he refers. There we are told that there shall be "an altar to Jehovah in the land of Egypt." But how could Isaiah say this on his principles? We are told that in Isaiah's time there were no "sacraments of sacrifice" Divinely instituted; that Isaiah and his contemporaries protested against the offerings; and that even Jeremiah did not recognise a "sacrificial priestly Torah." Yet here is Isaiah, nearly a century before "the discovery of Deuteronomy," promising to Egypt "an altar to Jehovah," and also saying, "the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day, and shall do sacrifice and oblation; yea, they shall vow a vow." It would have been better for the Professor's theory if he had made no reference to this passage. It proves that altars, sacrifices (*zebakhim*), offerings (*minchoth*), and vows (*nedharim*), all of them peculiar to the Levitical system, were attached to the worship of Jehovah in the days of Isaiah. Moreover, the prophet tells us in v. 20 what is the object of the Masseba. "It shall be for a sign and for a witness" (*nyēdh*). This is the very word used of the pillar which Laban and Jacob set up as a "witness" of their parting. And we conclude that as the "Galeed" set up by the patriarchs was consistent with freedom from Baalism, and was not intended to denote a "local sanctuary," so the obelisk to be set up in Egypt, according to Isaiah, was only a "witness" for Jehovah, and not a Masseba of Baal, which Deuteronomy and the Levitical legislation condemn. The Masseboth of Baal are quite as strongly denounced by Hosea (B.C. 780), by Micah (710 B.C.), as by Jeremiah (B.C. 600), or by Ezekiel (590 B.C.). The whole theory of the critics on this point collapses, unless it can be proved that Baalism is the immediate progenitor of Jehovism. How the two are associated by Professor Smith may be seen in the following passage in his article on the "Bible." "The worship of Jehovah on the high places or local sanctuaries was constantly exposed to superstitious corruption and heathen admixture, and so is frequently attacked by the prophets of the eighth century." From this cloudy sentence

it might be inferred that the prophets had sometimes "attacked" the worship of Jehovah itself; and, again, that it, rather than the worship of Baal, was that which was practised on the high places.

It is admitted on all hands that the references to the Levitical customs in the early history are very few. These were, according to the old view, generally neglected or disregarded through many centuries. The people built altars in many places; Samuel offered sacrifices not only at Shiloh, but at Gilgal and Shechem. Gideon, who was not of the tribe of Levi, built an altar to Jehovah and sacrificed upon it. The principal sanctuary in the days of David was on Gibeon, which was also the final site of the old tabernacle. Through the division of the kingdoms under Rehoboam, the unification of the popular worship was rendered still more difficult. But from whom do we derive our information of these matters? Is it not from writers who, according to Kuenen and Welhausen, were interested in the representation that the Levitical ritual was instituted by Moses? Why did they not suppress all those portions of the history which were in contradiction to the view which they wished to advance? We are asked to believe that the last collectors and formulators of the Old Testament canon agreed to represent the Levitical ceremonies as having originated with Moses and Aaron, and yet left in the sacred writings many indisputable evidences that this theory could not be true. We can only reply that this view presents more difficulties and greater than the traditional one. Of the two "the old is better."

Another of these wonderful discoveries is that the "Book of Deuteronomy knows no Levites who cannot be priests; the Levitical legislation distinguishes between Levites and priests." But this is an illusion more unsubstantial, if possible, than any we have noticed. It is true that in Deut. xviii. 1 we read that "The priests, the Levites, all the tribes of Levi shall have no part nor inheritance with Israel." And it is equally true in Exodus and Leviticus sometimes we read of "priests and Levites," and that the higher priestly functions are confined to "the priests, the sons of Aaron." But in Deuteronomy these higher functions are never attributed to the Levites, as they ought to have been if there was no official distinction between them and the priests. Moreover, in Ezekiel xlv. 15 we have

the exact expression used in Deuteronomy, although Ezekiel, according to Mr. Smith, initiated the new system, and carefully confined the higher priesthood to the sons of Zadok. The sons of Zadok had been faithful in evil times, and were rewarded by especial honour in the new temple. But the prophet speaks in this wise: "the priests, the Levites, the sons of Zadok that kept the charge of My sanctuary when the children of Israel went away from Me, they shall come near to minister unto Me." Does he, the author of the last distinction made in the sacerdotal succession, make no distinction between the priests, the Levites, and the sons of Zadok? We think that the "Newer Criticism" ought not to stumble at the customary modes of expression which were employed by the writers of Scripture. Ezekiel xlviii. 15 speaks of "the priests, the sanctified among the sons of Zadok." From this Hengstenberg infers that not even all the sons of Zadok were continued in the more elevated positions of the priesthood; but we cannot on such evidence reverse the testimony of all Jewish and Christian antiquity. Yet Professor Smith has the courage to say that "this one point is sufficient to fix the date of the Levitical law as later than Ezekiel."

The history of Jeremiah, and the unquestioned existence of the "ark of the covenant" for ages before the Captivity, furnish irresistible evidence of the utter unsoundness of these novel theories of the origin of the Levitical system. Jeremiah was certainly acquainted with much more than Deuteronomy, and it seems absurdity itself to say that he "recognised no priestly Torah." Then before the "ark of the covenant" the "Newer Criticism" can no more hold its place than could Dagon of Philistia. Jeremiah was himself from a priestly family in Anathoth, and delights to portray happier days than his own when the people should throng into Jerusalem with their sacrifices and offerings, and the Sabbaths should all be kept. He complains that they have burnt incense; but it is "incense to other gods." "The priests said not, Where is the Lord? and they that handle the law knew Me not." There had been dreary periods even in Jerusalem—as during the long reign of Manasseh—when the Torah was ignored or forgotten. It had been reproduced under Josiah. But can any sane judge imagine that Jeremiah knew nothing of "a covenant with God by sacrifice"? On one

occasion he was called to go and "stand in the gates of the Lord's house," and threaten the people who came to worship there. Does he say that this place—the temple—was not "the house of Jehovah"? Does he ever breathe a hint that the sacrificial services of that place were human devices and not Divine ordinations? He denounces the moral corruption of his people, and the Baalism which had mingled with the worship of Jehovah even in Jerusalem; but he could not, according to Mr. Smith, object to the sacrificial worship which went on in the temple in his day; inasmuch as he was acquainted with Deuteronomy, which favoured the concentration of the public worship there. He reminds the people that ruin had come upon Shiloh, the ancient sanctuary, because of the wickedness of the people; and the same disasters should fall upon Jerusalem. "Therefore will I do unto this house which is called by My name, wherein ye trust, as I have done to Shiloh." Can we believe that Jeremiah did not recognise the true sacredness either of Shiloh or Mount Zion, and that he protested against the sacrificial customs in the same sense in which Luther protested against masses and prayers for the dead and the worship of images? The inquisitive monk found a Latin version of the New Testament in his college library, and this book produced changes in Europe greater than those which occurred in Israel under Josiah. Some day a yet "Newer Criticism" may arise and avow its opinion that Luther was the author of the so-called Pauline Epistles. It may seem then a very unlikely thing that, if the New Testament had been in existence for a thousand years before Luther, the Christian churches should so completely and universally depart from its teachings. The ignorance of God's Word among both priests and people through whole centuries of the Dark Ages furnishes us with a sad but instructive parallel to the "blindness" which "happened unto Israel" in earlier times. If space would allow, we should need no further witness than that of Jeremiah to disprove almost every proposition advanced by Professor Smith.

One favourite thought in this system is that before the Captivity there was a separation between the priestly and prophetic parties in Israel. The priestly party elaborated ritual, and imitated surrounding heathenism. So far, we do not question that there are important elements of truth

in these views. But Professor Smith does not stop at this point. He proceeds to say that the priestly offerings before the Captivity had no Divine sanction. After the Captivity the schism between the priests and the prophets was healed; and the Levitical ritual was wedded to the best part of the prophetic teaching. But a little insight into the significance of the "ark of the covenant" demonstrates that this very thing had been done centuries before. The ark contained the tables of the law—the original standard of righteousness. But it also marked the place to which Samuel, David, and the people for many generations brought their sacrifices. There "mercy and truth met together, righteousness and peace kissed each other," long before Ezekiel saw his vision of the new temple or Ezra read the "law" in its courts.

We regret that Professor Smith should have yielded so slavish a deference to the worst principles and procedure of the rationalistic critics. Those parts of the ancient Scripture which contradict his theory he ruthlessly gives up as untrustworthy; and facts which lead to the light he hastily ignores. The Books of Chronicles, which allege the existence of Levitical laws and usages through all periods of the history after Moses, and which show how, after years of suppression, the sacred books were brought to light again and again, he repudiates as biassed witnesses. "They have not the character of a primary source for the earlier history." But unless they were wholesale forgeries, they are at least worthy of consideration; and it says little for "progressive Biblical science" if it repudiates every document which does not bear the character of "a primary source." We need not point out the depreciation of more than one half of the Old Testament, if these sweeping charges and insinuations of forgery and fictitiousness against its authors are to stand. Nothing that can be said about later writers "filling up the outline left by Moses," or a later author "dramatically putting his sentiments upon the lips of an ancient leader," will relieve the imputation of untruthfulness.

How entirely opposed these views of the Levitical economy are to the evangelical doctrines of Protestant Christendom, as based upon the teaching of the Apostles, and particularly of the Epistle to the Hebrews, pre-eminently appears in what is said of the expiatory portions of the ancient system. No place is found in this system

for "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." It alleges that in the day when God brought out Israel from Egypt nothing was said concerning sacrifice for sins. The prophets inculcated repentance and demanded reformation, but discouraged sacrifice and protested against ritual for atonement. The sense of sin grew under prophetic teaching, and thus were generated ideas of atonement. At length the Levitical ceremonial was authorised "under the name of Moses," but not wholly nor at once. The Day of Atonement belongs, it is said, to a date posterior to Moses, and "thus appears as the very last stone on the ritual edifice" (*Lecture*, p. 377.) The Epistle to the Hebrews refers to this solitary occasion during each year in which the high priest, and he alone, entered the "Holy of Holies," and "not without blood," the Holy Ghost this signifying, that the way into the holiest of all was not yet made manifest." Professor Smith thinks that this peculiar institution did not belong to the times included in the Old Testament canon at all, but was a sacerdotal development of unknown date. The statement of such a theory is its own sufficient refutation.

There are many points in Mr. Smith's criticism which we are compelled, by want of space, to pass over in silence. He devotes one lecture to the relative merits of the Septuagint Version, in which he arrives at the conclusion that it is more authentic than the Hebrew Version which our Bibles follow. He thinks it to be "our oldest witness to the history of the text." Yet Kuenen makes it to be an objection to the New Testament interpretation of the Old, that its writers usually quote from this very version. The Leyden Professor, who is the principal guide of Professor Robertson Smith, and who has been allowed to deliver the Hibbert Lectures in the Museum of the Oxford University, entirely repudiates the claim of the Old Testament prophets to have predicted Christ or His kingdom. Dr. Muir, in his introduction to Dr. Kuenen's book on *The Prophets*, asserts that he has "demonstrated satisfactorily the insufficiency of the grounds on which the supernatural character of prophecy has been assumed." * Kuenen himself (*Prophets*, &c. p. 4) distinctly rejects the "traditional

* *The Prophets and Prophecy in Israel, an Historical and Critical Inquiry.* By Dr. A. Kuenen, Professor of Theology, University of Leyden. Translated by A. Milroy, M.A., with Introduction by Dr. Muir. Longmans. 1877.

view," in which, however, he can perceive much "grandeur and attractiveness," and avows that his "sympathies for the historico-critical or organic theory are well known." If such a theory could be maintained, the interest in the literary history of the Septuagint would be greatly reduced. As it is, we believe that this remarkable version of the ancient Scriptures will refuse to serve the purposes of the naturalistic school, and the predictions which it unmistakably contains, having received their fulfilment in Jesus the crucified, will remain as incontestable evidences of the supernatural, and of the superhuman origin of prophecy. No one believes the Aristean fable respecting its composition, but all interpreters of every school agree to regard it as an indispensable instrument for the interpretation of the Old Testament. The critics have yet much to accomplish before the true history of its several parts, or its actual relations to the original Hebrew, can be said to be fairly delineated. The assumption made by Professor Smith, that it is "the oldest witness to the original text," is, in the present state of knowledge, one that could only be made by a "youthful Professor" in his characteristic eagerness to substantiate a theory which had fascinated him by its novelty and boldness.

If we have not given in detail the positive evidence that the sacrificial institutions of Moses were in existence before the days of the Captivity, it is not because no such evidence could be adduced. In 1 Sam. i. 3 we read that Elkanah "went up out of his city yearly to worship and to sacrifice unto Jehovah of Hosts in Shiloh." But if, before the Captivity, "every Israelite had access to God for himself in any place at which he chose to build an altar," why should this man leave his city and go to Shiloh every year? The difference between Jehovah and the other gods, we are told, was that He did not require sacrifice; and yet here we find that there was a holy place in Shiloh consecrated to Jehovah and not to Baal, and a pious Israelite coming to it "to worship and to sacrifice." It may be replied that the history is from persons interested in misrepresenting the actual facts. In that case Eli was no priest of Jehovah, the "ark of the covenant" was a heathen shrine, and the whole history collapses into a forgery devised in the interests of priestcraft. Again: in 1 Kings it is related that Elijah rebuilt the altar of Jehovah which had been thrown down; and by the brookside

he lamented the overthrow of Jehovah's altars. But our critics tell us that down to Jeremiah's time there was no "priestly Torah;" that sacrifice belonged only to the "popular religion," and not to Jehovism. Discredit is therefore thrown upon the whole history of Elijah, and soon we may have to hand over the narrative of his victory over Baalism to the category which includes the story of King Arthur and his knights. It is well that we should consider the consequences of such a theory as that which is now recommended to us, not only by the Scottish Professor, but by the learned Dutch theologian who is patronised by the authorities of the University of Oxford. Professor Smith himself has not fully weighed them, for he yet clings to the doctrine of the supernatural in Scripture which Dr. Kuenen openly rejects, and he still allows some kind of authority to the utterances of inspiration. But he cannot long resist the logical conclusion of the opinions which he has espoused.

We may say, in conclusion, that we by no means pretend that there is nothing to be learned from such criticism of the Old Testament as is presented in the writings before us. It throws into bold relief the imperfections of our Biblical science, and shows how much land is yet to be possessed. The early Christian scholars who first translated and interpreted the Jewish Scriptures were dependent upon rabbinical teachers, who cherished traditions, but attempted no fresh investigation. From the days of Origen and Jerome until those of Luther, there was no Biblical criticism in the modern sense of that word. Since that period the work has made, until recently, slow progress, having been [hindered by party spirit, embarrassed by rationalistic vagary and excess, yet perpetually stimulated by the general advance of other sciences, and again by the boldness of the adversaries of orthodoxy. There yet remains a long and perplexing list of unsolved difficulties in the genealogy of the writings, with many unexplored lacunæ in the history, and a heap of feeble conjectures or yet more feeble interpretations lying in the way. But the materials for completer knowledge are rapidly accumulating. Palestine, east and west, is being carefully surveyed, and hundreds of geographical and historical names are receiving fresh illumination. Assyria and Egypt have vast treasures to yield to the excavator, more precious than any yet obtained. Philology, scarcely a century old, has

entered upon a splendid career. The development of historical criticism, and the multiplication of investigators in archæology, have made a new Biblical science both necessary and possible. So rapid is the march of ideas, and so gigantic the growth of knowledge, that the Bible dictionaries of twenty years ago seem to be out of date. We should have rejoiced if so excellent an Orientalist as Mr. Robertson Smith had been led to employ his attainments and energy in the work of methodising the new information, and of making it available for the edification of Bible-readers everywhere. No book, in the whole history of literature, ever had so large a class of readers, or has been studied with so much interest, as the Bible. They who are possessed of ample knowledge, if guided by a sound judgment, cannot serve their generation better than to assist it in understanding the words of inspiration. But Mr. Smith has preferred to ally himself with a small and exclusive sect of critics, whose only chance of renown lies in the temporary ignorance of many, and in the scientific scepticism of others. The theories of this school, however, may serve to attract healthier inquiry, and their mistakes will lead others to sounder conclusions. The final victory will be with the truth: but not, we think, with the "Newer Criticism."

- ART. II.—1. *Anecdotes of George Frederick Handel and J. C. Smith.* By W. COXE. London. 1799.
2. *Reminiscences of Handel, the Duke of Chandos, Fowells the Harpers, the Harmonious Blacksmith, and others. With a List of the Anthems composed at Cannons, by Handel, for the Duke of Chandos.* By R. CLARK, Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal. London. 1836.
3. *Life of Handel.* By VICTOR SCHOELCHER. Translated from the French by J. LOWE. London. 1857.
4. *The Genius of Handel.* By E. B. RAMSAY, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Dean of the Diocese of Edinburgh. Edinburgh. 1862.

To some names, permanently enshrined in the grateful appreciation of all the world, we ever turn with pleasure and interest. Shakespeare, Milton, Raffaele, Bacon, Homer, and a host of others, take rank, by reason of what they have done in the quieter paths of art and literature, with the world's discoverers, patriots, heroes, politicians, and philanthropists. And no one now denies a place in such a list to George Frederick Handel, though, whilst living, his genius was often slighted.

Like Luther, he was a Saxon, and was born at the quaint old Town of Halle. Illustrious Halle! thrice illustrious by reason of curiosities, a hospital, and a musician! Here, in the old days, were to be sought, not to say found, some earth from the field where Adam was formed, some pieces of Noah's ark, the rods of Moses and Aaron, one of the infants slain by Herod, and about eight thousand other relics. It was the Canterbury of Saxony, and on the grand day when all these wonders were exhibited crowds of people came in from all the surrounding districts, and got their sins pardoned for periods answering somewhat to the age of the relics. Here, too, was the hospital erected by the celebrated Francke, where the cures were at least real, if they only affected the body. And now, as its third distinction, Handel first saw the light here in 1685. His father was one of the doctors of the town,

and, having no ear whatever for music, intended his son to be a lawyer. But what about his mother? History often forgets the mothers, but science is more and more disclosing her secrets, and, amongst them, how much depends on the mental mood and occupations of those who bring our children into the world. Kingsley's mother, for instance, so loved the scenery of Devonshire, and was so fascinated by the outlook at her home, that she became an artist, putting upon canvas the outlines of the hills, and Charles Kingsley had, as an abiding love, that which was only a temporary passion with his mother. Mrs. Kirby, of New York, in her recent work on *Transmission or Variation of Character*, gives a striking illustration of the same thing. She says: "I knew a family of coarse and thoroughly commonplace people, but there was in it a single daughter, about nineteen years old, who was so evidently and remarkably superior, both in personal appearance and nature, that it did not seem possible she could belong to the same family. Conversing with her mother, however, she said, 'No, this girl was not born in that low dwelling under the shadow of the Catalpas, but in a poorer shed still, in Northern Tennessee. We were very poor about those times, and there was no prospect of anything better. One day there came along a pedlar—it was a wonder how he ever got to such an out-of-the-way place: well, he unpacked his traps, and among them was a little book with a lovely green and gold cover. It was the sweetest little thing you ever saw, and there was the nicest picture in the front. I saw it was poetry, and on the first page it said *The Lady of the Lake*; that was all. I did want that book, and I had a couple of dollars in a stocking-foot on the chimney-shelf, but a dollar was a big thing then, and I did not feel as if I ought to indulge myself, so I said no, and saw him pack up his things and travel. Then I could think of nothing but that book the rest of the day, I wanted it so, and at night I could not sleep for thinking about it. At last I got up, and, without making a bit of noise, dressed myself and walked four miles to a village the pedlar had told me he should stay at that night; and I got him up and bought the book, and brought it back with me just as contented and satisfied as you can believe. I looked it over and through, put it under my pillow, and slept soundly till morning. The next day I began to read the beautiful story.

Every page took that hold of me that I forgot all about the pretty cover, and perhaps you would not believe it, but before Nellie arrived in the world, if you would but give me a word here and there, I could begin at the beginning and say it clear through to the end. It seemed to me I was there with those people by the lakes in the mountains, with Allan-Bane and his harp, Ellen Douglas, Malcolm Graeme, Fitz-James, and the others. I saw Ellen's picture before me when I was milking the cow, or cooking on the hearth, or weeding the little garden. And then, when I found the baby grew into such a pretty girl, and so smart too, it seemed as if Providence had been ever so good to me. But children are mysteries any way. I have wondered a thousand times why Nellie was such a lady, and why she loved to learn so much more than the other children.'''*

Perhaps the mystery of Handel's musical genius might be cleared up in a somewhat similar way if we knew a little more about his mother. His father, however, did his best to banish music from the house, thinking it only a hindrance to his son's studies, and abhorring the very thought of his ever becoming a musician. Certainly he was a very naughty man to have such pronounced views. His old classical studies would have taught him that Socrates used to practise music with young men, that Strabo calls it the work of God, and that Quintilian affirms that it formed part of the education of youth from Achilles to his time. Hate it he did, however, and no instrument was allowed to be heard in the house as soon as the little genius had given some evidence of where his talent lay.

But whether a fire can be put out depends partly on the strength of the flame. We read of Pascal, that the strongest opposition was offered to the development of his talents by his parents, and of Tycho Brahé, that, being hindered in the same way, he used to wait till his tutor had gone to bed, and then trace out the constellations by a small celestial globe that he had secreted. And so in the case of Handel, an old clavichord or spinet was hidden in a garret of the house, and on it he used to practise when the family were all in bed. It was a sort of square box, which was placed on a table, the strings being covered with strips of cloth to deaden the

* *Marriage.* Joseph Cook.

sound. Perhaps his mother or his nurse was in the secret, but, at all events, by the age of seven he had become quite a skilful player.

Then came an incident which brought his powers to light. His step-brother was a page in the service of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, and one day his father went to the castle to pay a short visit. Our little genius *would* go with him, and when his father absolutely refused to take him, he ran after the carriage, until at last they picked him up. They had not been there many days before the duke heard the chapel organ touched in an unusual manner, and was astonished to find that the organist was a child. He at once sent for his father, and, after a great deal of persuasion, got him at length to give up the idea of his son's being a lawyer, and to educate him in the direction of his evident talents. Then he filled little George's purse with money, and told him that, if he minded his studies, no encouragement should be wanting to him.

On their return home, therefore, he was placed under the regular tuition of the cathedral organist at Halle, and was able to devote himself thoroughly to the art he loved so much. He made such progress [that by the time he was nine he composed motets which were sung in the cathedral, and Zachau, the organist, confessed that he could teach him nothing more. So he was sent to Berlin, where he made quite a stir, and met his future rival, Bononcini. The Elector offered to send him into Italy, where the best masters of all could be found, but this his father declined, and, some time afterwards, recalled him home. His death following shortly, Handel had to begin to earn his own living, and set off, in the first instance, for Hamburg, where he arrived in 1703, being then eighteen years of age. Here he played the harpsichord in the orchestra that he joined, and his first important work was produced with great applause.

The organ, however, was thus early his favourite instrument,—

“And oh, what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise!
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above!”

Hearing, therefore, of a vacancy for an organist at Lubeck, he went over and applied for it. But, amongst the conditions, what was his surprise to find that he must marry a certain lady! He at once threw up the appointment in disgust, and, throughout his somewhat long life, remained unmarried. He would have married a young lady at one time, but her mother said she would never consent to her daughter's marrying a fiddler! After she had died, the father wrote to Handel, saying that all obstacles were now removed, but Handel's pride was stronger than his love; he declined any further intercourse, and the young lady is said to have fallen into a decline and died.

After staying about three years in Hamburg, Handel made the tour of Italy, and then accepted the post of chapel-master under the Elector of Brunswick. He had become known in England, however, and, after a brilliant visit in 1710, it became out of the question for him to remain much longer in his native country. The Elector did not want to lose him, but Queen Anne, and the whole musical world in London, cried out for him, and at length, in 1712, he crossed the Channel, never to return for any serious length of time. Henceforth, for nearly fifty years, though he was not naturalised until 1726, he was an English resident. For thirty-four years he lived in Lower Brook Street; here, on English soil, he composed the grandest music that the world contains, and here he won his professional successes, and made his failures, both on a stupendous scale. When his old master, the Elector of Brunswick, became George I., he succeeded in propitiating him for his desertion by composing the well-known *Water Music*, which was played in one of the boats following the king's barge on the occasion of a river trip.

His first standing engagement was with Lord Burlington, who had built himself a house in Piccadilly, because he was fond of solitude, and felt certain no one would come and build anywhere near him there! In this quiet retreat he conducted the concerts which were given, and formed the acquaintance of Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. "There," wrote Gay,—

"Handel strikes the strings; the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein;
There oft I enter, but with cleaner shoes,
For Burlington's beloved by every muse."

Pope did not care much for music, though he gave Handel his rightful place in the *Dunciad*, but Arbuthnot appreciated both the music and the musician, and rendered him important service when his troubles came, as we shall see.

He did not stay very long, however, with Lord Burlington. The Duke of Chandos, popularly called the Grand Duke, was building himself a magnificent mansion at Cannons, near Edgware, connected with which was a chapel in which cathedral-service was performed by a choir of voices accompanied by instruments superior, at that time, in number and excellence, to those of any sovereign in Europe. Mr. Clark, the best biographer of this period, tells us that the present sanctuary at Whitechurch, now used as a parish church, was formerly the chapel built for the ducal mansion, and here Handel was engaged to take the organ, which he did for about three years. Here he composed the *Chandos Te Deums and Anthems*, and wrote the *Harmonious Blacksmith*. Here also he wrote his oratorio, *Esther*, for which the duke paid him £1,000.

Handel could not fail to enjoy his position at Cannons, loving the organ as he did. The harpsichord, indeed, though the parent of the modern piano, and outwardly resembling it, was very inferior. When the ivory key was struck on the harpsichord, a quill caught the string and made it vibrate, giving a hard clear tone. However struck, the performer could produce no variety. The improvement of the pianoforte was that the note was produced by a hammer striking the string, and it is evident that a hammer covered with soft leather must produce not only a better tone, but a loud or soft one, according to the strength used by the performer in striking the note. Hence the name of the new instrument, *pianoforte*, an instrument which, however, Handel never saw.

Poor Cannons! it seems to have deserved a better fate. It cost nearly a quarter of a million, and yet, on the death of the "Grand Duke," only twenty-seven years after its erection, it was pulled down, and sold for £11,000 in all. The marble steps, twenty-two feet long, were bought by the Earl of Chesterfield for his house in Mayfair; the equally fine marble columns were put into the portico of Wanstead House, and the equestrian statue of George I. into Leicester Square. It was as if art should triumph

over wealth and pomp in their very stronghold. The most splendid erection, giving every promise of endurance, is depreciated and scattered in all directions in a few years, whilst the strains of music composed there—light waves of air transferred to paper—live on for ever. The Grand Duke has gone his ways, and no one thinks of him now in spite of all his grandeur, and even in spite of his romantic marriage, but all the world is still listening to the strains of him who lived three years beneath his roof as one of his numerous retinue.

Whilst at Cannons, Handel made the acquaintance of Dryden and Addison, and there also his connection with the Royal Academy of Music, as director and composer, was secured. It was in 1720 that this Academy commenced its first season, but it is not to be confounded with the Academy which now bears the same name. It had, indeed, a very short history, in part owing to the serious disagreements which took place. Party spirit fomented the rivalry which had grown up between Handel and Bononcini, and gave birth to Swift's epigram :

"Some say that Signor Bononcini,
Compared to Handel is a ninny ;
Whilst others say that to him Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle ;
Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

The tide of success with which the Academy had commenced, turned. The prices charged were very high, and the *Beggar's Opera*, extolling the performances of Captain Macheath as a successful highwayman, was more to the taste of London audiences at that time. Handel also had begun to make himself unpopular with the aristocracy, and, the four causes combining, the Academy closed its doors in 1728, having exhausted all its capital of £50,000.

Handel, however, was worth £10,000 when the crash came, mainly his own receipts in connection with the Academy, and with this he felt justified in beginning on his own account. He had had many plain warnings that the nobility were largely alienated from him, and he knew that this movement would not be likely to please them. But he had the favour of the king, and was confident of

his own powers, and thus for three years he continued composing and giving his operas. *He failed as completely as the Academy had failed before him.* All his means became exhausted, and he was forced from secular music to those grand oratorios which are ever the first suggestion of his name.

No doubt to other reasons must be added the fact that he was very imperious, and frequently passionate, as a conductor. One day one of his singers (Cuzzoni) refused to sing an air he had composed for her, when he told her that she had the spirit of a devil, that he was Beelzebub, the prince of the devils, and, seizing her by the waist, he threatened to throw her out of the window if she persisted. On another occasion Carestina sent back a song as unfit for him to sing. Handel went to his house in a great rage, and cried out, "You toe! don't I know petter as yourself vaat is pest for you to sing! If you vill not sing all de song vaat I give you, I vill not pay you ein stiver." Pride will have a fall, however, and hasty tempers will meet with their rebukes. Later on in his life, on one occasion, his orchestra was to play before the Prince of Wales. The tuning was always done before Handel arrived, as he could not bear to hear it; and on this occasion some wag stole in a little before the performance, and put every instrument out of tune. As soon as the prince arrived, Handel gave the signal to begin *con spirito*, but such was the horrible discord, that, overturning a double-bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig in the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced, bareheaded, to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but was so choked with rage that utterance was denied him. So there he stood, staring and stamping amidst a general convulsion of laughter, till the Prince of Wales succeeded in calming him down. When such things were possible, no wonder that life was not quite so safe as it is now. Once Handel was saved from a deadly stab by a music-score which he had under his coat.

At the same time he was generous-hearted, as we should expect, and retained the services of nearly all his performers, always paying them handsomely. He was certainly not ruined by such artistes as Mrs. Tofts, of whom Pope sings:

"So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
 As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along ;
 But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
 That the beasts must have starved, and the poet have died."

His failure was that he could not get audiences to patronise his music, beautiful as it was. His course for years was a deliberate contention with the nobility, who gave parties on his great days, and refused for a long time to follow even the reigning sovereigns to his performances. Lord Chesterfield said, on one occasion, that he did not wish to go to his concert, as it was an intrusion on his Majesty's privacy (George II.'s), and it is an ascertained fact that at the first performance of one of his works, the entire audience consisted of two hundred people, of whom only about ten had paid for admission.

Not only so, but at this lamentable period he was the subject of attacks which are scarcely credible now. Italian opera, transplanted to English soil, language and all, might indeed raise its opponents, and both Addison and Steele wrote against it. But the lampoons of the day were coarse and personal. One represented him sitting on a beer-barrel at the organ, his head being like a boar's, and furnished with enormous tusks. Attached to the pipes of the organ are some fowls and a ham ; a turbot is set upon a pile of books, and the floor is strewn with oyster-shells. Various musical instruments are scattered about, including an enormous trumpet, and through an open window are visible a donkey's head braying, and a park of artillery, which is fired by the blazing music of the organist. Below is written—

"Strange monsters have adorned the stage,
 Not Afric's coast produces more ;
 And yet no land, nor clime, nor age,
 Have equalled this harmonious boar."

In a later version of the same, the scroll reads :

"The figure's odd—yet who would think,
 Within this tun of meat and drink,
 There dwells a soul of soft desires,
 And all that harmony inspires !
 Can contrast such as this be found
 Upon the globe's extensive round ?
 There can—yon hogshead is its seat,
 His sole devotion is—to eat."

Another attack was made upon his love of noise. "Beyond everything," says this critic, "his thunder is most intolerable. I shall never get the horrid rumbling of it out of my head. It was literally, you will say, taking us by storm. But mark the consequence. By this attempt to personate Apollo he shared the fate of Phaeton; his partner revolted, and with him most of the prime nobility and gentry."

There was no doubt some truth in the stoic stab. He was very fond of the pleasures of the table, and, on one occasion, he went to an inn, and ordered dinner for three. As it did not come at the time, he ordered it to be brought up at once. The waiter replied that it was all ready, and should be brought up as soon as the company arrived. "I am de company," he replied.

There is no doubt, also, that he carried the orchestra beyond all previous dimensions, and was satirised with wishing to employ cannon to heighten the effect. He was called "bold Briareus, with a hundred hands," and at a single blast, fifty-six horns, hautboys, trumpets, and bassoons were blown, one of the bassoons being sixteen feet high.

But if he had his foes, he had his friends, and now Arbuthnot came to the rescue. We have seen how he formed his acquaintance at Lord Burlington's, and of him Swift was generous enough to say, "He has more wit than any of us, and his humanity is equal to his wit." *The Memoir of Martinus Scriblerus*, published in Pope's works, is mostly his, as also *The History of John Bull*, famous in its day. On the 12th February, 1734, he published a satire, called *Harmony in an Uproar; a Letter to Frederick Handel, Esq., from Hurlothrumbo Johnson, Esq., Composer Extraordinary, &c.*, which was written with the design of vindicating Handel from the gross attacks which were being made upon him. The satirist says to the great composer, "You must know then, sir, that I have been told of late years you have been insolent, audacious, impudent, saucy, and a thousand things else, sir, that don't become you. . . . Go then, thou mistaken mortal, prostrate thyself before the Grand Seigniors; yield to their most unreasonable demands; let them spurn and buffet thee; talk not foolishly of merit, justice, or honour; and they may prove so gracious as to let thee live and starve." As he demands

a trial, however, Handel is brought before an imaginary Court, as follows:

"*Court.*—Frederick Handel, hold up your hand. Know you are brought to answer to the several following high crimes and misdemeanours committed against the wills and understandings, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the Mobility of Great Britain, particularly this metropolis. Imprimis, you are charged with having bewitched us for the space of twenty years past. Secondly, you have most insolently dared to give us good music and harmony, when we wanted bad. Thirdly, you have most feloniously and arrogantly assumed to yourself an uncontrolled property of pleasing us, whether we would or no, and have often been so bold as to charm us when we were positively resolved to be out of humour. . . . Sirrah! what has your stupidity to offer in your defence, that sentence of annihilation should not be immediately pronounced against you for daring to oppose our mighty wills and pleasures?—well said, us!"

Handel begins some sort of defence, but the end of it is, that he is condemned, and Hurlothrumbo closes the satire by saying, "Now, sir, you may think this usage very severe, but to show you upon what a weak foundation you build your musical pretensions, I'll prove it that you are no more of a composer, nor know no more of music than you do of algebra. First then, sir, have you taken your Degrees? Ha! ha! Are you a Doctor, sir? Ha! ha! A fine composer, indeed, and not a graduate! Fie, fie, you might as well pretend to be a judge, without having ever been called to the bar; or pretend to be a bishop, and not a Christian! Why, Dr. Pushpin and Dr. Blue laugh at you, and scorn to keep you company, and they have vowed to me that it is scarcely possible to imagine how much better they composed after the gown was thrown over their shoulders than before!"

Peace, however, to this period of his failure in secular music. His attention now began to be turned mainly to those sublime compositions which we call *oratorios*. The word, according to Ritter, takes us back to the first compositions of this order, which were given, not in churches, but in the oratories attached to them, by St. Philip Neri. No doubt the foundation of all such things is to be found in the old mysteries, moralities, or miracle-plays of the Middle Ages. These, however, had become so absurd that

they brought on their own doom. Imagine the *Donkey's Festival*, for instance, in which, in commemoration of the flight of Jesus and His mother into Egypt, a donkey was dressed in the gown of a monk, and thus led into the church, ridden by a young girl with a doll in her arms. Then, on the hymn *Orientis partibus* being intoned, the whole congregation responded by imitating a donkey's bray!

St. Philip Neri, however, who was contemporaneous with the Reformation, advanced far beyond this nonsense, in founding the modern oratorio. He took sacred stories from the Scriptures, such as "The Good Samaritan," "Job and his Friends," and "The Prodigal Son," having them set to music in the manner of hymns for a chorus of four voices, in which parts for alternate single voices also appeared. A sermon was delivered between the two parts, and great interest was excited by the service. Carissimi, Scarlatti, and many others followed in the wake of St. Philip Neri, but it was left for Bach, Haydn, and, above all, Handel, to bring the oratorio to that perfection to which it owes its modern pre-eminence. Accordingly, we now approach the chief creative period of Handel's life. In his early days, when visiting Italy, he had written his first oratorio, *The Resurrection*, at Rome, where it had been performed. He had also written *Esther*, at Cannons, and given it with success, both there and in London. He now applied himself to *Saul*, which was commenced on the 3rd July, 1738, and finished on the 27th of the following September. In it is the celebrated "Dead March," and a great variety of fine music, according to competent critics, though even yet it is the rarest thing to be able to hear it. It was received with great applause in 1739, and Handel announced that he would give two performances of oratorio music a week. As soon as *Saul* was finished *Israel in Egypt* was commenced, and in twenty-seven days the whole was complete. The music to Dryden's Ode on *St. Cecilia's Day* followed, and then his rendering of Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

But his greatest work was reserved for Ireland. He had often received pressing calls from the nobility and musical societies in Dublin, and at length, in November, 1741, he determined to pay them a visit. He took over with him the *Messiah*, and, after some other performances, this glorious work was produced in the Fishamble Street Music

Hall. It was on the 13th April, 1742, and the hall was closely packed with an audience eagerly anticipating the new oratorio. In order to make more room, ladies had been requested to come without their hoops, and, for the most part, made the sacrifice. The chief singers were Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Avolio, the chorus being sustained by singers from St. Patrick's and Christ Cathedrals. The immediate success of the composition was almost beyond precedent. One gentleman got so excited over "He was despised," that he called out, "Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven!" and the proceeds, which were mostly devoted to local charities, amounted to £400. The oratorio was written in twenty-three days, being commenced on the 22nd August, 1741, and finished on the 14th of September.

Handel stayed about a year in Ireland, and, on his return, *Samson* was produced, followed by the *Te Deum* and *Anthem* for the victory at Dettingen. This was the last battle in which an English king took part in person, George II. being opposed to Marshal Noailles. The service was given at St. James's Chapel, in the presence of the king, who thoroughly appreciated Handel's music, as we have seen, and as did also his grandson, George III. Handel had formerly composed *Zadok the Priest*, as an anthem for the coronation of George II.

Three other oratorios followed: *Joseph*, *Belshazzar*, and *Hercules*, though the latter is scarcely what we should now call one. Then came *Deborah*, and the *Occasional Oratorio*. *Judas Maccabæus* was composed about the same time, in honour of the return of the Duke of Cumberland from his victory at Culloden, and became a great favourite. *Joshua* followed, being composed in thirty days, and then *Solomon*, which occupied him about a month and a half. *Theodora* and *Jephthah* complete the wonderful list, the former not being well received.

And now, in the midst of his triumphs, the terrible affliction which darkened the last seven years of his life was beginning to assert itself. He seized the pen again and again only to lay it down. His eyes were too dim to see the score, and they were getting worse and worse. Beethoven became deaf, but he was to suffer, as did Homer and Milton before him, from loss of sight. One or two operations took place, but they were unsuccessful, and at last he realised, as he had never thought, the total eclipse

to which he had set such striking music in his clothing of Milton's *Samson Agonistes* :

"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrevocably dark—total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great Word,
'Let there be light, and light was over all;'
Why am I thus bereaved Thy prime decree;
The sun to me is dark!"

Yes, it was total eclipse, and for a few years the great master had to "stand and wait." He continued to give performances in aid of the Foundling Hospital, to the governors of which he had presented the score of the *Messiah*, out of which they made thousands of pounds. Occasionally also he gave them for other charities, but he could no longer compose. He became sensible that the end was not far off, and wished that he might breathe his last on Good Friday, "in hopes of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of His resurrection." His prayer was granted, and he passed peacefully out of the world on Good Friday, April 14th, 1759, at the age of seventy-four.

We need not doubt that he has joined the choir above. Certainly he was impatient, as we have seen, and used far too strong language when he was crossed. Once he broke out, "If a man cannot think but as a fool, led him keep his fool's tongue in his own fool's moud." He was free, however, from the vices of the day in which he lived, and was constantly seeking to do good to others with the extraordinary powers of which he was possessed. His great services to the Foundling Hospital are only the highest example of a long train of beneficent deeds. At the request of Mrs. Rich, he composed music to three of Charles Wesley's hymns, commencing—

"Sinners, obey the gospel word,"

"O love Divine, how sweet thou art,"

And

"Rejoice, the Lord is King."

Mrs. Rich was the wife of the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, and used to act herself, which, however, she would never do again after becoming a Christian.

No doubt Handel's own soul was thoroughly in harmony with his sublimer compositions. Tears fell fast sometimes on his manuscript, and when he was writing the "Hallelujah Chorus," he tells us, he thought he saw all heaven before him, and the great God Himself.

Though he had plenty of foes, all the world honours him now, and eighty thousand people attended the last Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. Roubilliac erected a statue to him in Vauxhall Gardens, which was the first he executed, and which stood there during the last twenty years of his life. But neither that, nor the speaking likeness of him in Westminster Abbey, where he lies buried, will ever be needed now to keep his memory green.

"Remember Handel! who that was not born
Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
Or can, the more than Homer of his age?"

We may fitly draw to a close now, by reviewing the steps which have been taken for the establishment of a national conservatoire or college of music. Princes of the blood have lately been interesting themselves in this matter, and there is every prospect of our being soon on the same footing as nations accounted more musical. Indeed, it is partly the want of such a conservatoire, doubtless, that has made it necessary for us to import most of our finest works. As Prince Leopold has pointed out, there was a time when we were far in advance of Germany herself. And Germany, only a hundred years ago, was uttering the same lament which we hear now, from time to time, in our own country. Foreigners carried off the palm then in Dresden and Vienna as they do now in London and Manchester. Anfossi, Salieri, and many composers from the other side of the Alps held their own against the Germans, just as Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians do now against our native composers. Rossini was stronger even than Beethoven in Vienna, and many of Schubert's noblest works were neglected and depreciated in his own country. But, following the elementary work taken in hand by Frederick the Great, came the great conservatoires which have now become common all over the Continent. The one at Paris is by no means an imposing building, but it is aided by an annual State subvention of £10,000. At Berlin the Royal High School for Music receives £7,500 a year; the Royal Conservatoires of

Brussels and Liege have £8,100, whilst the chief Italian cities, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and many unimportant towns, have schools which are aided by Government. Surely it is time we followed suit more earnestly than we have been doing, both in the direction of raising and honouring a band of native composers,—doing, in fact, for music, what has been done long ago for painting. We are not behind in welcoming and paying for the highest musical art of the day. Though we have uttered our complaint in these pages as to the impossibility of hearing even some of the greatest works, yet there is already more music in England than in any other country. Listen to the sad accounts which come from Rome and Naples, and contrast them with the galaxy of concerts and high-class performances which take place annually in London. The most eminent artists all come here for long periods, and often the most advanced music of the Continental Schools is performed here first, and sometimes before it is published. Surely if every facility were afforded, we might raise real musicians faster ourselves. Much has indeed been done, and works have been only recently produced which will not easily perish. The Royal Academy, founded in 1823, the Philharmonic Society ten years earlier, and the Sacred Harmonic Society, which is now celebrating its jubilee, have all accomplished much. The National Training School for Music also has had no mean history, but the time has now fairly come when we may hope to see a conservatoire, or college of musicians, on a much more extended basis than has hitherto been known in England. Musical education, to be thorough, must be costly, and often those least able to bear the cost are the most capable of profiting by the instruction. In the words of the Duke of Edinburgh, "To meet the necessary expenses of educating pupils of merit who are unable to pay their own expenses scholarships should be founded, and should be obtainable by open competition. Honorary fellowships should also be bestowed upon persons eminent in the musical world, and fellowships should be established carrying with them pecuniary advantages to aid rising musicians in that trying hour when, though able and willing to exercise their profession, they lack the necessary opportunity." Soon may we see such a college founded, and thus promoting amongst ourselves the empire of harmony which, as Wagner says, has neither beginning nor end!

ART. III.—*Memories of Old Friends; being Extracts from the Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox, of Penjerriek, Cornwall, from 1835 to 1871.* Edited by HORACE N. PYM. Third Edition. To which are added Fourteen Original Letters from J. S. Mill, never before published. Two Volumes. Smith, Elder and Co.

CAROLINE FOX, of Penjerriek, near Falmouth, born in 1819, came, as Mr. Pym expresses it, "of fine old Quaker lineage," and the very sweet face which forms the frontispiece to the former of these volumes is the index to a mind of singular grace and refinement.

The family has long been well known in the West. Its founders were shrewd men of business. A story is current that a very near kinsman of Caroline, meeting, during the war, a stranger at a Truro inn, where the mail was changing horses, and hearing from him some news that would raise the funds, slipped out, ordered a post-chaise, and by judicious expenditure managed to reach London so many hours before the mail arrived, that he had time to buy in largely, and thereby to make a great profit. The story reminds us of the Rothschilds and their Waterloo pigeons; but the energy which it attributes to the Quaker banker was a characteristic of the family, and showed itself in many ways. The Foxes were also noted philanthropists; Robert Weare Fox, Caroline's father, was, moreover, a scientist of no small note. His researches into the temperature of the interior of the earth, and into its magnetic and electrical conditions, are well known and highly valued; and his experiments in forming artificial mineral veins, so as to show the way in which the metallic lodes were deposited, are not only scientifically curious, but have been of great use in working the Cornish tin and copper mines. The family combined (Quaker fashion) a great deal of comfort and experiment with all this energy, and with the simple modesty of their everyday lives. In Mr. Pym's enthusiastic language, "they created a cluster of lovely dwellings in and about Falmouth, which attracted the traveller by their picturesque beauty and southern wealth of flower and tree." The gardens of Penjerriek were and are proverbially

beautiful, even in that English Eden; and those who saw the gardens were highly favoured if they could also have speech with the sisters who, with their marmosets and other pet creatures, belonged so thoroughly to the place.

Of Robert Fox's work a very good account has been published by Mr. J. H. Collins, of Truro; of his appearance Mrs. Schimmelpenninck gives a glowing description, contrasting the energy and determination stamped on every feature, with the gentle sweetness of his wife, the watchful and "supereminently excellent" mother of Caroline and the others. "Caroline," says the same writer, "is quick, bright, and susceptible, with little laughing black eyes, a merry round face, and as full of tricks and pranks as a marmoset, or as Shakespeare's Robin Goodfellow." This was in 1824, and is widely different from the tender softness of the frontispiece. The feeling which comes out in the latter is rather that which prompted the child to say, as the mother was bringing the little party back from bathing on the beach: "O mamma, do let me say my hymn louder; for the poor mule is listening and cannot hear me."

This is what gives its charm to the *Memories*, that they are pervaded by, nay, saturated with, the twofold nature of the writer, the loving, hopeful tenderness which saw good in everything, and was always full of faith even in somewhat questionable heroes, and the spirit of fun which forced her to take every now and then a sly laugh at these same heroes, and which gives raciness to her rendering even of the oldest stories. She was on intimate terms with many of the men who have helped to mould English thought; and she saw them, not as they pose before the public, not as they show themselves in their books, but in the untrammelled intercourse of private life. John Stuart Mill was a very different person when he was "unbending" on the terrace at Falmouth, or in the gardens of one of the Foxes' houses, from what he is in his *Logic* or his *Liberty*. His sisters were nursing their sick brother Henry, and Caroline's mother, hearing there was an invalid in the place, had sent flowers and fruit, and in this way an acquaintance was struck up. Here is the first entry which refers to the great political philosopher: "*Feb. 17, 1840, ætat. 21.*—Took a short walk with Clara Mill. Her eldest brother, John Stuart, we understand from Sterling, is a man of extraordinary power and genius, the founder of a new school in metaphysics, and a most charming companion."

After meeting him, she writes : " A very uncommon-looking person ; such acuteness and sensibility marked in his exquisitely-chiselled countenance."

By-and-by we hear of Mill as "growing to sympathise with religious characters." It is a good sign that Dr. Bowring calls him a recreant because he has gone from Bentham and taken up with Coleridge and Wordsworth. His brother's illness, and the kind way in which the Fox family behaved all through it, their true Christian sympathy, and the hope which they were enabled to inspire in the poor sufferer before his release, all this told on John Stuart, with what effect is well known to readers of his autobiography. That he, too, was able at the last, if not to receive Christ in His fulness, at any rate to appreciate His work, and to feel the need of a Saviour, is certainly due to the ministrings by Henry's bedside of the good people of Penjerriek. But, apart from this serious view of the matter, it is very pleasant to get, as Miss Fox enables us to do, on terms of friendly intercourse with the man ; to hear that he admires the Quakers' testimony against paying tithes ; that he is a great botanist, interested in the luminous moss at Argell cave ; that he meant to write on the French revolution, and also on Greek history, but was forestalled in the one case by Grote, in the other by Carlyle. To Caroline Fox, as they are walking along the beach, looking over the glorious water with hues such as no other coast on this side of Italy can show, or rambling about the rocks of Pennance or Budock, he confides the fatal error of his own bringing up : "I never was a boy," he says sadly. "I never played cricket. It's better to let Nature have her own way." And then (they are discussing youthful training) : "Don't let the young inquire too much into motives," they should do the right not from calculation (how utterly the old Benthamite bonds are broken through) but instinctively. Then he is great on the farce of "learned leisure ;" he tells Barclay Fox, Caroline's brother, who afterwards died while in search of health in Egypt, that business is the best school for literature : "I can do more in two hours after a busy day, than if I deliberately sit down the first thing in the morning, and stick to my books without interruption, as we call it."

Another time Mill confides to Miss Fox his view of Carlyle's *Cromwell*. He cannot justify the Irish massacres, though he believes Cromwell thought them right. One day

she overtakes him in the Strand, and they have "a pleasant little chat about the Francias in the National Gallery, which he cannot forgive for their hard, dry manner," and Mill confides to her that "he scarcely ever now goes into society, for he gets no good there, and does more by staying away." Another time Sterling brings Mill's *Logic*, and talks of the gradual development he had watched in him. "He has made the sacrifice of being the undoubted leader of a powerful party for the higher glory of being a private in the army of truth, ready to storm any of the strong places of falsehood, even if defended by his late adherents. He was brought up in the belief that politics and social institutions were everything; but he has been gradually delivered from this outwardness, and feels now clearly that individual reform must be the groundwork of social progress." The *Logic*, Sterling thought would lead some to believe in the existence of certain elements in human nature, such as reverence, to which they have nothing answering in their own consciousness. F. D. Maurice, characteristically enough, found fault with the book as "only attempting a logic of propositions, leaving the higher logic of ideas to the ontologists;" but, as Sterling very pertinently asked, why is it that none of the ontologists, except perhaps Hegel, have given the least sketch of such a logic? Then we have the logician and social philosopher setting himself to compose for Miss Fox a calendar of scents. He begins with the laurel in March, and ends in July with the lime; we can scarcely think he meant it to be perfect; for, not to speak of other omissions, surely every one who has been in Cornwall early in the year must have noted the fragrant butter-bur. This, which is often in bloom in January, earlier than even the strongly-scented charlock, might well begin an "almanack of odours;" and as for ending in July, is there no "virgin's bower" or common clematis? while on the Cornish heaths the second blossoming of furze is almost as rich in perfume as the first. It is sad to read early in 1848 that Mill is going to write poor Sterling's life. Miss Fox pleads for caution in such a work; Clara Mill bravely writes: "Publish what you will and all you can, it can only do him honour." Here is a letter from Caroline Fox to Miss E. T. Carne (of a well-known Penzance family) on John Stuart Mill:

"I am reading his terrible book on *Liberty*, so clear, and calm, and cold. He lays it on one as a tremendous duty to

get oneself well contradicted, and admit always a devil's advocate into the presence of your dearest, most sacred truths, as they are apt to grow windy and worthless without such tests, if indeed they can stand the shock of argument at all. He looks through you like a basilisk, relentless as fate. We knew him well at one time, and owe him very much; and fear his remorseless logic has led him far since then. This book is dedicated to his wife's memory in a few most touching words. He is in many senses isolated, and must sometimes shiver with the cold."

As we said, it did Mill good to have met the Fox family and to have been a witness of their inner life with its holy calm, the blessed influence of which he could not help seeing had so told for good on his poor brother. This second edition of the *Memories* is enriched with a number of unpublished letters of Mill to Barclay Fox, very well worth reading, because they show the man as he was. The moral he drew from his own brother's death was: "work while it is called to-day." In one of the letters he says his three successes were saving Lord Durham when he came back from Canada; accelerating the success of Carlyle's *French Revolution*; dining into people's ears that Guizot is a great thinker. Authors, he confesses, put their best on paper; "therefore, when we wish to be admired, it is often an advantage that our writings should be better known than ourselves." At the end of this letter he says: "there's more here about I than in all that I have written the whole year before." Everything we can get about J. S. Mill is, of course, worth treasuring up; we are even glad to learn that "he could judge by the handwriting whether a character is natural or artificial." And it is specially delightful to read how Mrs. Fox would go through the Psalms with Henry Mill, and would move him by her loving manner, and by the choice passages of Scripture she culled for his behoof. But, though there is a great deal scattered through these volumes about J. S. Mill, there is quite as much about men of almost equal mark and equal influence. For everybody came to Falmouth; and of everybody Miss Fox has given some characteristic traits. She met Dr. Buckland, who joked on the dearth of trees in Cornwall, and told how a Cornishman had indignantly protested there were seven in his parish, and then, turning sharply to serious things, fortified his view of the Mosaic cosmogony by reference to Luther's marking the 3rd verse of Genesis i.

as verse 1. She fell in, too, with celebrities of quite another kind. "Mrs. Corgie," the rightful Lady Murray, came to Falmouth, and gave some interesting facts about our queen's girlish training—her mother put the likelihood of her reigning early before her, saying: "I am anxious to bring you up as a good woman, then you will be a good queen also." The Begum of Oude was there in 1836, and amusingly contrasted the powerlessness of the English king with the despotism to which she was accustomed. What struck her specially was that "for public charity king give one sovereign; poor little shopman, bakerman, fishman, barterman also give one sovereign. Poor king!"

Some of the jokes and stories with which these visitors supplied their Quaker hosts have often been repeated. We have all heard of poor Southey taking from Derwent Coleridge's library-shelf one of his own poems, and Derwent murmuring, apologetically: "I got that book cheap; it's one of Southey's." Charles Lamb's question to Hazlitt, who was looking for his hat, after he had been vigorously defending Mahomet: "Did you come in a h-h-hat or a t-t-turban?" is also well known. But that Sir H. de la Beche was "a regular fun-engine" will be news to those who know him only as a geologist; though we hope his story of the two Frenchmen, one of whom replied to his friend's remark: "It deed rain to-morrow," with "Yes, it was," is not a sample of what passed for glorious fun at Penjerrick. We are continually reminded what a difference it makes who says a thing. The smallest scrap of trite sentimental philosophy is in Miss Fox's opinion worth recording if it drops from Sterling's lips; and as for Carlyle, he can't give one of his great laughs without the fact being duly and reverently entered.

All women are hero-worshippers, and Miss Fox was no exception. For Carlyle she has a timid reverence, but Sterling is her hero, *par excellence*. Even when he is talking the veriest commonplaces, she thinks them worth putting down; and one great charm of the book is, that from the writer's peculiar training, so much is new to her which to people nowadays of a tithe her power and a quarter her general culture are merely commonplace. This gives a delightful freshness and simplicity to many of her pages; she is a child, but a marvellous child; quite able to estimate such a character as Mill, yet discovering, and naively showing her pleasure in discovering, facts and modes of

thought which have long since become the property of all educated people. For instance, everybody knows that "Macaulay is the demigod of rhetoric, not caring to get at the principles of things if he can but produce an effect," that his *Essay on Bacon* is "a brilliant falsehood," that his memory was prodigious, &c. But such things, coming from Sterling's lips, on "nice blowing walks" around Budock rocks, are deemed precious enough to fill page after page. On one of these walks Sterling loses his hat, and "declares himself a hero of romance, robbed of it by Æolus, who forthwith drowned it in Swanpool. He tried to bribe a little boy to go in after it, but he excused himself on the ground of not having been brought up to the water!" It is a sure proof of Miss Fox's state of mind that such very mild fun should have been thought worthy of a note of admiration; or that an "impromptu" like this, which he sent her by way of autograph—

"What need to write upon your book a name
Which is not written in the book of Fame?
Believe me, she, to reason calmly true,
Though far less kind, is far more just than you"—

should have been rescued from its oblivion.

Sterling belonged to an Anglo-Irish family. His grandfather and great grandfather were clerks in the Dublin Parliament; but his Irish stories are mostly very old. Who but a Quaker could have found novelty in Sir Boyle Roche's hospitable invitation: "If ever you come within ten miles of my house, I hope you'll stay there"? And this is a fair sample of the *naïveté* with which Miss Fox now and then gives some venerable joke as if she were the discoverer of it.

Sterling, whose name she says is altered from Easterling, and shows Flemish origin, bought a house at Falmouth, and with the help of his Penjerriek friends took to gardening. Page after page of the first volume is full of him; indeed, no reader of his life (written, it will be remembered, by two men of more mark than himself) can afford to forego the light thrown upon it by what Miss Fox saw and heard during their almost daily intercourse. His criticisms on men and things are of very unequal value. Contrasting two great men, recently passed away, Emerson and Carlyle, he likens the former to Plato, as the more systematic thinker, the latter to Tacitus, as having the clearer insight and looking deeper into things. Cruikshank he calls the Raphael of Cockneydom—an epithet which

certainly seems "mere words," for Raphael, even in his earliest method, was an idealiser. Crabbe he rates below "Boz." Chantrey "cannot arrange a single figure decently (is good only at the faces); Stothard designed his one successful group, the Lichfield Cathedral monument." Then he tells old stories, like that of Madame de Stael saying there is no English word for sentiment: "Ah, but there's an Irish one," replied Lord Castlereagh, "and it is *blarney*." De Stael, by the way, exactly hits off Coleridge, whom Sterling admits to have been a great plagiarist, his *Friend* being his only valuable prose work, in the words: *M. Coleridge a un grand talent pour le monologue*. Sterling, we feel sure, did not monopolise all the talk. We wish Miss Fox had given us some samples of her share in it. As it is, her admiration for the handsome talker, with his careworn but refined countenance and "feminine quickness and delicacy of perception," breaks out over and over again. Now we are told: "Methinks Sterling's tabletalk would be as profitable reading as Carlyle's." Another time, "The day is as brilliant as Sterling's own imagination;" and amid the delicious surroundings of Cornish coast scenery the party is introduced to a name hitherto unknown, "We all lounged on the beach most peacefully, John Sterling reading some *Tennyson* to us, which displays a poetical fancy and intense sympathy with dreamy romance, and withal a pure pathos drawn directly from the heart of nature."

Then we have Sterling taking up geology as a counter current for his mind, too fond of humanity; and, a few pages after, a description of Froude's first appearance, "a very thoughtful young man." Then Dr. Calvert's poor state of health—he had been Lord Spencer's family physician, and had been recommended by his friend Sterling to come to Falmouth as a last resource—and Sterling's attempt to give the *idea* of *Faust*, are strangely mixed up together. Here is Sterling's dictum on Irish murders, tinged with the feeling, ineradicable it would seem from the Irish mind, that misgovernment is not only an explanation but in some sort an excuse for murder: "It is hard to convince conquerors that they are responsible for the vices of the conquered." We wonder what he would have said had the Penjerriek dovecote been fluttered by the news of such an unprecedentedly cruel atrocity as that which was lately perpetrated in the Phoenix Park. The Coleridges Sterling did not rate as high as many Coleridge-worshippers do. Not only does

he say that Coleridge "professed doctrines he had ceased to believe, to save the trouble of controversy," but of Sara, who "is writing a defence of her father's theology, proving how very orthodox he was, and how well he deserved to be the pet son of the Church," he had a poor opinion as an authoress; her *Phantasmion* he does not hesitate to describe as very wearisome and unsubstantial. Early in the second volume comes the sad end. Sterling dies. Wordsworth, when Caroline and her sister are on a trip to the Lakes, is told of their Wednesday evening readings of the *Excursion*, and who had been "the genius of those bright starry evenings." "John Sterling!" he replied, "Oh, he has written many very beautiful poems himself; some of them I greatly admire. How is he now? I heard he was in poor health." When told, "Dead!" he exclaimed: "That is a loss to his friends, his country, and his age. A man of such learning and piety. So he is gone, and Bowles and Rogers left. I was just going to have sent him a message by you to say how much I had been admiring his poetry." The admiration was mutual. Sterling had written (p. 39):

"Regent of poetic mountains,
Drawing from their deepest fountains
Freshness, pure and everlasting,
Wordsworth, dear and honoured name,
O'er thee pause the stars, forecasting
Thine imperishable fame——"

There are in the appendix several references to Sterling, the playfulness of which is strangely sad. Thus Mill says: "I have rewritten my *Logic* completely; and now here is Sterling persuading me that I must read all manner of German logic, which, though it goes much against the grain, I can in no sort gainsay." In another letter he opines that if his correspondent were standing beside Sterling in one of Raphael's *stanze* in the Vatican, he would find the situation very congenial indeed. And again: "How delighted Sterling must be at finding Thirlwall a bishop, but hardly more so than I am, though till now the only event in our acquaintance is a speech he made in reply to one of mine when I was a youth of nineteen, and which has remained impressed on me ever since as the finest speech I ever heard."

But Carlyle, more than Sterling, is a hero with the general public, and of him, too, Miss Fox has much to tell us. He

was once astonished, as well he might be, by a man saying: "Your writings converted me from Quakerism first to Benthamism, and then to Roman Catholicism." Of his lectures we have the story, familiar to readers of his Life, that he was afraid of not giving enough for the money, and that he didn't like the mixture of prophet and mountebank which the position of lecturer implied. He was proud of his view of Cromwell, telling his audience: "I believe I'm the first to have said Cromwell was an honest man." He always seems very unhappy about the times—"days (he calls them) utterly unexampled since the creation of the world; for even the fickle Athenians who had the grace to put Socrates to death, had at least the grace to hate him, did not merely seek to amuse themselves with him." Everything, he takes it, is conducted on what must be wrong, the least happiness for the greatest number principle. "The only good thing is that people are made to feel unhappy, and so prove that enjoyment is not the object of life." Miss Fox slyly adds: "His book is now being copied, and is to be printed simultaneously in England and America, so that he, being prophet to both lands, *may receive the profits from both.*"

Of Mrs. Carlyle, too, we get frequent glimpses. She is described as "very brilliant, dotting off, with little reserve, characters and circumstances with a marvellous perception of what was really significant and effective in them; but it is not merely 'eternal smart' with her; she is a woman as well as a clever person." Of her husband she said he has to take a journey always after writing a book, and then gets so weary with knocking about, that he has to write another book to recover from it. It is strange to be told of the Chelsea "prophet" that "when his books are done he knows little or nothing of them, but his wife judges from the frequent adoption of some of his phrases in the books of the day that they are telling in the land." When Miss Fox has been praising him, he replies with his gracious ungraciousness: "He that would live healthily, let him learn to go along entirely without praise. Sincere praises, coming in a musical voice in dull times, how is one to guard against them?" It is very suggestive, and explains a good deal in the *Reminiscences*, to read passages like this: "Carlyle is not writing now, but resting; reading English history and disagreeing with the age." Mrs. Carlyle was too much like him, though none but a woman of

the same temperament could have understood his moods. One can easily fancy the wife he ought to have had, fond, even-tempered, bright, elastic, healthy, not over intelligent, and with a quiet depth of reverent affection that nothing could disturb. "Jeannie Welsh" was over-educated. She would talk of the mistake of over-educating people, believing her health had been impaired for life by beginning Latin at home at five years old, then going to the rector's school to continue it, then having a tutor at home; and, being very ambitious, she learnt eagerly. Irving, her tutor, of equally excitable intellect, was delighted to push her; and, for years after Irving had introduced Carlyle to her, they had a literary intimacy; she would be writing and consulting him about everything: "And so it would probably have gone on, for we were both of us made for independence, and should never, I believe, have wanted to live together; but this intimacy was not considered discreet, so we quietly married and departed." Nevertheless Sir Thomas Lawrence was right in saying: "*Mrs. Carlyle fosters in him the spirit of contradiction and restlessness.*" She, too, was always "talking sadly of the world's hollowness, her sense of which deepened every year. Half a dozen real friends is far too magnificent an allowance to calculate on, she would suggest half a one; those you really care about die." Then her wretched health told on her husband; and the opium which the doctors so unwisely gave her produced "a miserable feeling" that sometimes amounted to a sort of double personality—she and the "self" that she dreamed about being one and yet distinct. No wonder with such a helpmeet Carlyle would "wander down to tea looking dusky and aggrieved at having to live in such a generation, of which tolerance and rosewater were the evil symptoms, universal brotherhood being preached in all the market-places, just as it was before the French revolution. . . . The next book I write must be about this same tolerance, this playing into the hands of God and the devil—to the devil with it." Carlyle's normal state was one of "war with all the comfortable classes; nay, he can hardly connect good with anything that is not dashed into visibility on an element of strife." Nevertheless, with all this feeling that Carlyle's surroundings kept him from being at his best, is mingled an intense admiration for the undeniable power of the man. Witness the following: "Read Carlyle's article on the 'Repeal of

the Union.' Terrible fun and grim earnest, such as a United or other Irishman would writhe under, it gives them such an intense glimpse of their smallness, their folly, their rascality, and their simple power of botheration. His words are like Luther's, half-battles; the extenuated smaller animal seems already half squelched under the hoof of the much-enduring rhinoceros." Miss Fox would surely say now that words, even if they are "half-battles," are not the best remedy for a state of things mainly brought about by over-much talk on all sides. Mingled with such deeply serious matter are bits of fun of which, perhaps, the best is Carlyle at breakfast with Louis Blanc, "talking a literal translation of his own untranslatable English, uttered too in his own broad Scotch." Louis Blanc could not understand it at all, but would listen attentively, and then answer very wide of the mark.

The *Life of Sterling* a good deal shook Miss Fox's faith in the Chelsea prophet; which (as we have seen) was never a blind, unreasoning faith, in fact was always combined with a good deal of amusement at his strange ways and disregard of the conventionalities and comforts so dear to her set. She thought the book likely not only to draw fresh obloquy on its subject, but to do harm to Carlyle's enthusiastic public. She admits that it is brilliant and beautiful, and more human-hearted than most of Carlyle's; the portraiture generally admirable, though not by any means always so; but, she adds, "it is painful to see the memorial of his friend made the text for utterances and innuendoes from which one knows that he would now shrink more than ever." In the next entry, announcing the completion of *Frederick the Great*, we read: "He seems to grow drearier and drearier; his wife still full of life, and power, and sympathy, spite of the heavy weight of domestic dyspepsia. Kingsley pays him long visits, and comes away talking just like him." This is so true of the "receptive" rector of Eversley, the varied tone of whose works shows that he was always moved by the mind with which he had last come in contact. Mrs. Carlyle four years later had got into something worse than her normal state; there is no longer any talk of her fulness of life; in 1864, Mrs. Welsh, who "has settled among us very cordially," gives piteous accounts: "It is such a weary, suffering sick-room, the nerves all on edge, so that she can scarcely see any one; poor Carlyle is miserable." A year after his wife's

death Miss Fox meets Carlyle at Mentone, at Lady Ashburton's. "He has a sort of pavilion, separate yet attached to her villa, where he may feel independent." She found him alone, reading Shakespeare, in the long dressing-gown, with the drab comforter wound round and round his neck, and a blue cap on. And, though he had a cold, he would untwist his comforter, and take off his cap, and comb out his shaggy mane in honour of the occasion. His talk, in any one but a "prophet," would seem pitiful: "I should never have come here but for Tyndall, who dragged me off by the hair of my head, so to speak, and flung me down here and went his way. . . . Pleasures of travelling! in that accursed train, with its devilish howls and yells, driving one distracted, . . . they ought to give ye chloroform, as you are a living creature." As for the state of England, things are all going down hill as fast as they can go. "It's of no significance to me; I have done with it. *I can take no interest in it all, nor feel any sort of hope for the country.* It is not liberty to keep the Ten Commandments they are crying out for—that used to be enough for the genuine man—but liberty to carry on their own prosperity as they call it, and to do the devil's work, instead of binding him with ten thousand hands. . . . Go into any shop you will, and ask for any article, and ye'll find it all one enormous lie. The country is going to perdition at a fearful pace. I give it about fifty years yet to accomplish its fall." Into such a depth of hopelessness had the Carlyle philosophy led its founder, a sure proof that there was something radically unsound in the philosophy itself. It would be laughable, were it not pitiable, to find a man of real grasp of thought speaking of Henry VIII.'s time—a time which the rapaciousness of the rich, the cruel misery of a large section of the poor, and the time-serving of the statesmen stamps as one of the worst in our history—as *genuine* compared with our own time. And so, when Mr. Gladstone shows in a budget-speech that England is in a wonderfully prosperous state, the atrabilious seer retorts: "That's not the prosperity we want, for England to have plenty of money in its breeches-pocket, and plenty of beef in its great ugly belly." Everything that these *Memorials* contain about Carlyle only confirms what we have felt all along, that the one essential to such influence as he possessed is power and vehement self-assertion. Of judgment and consideration there is not a trace in him.

He hammers home his half-truths with the most uncompromising recklessness, but he seems incapable of making allowance, or of fitting words to things, at any rate, when the subject is politics. And what does it all amount to? It is, as Miss Fox over and over again complains, a philosophy of negatives, born, we would say, of (or at least sadly warped by) chronic indigestion. Thus to Gladstone he says, with a most dramatic and final bow: "You are not the life-giver to England; I go my way, you go yours; good morning:" but who the life-giver is he always fails to supply us with the least hint towards discovering. Such a man is inexcusable; if he knows anything, let him share it with those whom the knowledge concerns; if not, why make folks discontented and gloomy by saying that every round man is in a square hole, and *vice versa*? More, even, than the unhappy *Reminiscences*, we think the notices of Carlyle scattered through these volumes will dethrone the idol whom young men of the Kingsley school set up apparently because he was in so many things such a startling contrast to what their instincts prompted them to be. He was so inconsistent, too. Despite all his grumbling, he enjoyed Mentone vastly; spoke of the beauty of the country, and the pleasure of the warmth and sunshine and clear blue sky overhead rather than the cold and wet and mud of London. We can fancy what a trial he must have been to Lady Ashburton, who "did what she thought was for the best, though sometimes it seems as if it was altogether a failure." One good trait in him was that he could bear *badinage* from those he really loved. Sterling he clung to lovingly to the last, though Sterling would now and then have his joke. Thus when Carlyle, very angry at some quackery, said: "When I look at this, I determine to cast all tolerance to the winds;" Sterling quietly remarked, "My dear fellow, I had no idea you had any to cast."

It is time, after all this seriousness, to show a little of the fun-loving side of Miss Fox's nature. She does enjoy such rare bits as Sydney Smith's derivation of grotesque from Grote's wife with her odd ways; and Dionysius Lardner, who was divorced for cruelty from his wife Cecilia, being nicknamed "the tyrant of Sicily;" and the story how Dr. Buckland got his wife through meeting in a Dorsetshire mail-coach a lady who was deep in an abstruse German geological treatise of which he thought the only copy in

England had been sent to him. Then we have her telling, from the mouth of Mr. Gregory, a clergyman near the Lizard, the old old story of the man on a Liverpool steamer who said, "I-I-I-I am g-g-g-going to D-D-Doctor Brewster to be c-c-c-cured of the s-s-s-slight imp-d-ped-pediment in my s-s-s-speech;" when straightway a little white face popped out of one of the berths, crying: "Th-th-that's the m-m-man wh-wh-who c-c-c-cured me." Her own way of telling a story is perhaps best shown in her account of the two Ashantee princes whose father had killed Sir C. McCarthy, and who were travelling in charge of the Rev. T. Pyne. They were eagerly interested in mines and mining, but boasted that there are far richer mines in their country, a boast to which their saying that Ashantee ladies dress in white satin did not lend credibility. "When too much puffed up, these lads refuse to take their tutor's arm, which sorely grieves T. Pyne." Another very good story is that Charles Mathews, then acting in Dublin, was known to be looking out for Curran, that he might personate him on the stage. Curran met him in the street, and, instead of behaving as one of Charles II.'s courtiers would, he addressed him: "Mr. Mathews, I hear you wish to take my portrait. All I desire is you will do it to the life. I'm quite willing to trust myself in your hands, for you will do me justice. May I offer you a ticket to a public dinner where I'm going to speak to-day on the slave-trade?" There is plenty about the Bunsens—contrasts between the Chevalier and Guizot, and notices of Ernest de Bunsen's dabbings in mesmerism. Of spiritualism, by the way, a most painful story is told. The P. family, near Trebah, were afflicted in a way which reminds us of Poughkeepsie. "A lying spirit" took possession of their two twins of seven years old; and at the bidding of these children everything which they pointed out was destroyed or given away as "Babylonish," the very valuable library dissipated, the house dismantled, and the whole family persuaded to emigrate to Jerusalem. The grandfather of these imps of mischief came on the scene in time to stop his son's committing this final act of folly, and forced him to write to Irving (whose disciple he was), and ask the nature of the spirits. "Thou hast a lying spirit," was at once Irving's message to an aunt who was mixed up in the matter. To the father he wrote, "Try the spirits;" and although the children rolled about the house on all fours roaring "Try

not the spirits," a good whipping and banishment to the nursery cured them and made them confess the imposture. The poor father, however, died mad. Irving, Miss Fox believes, made shipwreck through vanity; and she scarcely endorses F. D. Maurice's commendation that in spite of all his vagaries he was a blessing, because he awakened people from their tacit idolatry of systems to the sense of a living power amidst as well as above them.

As we said, the most unlikely people came to Falmouth. We have already mentioned the Begum of Oude, whose husband was minister in England, and who was on her way to Mecca. Nadir Shah, too, waddled in under Dr. Bowring's wing, and said he had learnt English in his own way, not by spelling, but by getting some one to read Milton and Shakespeare to him; Professor Owen who roamed about the Pennance rocks in a *dolce far niente* state; and when the question was asked why babies' skulls are relatively so much finer than those of grown up people, replied, because they are fresh and uncontaminated from the hands of their Maker. He, we believe, is answerable for introducing Miss Fox to the story of the Kentucky child that was so small it had to stand on a stool to kick the kitten. Bowring, by the way, stood for Penryn, but disgusted the electors by giving out that he would spend nothing. His only claim on them was that his mother was a Cornishwoman. Before he came to the poll, the Government persuaded him to give up and not divide the Liberal interest. He was an enthusiast for scald cream, and assured the Penjerriek folks that just the same is made and eaten on the coast of Syria, settling in this way the long-standing dispute between the two counties by christening it neither Cornish nor Devonshire, but Phœnician.

Of Davies Gilbert we would fain have learnt more; we see him as the genial Cornish host, the able President of the Geological Society; and he is spoken of as given to intercede for runaway daughters. With Thurloe he was scarcely successful: "Burn her picture, break up her piano, shoot her horse," were the exasperated father's orders. Of Sir Charles Lemon, of Carclew, who never forgot that the founder of his house was a poor mine-boy, we have more, including one of the sharpest sayings in the book. Sir Charles had just come from Paris in '49, and had found the Parisians all busy making fun of their new republic. "What shall we try next?" asked De Tocqueville. "Oh, try a queen,"

replied the Cornishman; "we find it answer famously, and the Duchess of Orleans would do it to perfection." Miss Fox rather takes the point off the story by adding, "The difficulty seems to be they would have to alter the Salic law." Sir Charles told a good story about Macaulay's wonderful power of rapidly assimilating literary matter. A fellow traveller went to sleep in the train; when he woke up he found Macaulay had thoroughly mastered the book which he had been reading, and which the great historian had never before seen. At Carelew the most interesting guests were often to be met, John Couch Adams, for instance, joint discoverer with Leverrier of the planet Neptune: "He is a quiet-looking man, with a broad forehead, a mild face, and a most amiable and expressive mouth." Then follows a most graphic account of the way in which Miss Fox, who sat by him at dinner, got from the blushing Professor, by gradual and dainty approaches, an account of how he made his discovery—by the reversed method of reasoning, from an unknown to a known. When, at last, by calculating the cause of the disturbances of Uranus, he had fixed his point in space, he sent his papers to Airy, who, partly from carelessness, partly from incredulity, locked them up in his desk, one of his axioms being that if there was a planet it could not be discovered for 160 years, *i.e.*, till two revolutions of Uranus had been accomplished. Meantime, Leverrier's discovery was published, and verified by Gall's observations. Adams was one of the most simple-minded of men. Burnard, the Cornish sculptor, told how when he came down to visit his relations he was employed to sell sheep for his father at a fair. Miss Fox found that his talk did her great good, "showing in living clearness how apparent anomalies get included and justified in a law." She was of course fond of science, being the daughter of him who invented the magnetic deflector, by help of which Captain James Ross, in 1841, discovered the south magnetic pole. Captain Head was another of those who profited by this deflector in his Arctic voyages; he had a story of a wife-loving Cornish miner, who, when some one, pointing out the grand scenery of the Alleghanies, asked: "Can anything be compared to this?" replied: "Yes, them things at home that wear caps and aprons."

Naturally, besides the visitors to Falmouth the Foxes had a large and distinguished London circle. It even included

Lady Georgina Wolff, who, speaking of her husband, said : "I met the most interesting, agreeable, enthusiastic, ugly man I ever saw." We expected to have the story about the half dozen shirts, but Miss Fox spares us that. In London she sees sights, runs over the museum of the College of Surgeons "with a fixed idea in every bottle," is childishly delighted at the East India Museum with Tippoo Saib's tiger bestriding an English soldier. Delighted, too, she is to tell her friends how Elizabeth Fry was received at the Mansion House dinner, and talked to by all the grandees, and how the King of Prussia visited Newgate with her. In fact, if we were to be cynical we would say that the modern "Friend" is specially susceptible to the charms of rank and fashion—likes to be made much of by great people, delights in talking of dignitaries, and is proud of missions to Czars and other potentates. George Fox, in his leather suit, going up to a man in the street and saying (what Carlyle never ventured on), "My fat-faced friend, thou art a damned lie; thou art pretending to serve God Almighty, and art really serving the devil; come out of that, or perish to all eternity;" and the same George entering in his journal, "A judge treated me very cruelly, wherefore God smote him with a fever that he died next day," would have been out of his element amid the elegant and chastened refinement of his Falmouth namesakes. They had managed in a very graceful way to make the best of both worlds. Dr. Calvert shrewdly said: "In George Fox's time the main temptation was dress; but Satan probably tempts the Foxes of Falmouth in a very different way to that in which he attacked their spiritual ancestors; he is vastly too clever to repeat the same experiment."

Of course, this is only said playfully, for no one could have valued the Fox family more than Dr. Calvert did. His being at Falmouth was of great spiritual good to them, and they also told on him for good; and their ways were so simple and unaffected, and their kindness to their poorer neighbours so hearty, that, were it not for the original pretensions of the Society of Friends to special homeliness in dress and surroundings, no one would have thought of even hinting that they had departed from primitive simplicity.

Among the leaders of London thought with whom Miss Fox is brought in contact, F. D. Maurice stands out pre-eminent. Some of us can remember the circumstances of

his expulsion from King's College for views far less "un-orthodox" than those now held by Deans and Canons in the Establishment. That he should never have obtained what is called "preferment," but should have been shunted into a poor incumbency in Vere Street, shows how strong then was the feeling in favour of "safe men." This same feeling is what told against Dr. Arnold, of whom Sir C. Lemon complained his friends were always afraid lest he should do something wild in politics or religion. Miss Fox once asked Maurice: "Won't the world come some day to think as we Friends do about war?" He replied: "They will be brought to think rightly on the subject, though it may be very differently from either you or me." And then, as to the power of right-doing between nation and nation, he added, "I always find that I get most bullied when I have done what I most certainly know to be right; and it is probably the same with nations."

Of the Coleridges, Derwent and Hartley, there is a good deal. Derwent was first master of Helston Grammar School, then principal of St. Mark's Training College, where he sought to mould the minds of those who were to become teachers by æsthetic surroundings, a Byzantine chapel and ambulatory, and a musical service. Hartley she met at the Lakes, where he lived alone in the cottage which he tried to have spelt "Knbbe." Of the father, Samuel Taylor, she hears a good deal, some of which will not exalt him in the eyes of her readers. He once had a narrow escape at Rome. Bonaparte had ordered the English at Rome to be seized, when he caught those in France; and Coleridge was specially "wanted" on account of some violent anti-Napoleonic stuff that he had published in the newspapers. One night he was called to the door to meet some one, and was instantly seized, put into a carriage, and driven to a place of safety. The carriage was that of Cardinal Piccolomini, who had hit on this as the only way of carrying off the peccant poet. Dean Milman, who often used to hear S. T. Coleridge, that "religious epicurean," said his wonderful talk was far too unvaried from day to day; and that there were some absolute deficiencies in it, such as the total absence of wit. "I used," he added, "to be wicked enough to divide it into three parts: one-third was admirable, beautiful in language and exalted in thought; another was sheer absolute nonsense; of the remainder I knew not whether it was sense or nonsense."

It is with deep feeling that early in 1849 Miss Fox writes: "Accounts reached us of the humble and prayerful death of Hartley Coleridge. His brother Derwent had the unspeakable blessing of directing and supporting that weak but loving spirit through its last conflicts with the powers of the world. Much is for ever gone with this radiant soul; but more radiance and peace clothe the memories he leaves than those who knew him dared to hope." Those who know Hartley Coleridge's poems (which Sterling preferred to his father's, because with less imagination they had more heart) will be glad to have this testimony to the hopeful end of one whose writings are so full of exquisite tone and discriminating pathos.

Of Tennyson we have already seen something. Miss Fox heard, through Henry Hallam, of his Cornish tour. When he got to Bude, late in the evening, he cried: "Where is the sea? show me the sea." So he went scrambling down to it in the dark, and hurt his leg so much that he had to be nursed six weeks by a surgeon there. The surgeon introduced some of his friends to him; "and thus he got into a totally new class of society, and when he left Bude they gave him a series of introductions, so that instead of going to hotels he was passed on from town to town, and abode with little grocers and shopkeepers along his line of travel. He says that he could not have better got a true general impression of the class, and thinks the Cornish very superior to the generality." They all knew about Tennyson, and had heard of his poems, and one miner hid behind a wall that he might see him. Tennyson's horror of being lionised (to avoid which he sometimes "shammed ill") showed itself when, several years later, he was at Falmouth with Francis Palgrave. He "wondered how it came out that he was there;" yet he had been inquiring about the Grove Hill Leonardo (supposed to be an original sketch for the picture of the Last Supper), which was in Robert Fox's possession, and was of course asked to see it and the other pictures, the result being "a visit of two glorious hours, both here and in the other garden." Tennyson is "a grand specimen of a man, with a massive magnificent head set on his shoulders, like the capital of a mighty pillar; hair long and wavy, beard and moustache, which one begrudges as hiding so much of that firm, powerful, but finely chiselled mouth; eyes large and grey, which open wide when a subject interests him, well shaded by

the noble brow with its strong lines of thought and suffering. I can quite understand Samuel Lawrence calling it the best balance of head he had ever seen. He is very brown after all the pedestrianising along our south coast." Tennyson delighted in the Fox gardens; he, too, was fond of acclimatising, but found the western extremity of the Isle of Wight, with its wild winds, far less favourable than well-sheltered Falmouth. He liked "the conceit of Cornish countryism," and gave all his votes in favour of Arthur being a Cornishman. Naturally he found great difficulty in reconstructing the character of the ideal king, and connecting modern with ancient feeling in the representation. Miss Fox asked whether Vivien might not be the old Brittany fairy and not an actual woman: "But no," he said, "it is full of distinct personality, though I never expect women to like it." Of course Miss Fox was right, and Tennyson amusingly wrong.

It was in 1848 that she first met Mr. Froude. They were dining at Penmere; and "the only thing specially characteristic of his name that fell from him was a solemn recognition of the vitality existing in the Church of Rome if the Pope succeeds in maintaining his spiritual supremacy in conjunction with all these remarkable reforms." The Pope, we know, drew back aghast from the road to reform along which he had set himself to go without apparently counting the cost, thereby showing that he did not believe in that vitality with which Mr. Froude credited his system. Of *Shadows of the Clouds* Miss Fox does not seem to have heard: a hastily-written book, the remarks in which about those who are prepared for taking holy orders by a course of port wine and debauchery, not only show why the author, after having been ordained deacon, never went further, but also enable us to measure the vast improvement which (combined, as earnest human work almost always is, with some increased narrowness) has taken place in the last quarter of a century in the moral as well as the theological training of candidates for Anglican orders. The burning of Mr. Froude's other juvenile book, *The Nemesis of Faith*, by the dons of his college at Oxford, seems greatly to have impressed the Fox coterie. She thus accounts for the brother of Hurrell Froude, the co-worker with the authors of *Tracts for the Times*, writing such a "wild protest against all authority, Divine and human." "I guess it is a legitimate outcome of the Oxford party's

own dealings: for I remember how a few years since he was warmly associated with them, soon afterwards employed in writing some of the lives of the saints, then by degrees growing disgusted at the falseness of their *modus operandi*. All this must have given what was good and truth-seeking in him a terrible shake."

Of W. E. Forster there are many interesting notices. It is glorious to read of his standing up as bravely to meet Lord Macaulay's libels on William Penn as he did to tell the truth to the cowardly no-rent outrage-mongers in Ireland. Of his earlier experiences in Ireland we have the following delightful sketch in September, 1846: "W. E. Forster writes from Daniel O'Connell's house, where he is much enjoying himself. His family and all call the old man the Liberator. He lives in a simple, patriarchal style, nine grandchildren flying about and kissing him on all sides." How sad it is, in the face of what has so lately happened, to read passages like this.

Mr. Forster was the great friend of Barclay Fox, the poet of the family, of whose death in Egypt we have already spoken. Barclay was also a speaker. At the Manchester Peace Conference he was unexpectedly called on to follow Cobden, and (in his sister's opinion) "got through very well, telling the story of a French privateer letting a captured ship loose on finding its owner was a Friend." His little tract, *My Friend, Mr. B.*, on the cost of the army, won high praise from Cobden, and was sent to every member of both Houses. We must remember that it was written thirty years ago, when faith in an universal reign of peace was much stronger than it has since been. The account of his setting out in the P. and O. steamer on what proved to be his last journey, comforted and strengthened by "a little time of solemn silence and as solemn prayer before going on board," is very touching. He was a man who sympathised not only with "movements" like those for peace and free trade, but with the people in their restless consciousness that things are not as they ought to be and might be.

Here is a word which shows that as long ago as 1843 there were men anxiously watching the signs of the times, and striving to bring about a better state of things:

"Barclay and his beloved W. E. Forster cheered our day. Barclay showed us letters from a bookseller, in London, to F. D. Maurice, which exhibit most touchingly, most vividly, most truly, the struggle of doubt, the turbulence of despair, the apathy of

exhausted effort, so frightfully general among the mechanics of large towns; a something which tells that the present attempts at teaching do not meet the wants of the time, and which 'shrieks inarticulately enough,' but with agony, for guidance, and for a God-inspired lesson on Belief and Duty."

The very next entry, appropriately enough, is an epitaph in Budock churchyard, written on a son by a bereaved father: "And he asked: Who gathered this flower? And the gardener answered: The Master! And his fellow-servant held his peace." Surely this applies to the course of this world as well as to the ways of Providence with individuals. We see so much that is strange, and that would be appalling, but for the faith that He works who is all wisdom as well as all love.

But we must come back to Miss Fox in her sportive vein. Talking of the almost total blindness of Sir W. Molesworth, and how his wife was learning to work in the dark in preparation for a darkened chamber, she exclaims: "What things wives are; what a spirit of joyous suffering, confidence, and love, was incarnated in Eve. 'Tis a pity they should eat apples." Then she dines with Amelia Opie, and sees the fine portraits by her husband, one being of her old French master, which she insisted on Opie painting before she would accept him. Then she talks of Bishop Stanley of Norwich, who darted from one subject to another with a nervousness that was inconsistent with dignity. While in Norfolk she forms one of "a wild horseback party of eleven, with Sir Fowell Buxton at our head, scampering over everything in tremendous rain, which only increased our animation." Her sketch of Wordsworth, "His manner is emphatic, almost peremptory; and his whole deportment is virtuous and didactic," is an excellent instance of the good-humoured satire which gives zest to all she writes.

This comes out in her remark about the Cork Exhibition of 1852, in which year she was in Ireland: "They had often brought together the earliest and latest work of some of their painters and sculptors, and left it to thought to fill up the interval." How thoroughly, too, she enjoys Professor Lloyd's stories about Archbishop Whately, made despotic by being the centre of a clique who flatter and never contradict him, outraging the Irish etiquettishness and love of parade by doing things in the most unepiscopal way. She does not tell how he wore a shooting jacket at a consecration, but she says he once gave the benediction with one leg hanging over

the reading desk, just as "in society he will sit balancing his chair, occasionally tipping over backwards." "One of his chaplains during a walk said fungus was very good eating, upon which he insisted on his then and there consuming a slice, which the poor chaplain resisting, the archbishop jerked it into his mouth. A doctor who was with them was in ecstasies at the scene, which the archbishop perceiving, said: 'Oh, doctor, you shall try it too; it's very important for you to be able to give an opinion.' 'No, thank you, my lord,' cleverly replied the doctor; 'I'm not a clergyman; nor am I in your lordship's diocese.'" She is equally pleased with the story of Mezzofanti's polyglot powers. Some O'Reillys were calling on him; he greeted them in old Irish, of which they only knew a word here and there; then he tried brogue and succeeded admirably; and then the most perfect London English. Mr. O'Reilly, to puzzle him, talked slang, but only got a volley of it in return. Miss E. T. Carne (whose letters ought to be published too in order to show us what called forth the replies) was heart and soul for the Crimean war; and it is curious to find the friends agreeing not to say a word about it, and then to have every letter during the war-years winding up with something on the subject. "So neither Cobden's doves, nor the fanatical Quakers, nor the European powers are likely to interfere with what thou considers the right way of settling a vexed question," is one of these Parthian darts; we should like to know how it was met or parried. But we must draw to a close, else we would fain say more about the Bunsens; one wonders if they would have gone in for Home Rule, lamenting as they always were our over-centralisation, so that not a Scotch railroad could have its line altered without all the arrangements being argued and settled in London. Our closing work must be to give some idea of her mind whose sketches of men and things have been interesting us so pleasantly. We may learn what she was from her entry that she has finished *Past and Present*, and feels a hearty blessing on the gifted author spring up in her soul. "It is a book which teaches you that there are other months besides May, but that with courage, faith, energy, and constancy, no December can be 'impossible.'" "Plenty to do, plenty to love, and plenty to pity. No one need die of *ennui*," is her motto, and she strove to act upon it. Here is a characteristic letter to Miss Carne, which throws some light on the writer's inner nature:

"Penjerrick, November 4, 1852.—How art thou agreeing with the foreshadowing of winter, I wonder? It certainly has a metaphysical as well as physical influence on people in general, and suggests all sorts of feelings and thoughts, not necessarily sad, but certainly not gay. The dead leaves at our feet, and the skeleton trees above us, give us a sort of infant-school lesson in human history, teaching us, moreover, to spell some syllables of the promise of being once more 'clothed upon' when the appointed time shall come. And what shall we make of the evergreens? Yes, I think I know human evergreens too, whose change is but a translation to the regions for which they were created."

Here is another extract, which shows that her intercourse with so many *libres penseurs* never weakened the hold which true religion had on her heart. She is telling Clara Mill how she described to John Stuart the closing scenes of her brother Barclay's life as they had been detailed to his family. Such a letter cannot have been without effect. Mr. Pym tells us that replies came both from Mill and from his wife full of tenderness and sympathy. These cannot be found; we are thankful for the touching words which called them forth:

"May 7, 1855.—And then thy poor brother, with his failing health and depressed spirits, walking up Etna. Think of my boldness, I actually wrote to him! It came over me so strongly one morning that Barclay would like him to be told how mercifully he had been dealt with, and how true his God and Saviour had been to all His promises, that I took courage and pen, and wrote a long history. Barclay had been the last of our family who had seen him, and he said he was very affectionate, but looked so grave, never smiling once; and he told him that he was about to winter in the South by Sir James Clark's order. I hope I have not done wrong or foolishly, but I do feel it rather a solemn trust to have such a story to tell of death robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory. It makes one long to join worthily in the eternal song of 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!' I can still report of our little party as fairly well, though perhaps feeling what an earthquake it has been, not less now than at first."

She herself had not attained all at once to this blessed state of mind. For a long time she seems to have been content with that hereditary observance which stands to so very many in the stead of vital religion. She had wide sympathies—her heart went with the "modest and conscientious clergyman at Torquay" of whom she tells that when in the preface to the Communion he substituted

condemnation for the more emphatic word, "damnation, screamed out the bishop (not the present amiable prelate) who was present." But she was content with what she had been born to. How the change came about shall be given in her own words:

"I felt I had hitherto been taking things of the highest importance too much for granted, without feeling their reality; and this I knew to be a very unhealthy state of things. This consciousness was mainly awakened by a few solemn words spoken by Dr. Calvert on the worthlessness of a merely traditional faith in highest truths. The more I examined into my reasons for believing some of our leading doctrines, the more was I staggered and filled with anxious thought. Carlyle admirably expresses my state of mind when he speaks of 'the spasmodic efforts of some to believe that they believe.' But it would not do. I felt I was playing a dishonest part with myself and with my God. I fully believed in Christ as a mediator and exemplar, but I could not bring my reason to accept Him as a Saviour and Redeemer. What kept me from being a Unitarian was that I retained a perfect conviction that though I could not see into the truth of the doctrine it was nevertheless true, and that if I continued earnestly to struggle after it by prayer, reading and meditation, I should one day be permitted to know it for myself. A remark of Hender Molesworth was a gleam of comfort to me. He said that he thought a want of faith was sometimes permitted to those who would otherwise have no trials; 'for you know,' he added, 'a want of faith is a very great trial.' I did not tell him how truly he had spoken."

The first "gleam of light" came one day at Meeting; she seemed to hear the words articulated in her spirit: "Live up to the light thou hast, and more will be granted thee." From that time she believed that God speaks to man by His Spirit, and "looked for brighter days, not forgetting the blessings that are granted to prayer." Then she goes on to tell how an exposition of Heb. x. "which John Stevenson was enabled to give, and I was permitted to receive," brought her still more light, showing how "our only escape from the eternal wrath of God is by transferring our faith from forms to Christ's one eternal sacrifice." It was some days before she felt the force of this, but while walking about the beach "the description of Teufelsdröckh's triumph" came forcibly before her, and she said to herself: "Why should I thus help to swell the triumph of the infernal powers by tampering with their miserable suggestions of unbelief, and neglecting the amazing gift

which Christ has so long been offering me? I know He is the Redeemer of all that believe, and I *will* believe." Her doubts and difficulties at once became shadowy, and she found peace.

It is remarkable to find one who was the appreciative companion of men like Mill and Carlyle strengthened instead of weakened in Christian faith, as her intercourse with such minds became more frequent.

Of her own life there is little to tell beyond the simple round recorded in the letters. A visit to London (it was a business of time in those days) was an event; and the British Association meetings were equally appreciated by father and daughter. The delicacy of her constitution began to show itself before she was thirty. In 1848 she broke a blood-vessel, the first warning of the illness which came on her when, in 1863, she went with her father to Spain, to plead for the freedom of Matamoros. After that date every winter found her unable to face even the mild Cornish climate. The Riviera and other places were tried, but with little success. The bitter winter of 1870 she spent at home, and walked frequently a mile or two to the cottages around. When the thaw came, bringing the damp chill which was specially dangerous to her, she succumbed—took cold while going round with her New Year's gifts. Severe bronchitis followed, and she "entered into her new life" on 12th January, 1871.

The only "event" in her life was that which called forth a poem from her brother Barclay. In 1853 she was chased by a bull, and fell in a swoon, the fierce creature roaring round but never touching her. On the character of her criticisms Mr. Pym makes the following remarks: "Though often bright, sharp, and humorous, they are never poisoned or cruel; and the friends who survive will not apprehend with dread the opportunities which her MSS. have given for stamping her impressions like footprints on the sands of time."

The book is one of the successes of the season; and that not only because it tells us a good deal about celebrities, and brings us face to face with them in undress, but because of that combination of refined culture and almost startling *naïveté* which, as we said at the outset, forms the chief attraction in Miss Fox's character.

- ART. IV.—1. *Onesimus : Memoirs of a Disciple of St. Paul.*
By the AUTHOR of "*Philochristus*." London :
Macmillan and Co. 1882.
2. *Philochristus : Memoirs of a Disciple of the Lord.*
London : Macmillan and Co. 1878.
3. *Oxford Sermons, Preached before the University.* By
the REV. EDWIN A. ABBOTT, D.D., formerly Fellow
of St. John's College, Cambridge. London : Mac-
millan and Co. 1879.
4. *Cambridge Sermons, Preached before the University.*
By the REV. EDWIN A. ABBOTT, D.D., formerly
Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Second
Edition. London : Macmillan and Co. 1875.
5. *Through Nature to Christ ; or, The Ascent of Worship
through Illusion to Truth.* By EDWIN A. ABBOTT,
D.D., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cam-
bridge. London : Macmillan and Co. 1877.
6. *The Encyclopædia Britannica.* Ninth Edition. Volume
X. Article "*Gospels*." Edinburgh : Adam and
Charles Black.

FICTION has been frequently employed to set forth the character of Jesus Christ, the growth of the primitive Church, and the manner of life of the early Christians. Until recently, however, the historical novel spared the person of our Lord. Whatever license writers of Lives of Christ may have allowed themselves, they have always professed to relate or expound the facts furnished by the Gospels. They have not presumed to create characters or incidents ; their imagination has confined itself to illustration and description. Reverence instinctively protests against making the Redeemer of mankind the hero of a novel. At the present time, several such attempts are in circulation in this country. Beyond all question the ablest of them—as to both literary and scholarly qualities—is *Philochristus*, originally published anonymously, now acknowledged to be from the pen of Dr. Abbott. It may seem almost an insult to this work to mention in the same

breath with it Dr. Ingraham's *Prince of the House of David*, with its rough, though vivid realism, and its commonplace love-story. Nevertheless Dr. Ingraham was one of the first in the field, and the enormous popularity of his book lends it importance. Probably the prevailing feeling of most educated Christian readers of the *Prince of the House of David* was that of disgust, of shock and shame that a minister of religion should have dared to place the Saviour in the midst of fictitious personages, and to coin for Him words and deeds. Yet, after all, Dr. Ingraham has not endeavoured to write another Gospel; he tries merely to reproduce the impression which the life of the Prophet of Nazareth in Galilee might have wrought upon a Jewish girl and her friends. Coarseness of colouring and execution, an innate irreverence which no confession of our blessed Lord's Divinity can cloke, are the faults of the *Prince of the House of David*; but they are glaring and by no means attractive. The book does not interfere with our conception of Jesus Christ.

Philochristus does not profess to be a life of Christ: it calls itself *Memoirs of a Disciple of the Lord*. But the disguise is thin and transparent. Indeed, *Philochristus* himself informs "the saints of the Church in Londinium" that he was "long ago moved . . . to leave some record behind" him "to testify of the Lord," but that "when I adventured to write, behold it was an hard matter and well-nigh impossible, . . . therefore, at the last I determined rather to set forth an history of mine own life; wherein, as in a mirror, might perchance be discerned some lineaments of the countenance of Christ, seen as by reflexion, in the life of one that loved him." The *Memoirs of a Disciple* are a substitute for a *Life of the Lord*. Besides, *Philochristus* is brought into the closest and most constant contact with Jesus; he follows Him wherever He goes; he is trusted and commissioned as though he were of the number of the twelve, and the twelve admit him to their most confidential communications. He tells only so much of his own history as relates to his intercourse with Jesus. His autobiography is really a biography of the Christ written by a professed eye-witness. This fictitious gospel paints a very different picture of Jesus from that limned by the four Evangelists. Evidently it is intended to correct their misrepresentations. In other words, Dr. Abbott aspires to write a *Life of Christ* in which the supernatural

is reduced to its lowest possible terms, and from which the actually miraculous is altogether eliminated.

Onesimus, like its predecessor, is "a story with a moral." Its obvious, almost its obtrusive, purpose is to show how Christianity may have spread without the assistance of the miraculous, and how belief in miracle grew up, partly through honest ignorance, partly through heated fancy, and partly through misunderstanding of easily explicable facts and metaphors. It both assumes and asserts that the conception of Jesus Christ formulated in *Philochristus* was that of the Apostolic Church, and remained that of her wiser, cooler, and more spiritual members for a considerable period. The author would urge that he is attempting nothing more than a restored portrait. He believes that an original authoritative tradition preceded the Synoptic Gospels, and that it can be disinterred from them, in more or less complete preservation, by skilful hands. He would contend that the idea of Christ he displays accords with this tradition interpreted upon scientific principles. The article "Gospels" in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—to which Dr. Abbott's signature is attached—expounds and defends these views with elaborate ingenuity. Anon, we shall have something to say about these opinions as to the formation of the Gospels and of current Christian faith concerning Jesus Christ, but before doing so, it will be convenient to examine rather minutely the latest of Dr. Abbott's works.

We may appraise *Onesimus* according to two dissimilar standards. It is a work of art, a picture of the social and religious life of the first century; a story of the conversion of a cultivated, thoughtful heathen to Christianity, of the rescue of a soul from sin to purity; it has also a polemic purpose. Wealth and elegance of scholarship, extensive and exact acquaintance with Greek and Latin literature and philosophy, familiarity with the period in which the scene is laid, acute psychological analysis, dramatic vigour and finished style, combine to produce an accurate and captivating representation of the state of the more polished portion of the world at the beginning of the Christian era, and to display the process by which candid, educated pagans were brought to an intelligent acceptance of Christianity, or to a decision unfavourable to it. From the notion it strives to convey of Christ and the Gospels we dissent seriously; but, viewed from the standpoint of

literary criticism, the book achieves deserved success. Objection might possibly be taken to the anachronisms with which it abounds. Epictetus is one of the advisers of Onesimus many years before it is likely that he was born; but the uncertainty about the date of his birth justifies some license. Arguments and discourses are borrowed from men who flourished some decades posterior to the representatives who repeat their sentiments. "But," argues Dr. Abbott, "if only such sayings have been selected from these authors as express thoughts that were, at least in their germs, contemporaneous with Onesimus, then the life of St. Paul's convert is really far better illustrated by this systematic anachronism than by the most felicitously invented dialogue of modern scholars." The defence appears more than sufficient, and we are not disposed to challenge its justice, even with regard to Artemidorus, the preadumbration of Celsus, the foe of Ignatius, although the shadow may be thought of nobler proportions than the man who casts it.

The story opens in the last year of the Emperor Tiberius, when Onesimus and his "twin-brother Chrestus were found lying in one cradle, exposed with a great number of other babes upon the steps of the temple of Asclepius, in Pergamus, a city of Bithynia." To his neck is attached a silver seal, with the inscription, "I love thee;" to his brother's a similar seal, with the inscription, "Trust me." The boys are adopted by Ammiane, the wife of Menneas, and taken to her house in Lystra. Menneas dies without performing the ceremony necessary to free the children from the law that made foundlings the slaves of those that cared for them. Ammiane assumes that the act of adoption has been duly consummated, and the boys are brought up as her sons, though legally her slaves. In his tenth year Onesimus "first saw the holy Apostle Paulus," and witnessed the healing of the lame man, and, with other children, was blessed by the Apostle, who, hearing that he was an orphan, "looked on" him "more lovingly than before, and said, 'The Lord be unto thee as a Father, little one.'" The words and the look were indelibly imprinted upon his memory. In the Acts of the Apostles we read that the sudden change of feeling which caused the multitude to stone him to whom they had been scarce restrained from offering sacrifice, was the work of Jews who came from

Antioch and Iconium.* Onesimus amplifies this statement: rain which after a long drought had begun to fall on the day that Paul entered Lystra, ceased after the miracle. It was easy then to persuade the people that the Apostle was "an accursed necromancer," against whom the gods had manifested their displeasure by sealing the heavens. But vengeance upon the magician procured no rain, but only an earthquake and a plague of locusts. At length a solemn and gorgeous procession in honour of Zeus Panhemerius is followed by rain, and the victory of the gods is complete. All this furnishes material for an effective and truthful contrast between the simplicity of apostolic preaching and the imposing splendour of the ritual of heathenism. The brothers become choir-boys to Apollo and Ephesian Artemis, but an accident causing temporary disfigurement obliges Onesimus to quit the choir, and, disgusted, he betakes himself to study. He masters all the learning of the time, and is thereby fitted for subsequent discussion of Christianity with philosophers of various schools. The death of Ammiane reduces the brothers from rank and luxury to slavery. Chrestus is sold to a slave-merchant of Tarsus. Onesimus, for an outburst of temper under intolerable provocation, is condemned to the convict-slave prison. He thus describes his life in the *Ergastulum* :

"On the morrow I began my labours amid a new sort of companions, creatures to all outward appearance resembling apes and dogs rather than human beings, some stamped and branded on their foreheads with T for 'thief,' or M for 'murderer;' others having their backs discoloured with the weals of the lash or torn and bleeding with the marks of fresh punishment; others with collars round their necks, or clogs and fetters shackling their legs and feet; others labouring beast-like under a kind of fork or yoke; all were chained in some fashion, and all had one side of the head shorn, so that they might be recognised at once if they should break away and escape any distance. Speech was not allowed among us; and as we toiled on from sunrise to sunset amid the heated rocks, the only sounds that could be heard (beside the clinking of the tools upon the stone) were the threats and curses of the overseers and the crack of the whip followed by the scream of some stricken slave. All the more leisure was there for thought of Chrestus, whose fate was infinitely worse than mine, because he was to go to Rome and there to be sold for his beauty; and I knew well the saying of the

* Acts xiv. 19. It may be noted that Dr. Abbott does not attempt to lessen the miraculous element in the healing of the cripple.

philosopher that 'What is counted impurity in the free-born must be counted a necessity in slaves.' Thinking on these things, I felt such an agony that neither the heat nor the parching thirst could be compared with it; and even the first feeling of the slave-whip upon my shoulders, though it maddened me for the moment, could not drive out the thought of Chrestus. But hatred and thirst for revenge and distrust of the gods began to blend themselves with my love of my brother; and whereas at first I had prayed to Ephesian Artemis to preserve him, now I began to doubt whether prayers availed anything" (pp. 17, 18).

While in the *Ergastulum*, he hears of the death of Chrestus, and receives back from him his own silver token which he had exchanged for his brother's at their parting. In conversation with his fellow-slaves he learns the depth of degradation, superstition, and wickedness in which they lived, out of which no one cared to raise them. Delivered from the hateful quarries by the death of his owner, he is sold to Philemon, "a wealthy citizen of Colossæ and a man of learning, devoted at that time to Greek literature." Philemon employs him as his private secretary, and treats him from the first with the utmost kindness. But the iron has entered deeply into his soul, "the bitterness of distrust" possesses him:

"Sometimes [he says] when I looked at the little token which my brother had given me and bethought myself of the token that I had interchanged with him, I would declare that I had not only bestowed on my poor Chrestus the legend I LOVE THEE, but at the same time I had parted with my very faculty of love—so barren and dry of all affection did my heart now seem, and as for the other legend TRUST ME, I would inveigh against it as idle and deceiving. For whom had I on earth to trust? My parents, who had forsaken me? Or Chrestus or Hermas or Trophime [slaves who had tended him in his boyhood], who were now but dust and ashes? But if I looked elsewhere, to the gods in heaven above, or to the gods beneath the earth, behold, I saw none save beings that either rejoiced in evil or at least had not power to destroy evil; which therefore were either too bad or too weak to claim trust from men" (p. 27).

Thus Onesimus is brought to the verge of utter despair and atheism. Under the gentle influence of Philemon and his friends, he returns to the worship of false gods, though with little faith in them. Yet the very existence of any deity is questioned by some of the philosophers who sit at Philemon's table, while others contend that all

the deities are but manifestations of one Divine power. Others defend polytheism, especially as a religion for the commonalty and on account of its social festivals; and some avow their belief in the gods generally worshipped, and even testify to benefits they have received from them. Nobler and abler than any of his compeers stands out Artemidorus the Epicurean, whose fearless high principle scorns every deception and concealment, whose shrewd sense pierces through every disguise, whose keen logic exposes the fallacies of polytheistic and monotheistic advocates. By him Onesimus is persuaded that the existence of supernatural beings has never been proved, and that "whether gods or no gods, in any case truth must needs be better than falsehood." Nowhere within anything like so few pages can be found so full and lifelike an exhibition of the polished pagan thought and society with which primitive Christianity came into contact.

Hitherto the reader of *Onesimus* has been able to enjoy the interest of the story and the delicacy and verisimilitude of the descriptions, without any drawback because of inferences concerning the present creed of the Christian world. The polemic purpose of the book has not yet appeared above the surface. When it does, we can trace its swellings under the velvety sward of narrative, but up to this point its presence is unsuspected. Subsequently the stress laid by the advocates of heathenism upon ridiculous miracles assumes an evil aspect, but we can only smile at them now. The first note of coming danger is sounded by the conduct of Philemon under sickness. He "becomes superstitious," and journeys to temple and oracle to obtain relief from his distemper or information as to its issue. He travels to Antioch finally, because he has heard that the Christians have power to heal diseases. To say the least, it grates upon one's sensibilities to see the friend of St. Paul represented as a credulous person, ready to receive the new doctrine upon scant investigation.

From Antioch Onesimus writes a series of letters to Artemidorus, relating his intercourse with the Christians, and his inquiries into their belief. It would be easy to cite passages from these epistles noteworthy for their beauty or for the light they throw upon the conflict of the Gospel with pagan philosophy. Onesimus vindicates the disciples from the calumnies so commonly urged against them, and points out how they may have arisen from mis-

understanding of metaphor. He illustrates the manner in which the preaching of the cross was to the Greeks foolishness, and shows how the character of Jesus and the nature of His religion must have won upon every man who approached them with judicial mind. But the letters to Artemidorus exhibit our present Gospels in process of formation, and we find ourselves confronted with a theory to the establishment and popularising of which Dr. Abbott would seem to have devoted his literary life.* To see this theory fairly at work would require far more copious extracts than we have space for. One rather lengthy quotation must be made.

Onesimus informs his correspondent that "these Christian Jews have no sacred books of their own; but they use in worship the sacred books of their countrymen." The Hebrew Scriptures contain various prophecies of a Messiah, and it is of essential importance to prove that Christus is this Messiah.

"Hence it comes that they think it of little account to say that Christus did this or that, or that he was born and died at such a place and at such a time, unless they can also add that 'all this was done that the words of this or that prophet might be fulfilled.' And more than this; as often as they have read one of the passages of the prophecies appointed to be read in their worship, first one arises and then another, water-carriers and tent-makers and leather-cutters and the like, all attempting to show that this sentence and that sentence point to none other than Christus; and in this fashion not only do they strain the words of their prophets and enforce them to receive all manner of meanings which they could not naturally have, but also they unwittingly encourage and, as it were, vying with one another, provoke their own and one another's imaginations to remember some new things that Christus did, or said, that perchance fulfil the words of the prophecy.

"Hence proceeds already a manifest alteration of the doctrine of the Christians, and more is likely to proceed. For you may already perceive different shapes of teaching among them, and each later shape departs further from the truth in order to come nearer to the ancient prophecies. Thus, for example, there was read in our presence in the synagogue an ancient dirge which is commonly interpreted to predict the death of the Messiah. . . . Now, after this had been read and after the principal speaker, who was a man of some discretion, had pointed out that this prophecy

* Almost the only work of Dr. Abbott's in which it does not appear is his *Grammar of Shakespeare*, into which it could not possibly be forced.

was fulfilled by Christus, I took occasion, when we left the synagogue, to question the man thus :

" *Onesimus*.—Say you then that in all points this prophecy was fulfilled by Christus ?

" *The Speaker*.—In these points—that his hands and feet were pierced, and that his enemies derided him, and that vinegar was given him to drink.

" *Onesimus*.—You say well, for a draught is wont to be given to those who are condemned to death ; but tell me further, did any cast lots for his raiment, and did the bystanders say these precise words, ' He trusted in God,' and the like ? And is it so handed down in your Tradition ?

" *The Speaker*.—It is not indeed so handed down in our Tradition ; but it may have been so.

" When I had thanked him for his courtesy, I hastened forwards to an honest and illiterate leather-cutter, to whom I put precisely the same questions ; but now mark the different replies in this, which I call the second, shape of the Christian doctrine.

" *Onesimus*.—Tell me, good friend, was this prophecy, whereof we heard but now, fulfilled in all points by Christus ?

" *Leather-cutter*.—Assuredly.

" *Onesimus*.—And did his enemies cast lots for his raiment ?

" *Leather-cutter*.—Assuredly.

" *Onesimus*.—And did the bystanders say, ' He trusted in God,' and use these exact words ?

" *Leather-cutter*.—Assuredly.

" *Onesimus*.—And are these things taught in the Tradition concerning the acts and deeds of Christus ?

" *Leather-cutter*.—Not that I remember.

" *Onesimus*.—Then did Simeon, or Lucius, or Petrus, or Paulus, or any other ever teach thee these things in the synagogue ?

" *Leather-cutter*.—Not that I remember.

" *Onesimus*.—Then prithee, how knowest thou that these things are so ?

" *Leather-cutter*.—Because it must needs be that all things that are written in the law and the prophets should be fulfilled in Christus.

" Behold, my dear Artemidorus, the second shape of the Christian doctrine ; which, if it be not speedily committed to writing, what third or fourth shapes it may assume, the wit of man cannot conjecture. But one thing is certain, that in every case the leather-cutter will carry the day against the learned man, and the man who believes everything against the man of discretion who believes some things and rejects others" (pp. 83-86).

Reserving our comments, we simply ask the reader to notice, first, that it is assumed that at this time a Tradi-

tion, omitting very much that the Synoptists relate, was in common circulation, and the Churches had no other trustworthy information about Jesus than that furnished by this Tradition; and, second, that it is declared that statements concerning Christ vouched for by our Gospels were then in course of fabrication. After this, one is not unduly surprised at the discourse of Lucius of Cyrene, full of inconclusive, if not absurd, arguments from prophecy; * nor at the suggestion of wholesale manufacture of miracle, including the resurrection of the body of Jesus, from the desire to construct an historic foundation for spiritual similes; nor at the resolution of the story of the healing of the Gadarene demoniac into misconception of metaphor, exaggeration, crass ignorance, and promiscuous, inexcusable blundering; nor at the insinuation that mighty deeds were forged in order to place Jesus on an equality with Moses; nor, finally, at the discredit thrown upon Old Testament history by adroitly commingling it with the wild legends of the Talmud.

To return to the story. Philemon and his amanuensis journey to Jerusalem, where they learn something of the quarrels of the Christians, and where Onesimus is disgusted at the sanguinary nature of the Jewish ritual. Taking ship to return to Colossæ, they are driven by stress of weather to seek shelter in Piræus, and the slave is allowed to remain at Athens to "study rhetoric and attain the true Attic pronunciation and idiom." Here he meets Eucharis, an example of the loveliest type of cultured Greek maidenhood, to whom he is betrothed. Recalled to Colossæ, his master's demeanour prepares him for the announcement that Philemon has professed himself a Christian. Philemon offers him manumission and various pecuniary benefits, if he will accept baptism and marry a wife of his owner's choice. Onesimus avows his love for

* The apology is that the discourse of Lucius is "mainly borrowed" from Justin Martyr and Irenæus. Can anything be more ungenerous than to fashion a cento of the weakest passages of both Fathers and to submit it as a specimen of the preaching through which Christianity triumphed over the Roman world? Yet Dr. Abbott has surpassed even this feat of unfairness. Eusebius quotes Papias as his authority for a "wonderful account" that in the Apostle Philip's "time there was one raised from the dead." It is perhaps not unreasonable to ascribe this miracle to Philip. But Dr. Abbott gives a lengthy account of an examination into its truth, from which it appears that the raised man had not died. But the miracle tested is "the revivification of the Archbishop of Bordeaux"! Here is "anachronism," and an addition which need not be particularised.

Eucharis, and declines to fulfil the conditions attached to the proffered gift. The friendship that has existed hitherto between master and slave gives place to mutual distrust, which is increased by a malicious accusation of theft trumped up against Onesimus by a fellow slave. In his distress, separated from Eucharis by the will of an absolute lord, urged to adopt a religion to which neither heart nor mind consents, exposed to plots which may, at any time, result in a second sojourn in the terrible Ergastulum, he appeals for counsel to the slave-philosopher, Epictetus. Nothing in the entire volume is happier than the exposition of the principles of Epictetus, with their show of wisdom in will-worship, their seeming grandeur, and their utter failure to bear the burden of sorrow or to endure the scrutiny of scepticism. Their weakness was that their foundation was laid in a man's own feeble, sinful self. After a period of distracting silence, a letter informs Onesimus that Eucharis is dead. Immediately upon this sorrow comes another false charge of theft, which Philemon considers fully proved. The master speaks stinging words about the woman who has bewitched his once-trusted slave. Enraged beyond measure that Philemon showed so little respect for his grief, Onesimus assaults him with the stylus he held in his hand at the moment. For this crime the law declares his life forfeited, but Philemon commutes the sentence to labour in the hateful Ergastulum. To one who has been an inmate of the slave-prison death would have appeared the less terrible doom. To escape his punishment, Onesimus flees from Colossæ, having provided himself with funds at his master's cost.

His subsequent adventures finely illustrate the downward course of the soul that has cut itself loose from God and has been cast off by man. It is easier perhaps for the antiquary to reproduce the life of philosophers than that of vagabonds; but Dr. Abbott proves himself a skilful artist in both styles. Specially striking is the manner in which he hints at, rather than displays, the hopelessness which pervaded all classes of society because they had no real faith in immortality or in God. The final stage of degradation is reached when Onesimus enrolls himself a member of a collegium of actors in Rome, and is "admitted to perform and recite at several feasts and drinking parties in the palace, and sometimes even in the presence of the emperor himself, but more especially before the officers

of the Prætorian guard." He has learnt to seek refuge from the upbraidings of conscience in the wine-cup, and to make the despised Christians a favourite subject for his jests. One evening an unusually tempting butt presented itself—a Christian prisoner from the provinces, who had dared to appeal to the tribunal of the emperor. Onesimus constitutes himself the judge, the soldiers the jury, and they proceed to put the prisoner to a mock trial. But the criminal turns sport to earnest. His calm confidence, his meek patience, his undoubting faith in the presence and power of an invisible Imperator, win sympathy from the soldiery and prick Onesimus to the heart. The baffled jester hastens to close the play with a contemptuous acquittal. Hitherto the fugitive has not recognised the prisoner, but in conversation with him he perceives that it is the same man that healed the cripple at Lystra and that laid his hand on the boy's head and prayed, "The Lord be unto thee as a Father." On the morrow, as Paul, respited for awhile, preaches at the house of Tryphæna and Tryphosa, Onesimus joins himself to the Christians, after a semi-supernatural vision in which he has joined himself to the Lord.

A less delicate and masterly pencil than our author's would have painted in elaborate detail the return of Onesimus to Colossæ. Very wisely is the Epistle to Philemon left to tell its own story. Onesimus states simply that his master received him with all kindness, having discovered the deceit of the slave who had charged him with stealing, and declared him free the moment he had read Paul's letter. Onesimus is "appointed to the ministry," and for a time labours in the church at Colossæ. Both he and Archippus endeavour to convert the kindly sceptic Artemidorus to the faith, but vainly. The farthest confession they can gain is, "if there were a God, there would be nothing more like God than Christus." He sends, however, from his deathbed a message to Onesimus, "that, whereas he had charged me always to bear in mind the proverb that 'incredulity is security,' now he perceived that there was room for trust as well as distrust in the life of man."

More than one reviewer has pointed out that with the death of Artemidorus the romance reaches its artistic end, the remaining two books forming an unnecessary appendix. It would be quite possible to defend the addition—of the

seventh book at all events—upon principles of literary criticism. The martyrdom of the Apostle forms an appropriate sequel to the story, as Onesimus is professedly a disciple of St. Paul. But whether or no an artistic error has been committed, the two last books are absolutely essential to what we have called the “polemic purpose” of this volume. Hearing of the second imprisonment of St. Paul and of the fierce persecutions of the Christians in Rome, Onesimus hastens to the capital that he may minister to the Apostle and perchance confirm the faith of the brethren. He visits St. Paul in his dungeon, and is allowed to alleviate, to some extent, the hardships of his captivity. The Apostle repeats to him the story of his life, in particular the mental processes through which he passed before he attained a full understanding of the Gospel and its relation to the law. In many respects this is an interesting psychological study, and as St. Paul answers the doubts of Onesimus, a suggestive contrast arises between the modes in which the Jew and the Greek must have regarded the doctrine of Jesus Christ. But throughout the narrative the disposition appears to explain away the miraculous and to insinuate that it is susceptible of a much more probable solution than that which is generally given. In the account of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus a prominent place is assigned to the natural weakness of the persecutor’s sight and to the dazzling splendour of the sun which pained him from the commencement of the journey. The account of the Voice and the Vision ingeniously contrives to leave it uncertain whether both were actual occurrences or only beneficent illusions evolved from the troubled conscience of him who saw and heard them. [The *Oxford Sermons*, p. 16, unhesitatingly adopts the latter explanation.] When he rises from the ground he is wholly blind, but Ananias merely enables him to “see a little,” and his sight returns to him very gradually. Onesimus spends the night before Paul’s martyrdom with the Apostle, and receives among his “last words” a confession that “I also, not many months ago, was in error concerning the time of the coming of the Lord,” and a caution that he may expect to find diverse and inexact reporting in the “Traditions of the Acts and Words of the Lord.” Side by side with these efforts to unsettle the faith, a noble and touching portrait is drawn of courage and constancy, of tenderness and trust.

The eighth book is devoted to the ministry of Onesimus. We must perforce pass in silence its clear and impartial account of the parties into which the Church was divided, noting only the hint that their existence, their credulity, and their desire to support their own opinions indicate the origin of a number of more or less incorrect anecdotes about the Christ, some of which are, in all probability, preserved in our present Gospels. At Londinium he meets with Philochristus, and, he says, "from the lips of this my beloved teacher I received the tradition of the words and deeds of the Lord pure and uncorrupted,"—a statement intended to mark the *Memoirs of a Disciple* as more authentic than the four *Lives of Christ* contained in the New Testament. Onesimus abides in London several years, so that the Tradition has time to develop during his absence from the chief centres of Christianity. The condition of affairs in Rome when he returned thither must be described in his own words :

"When I came to Rome I was well received of the brethren, and I tarried there two months, observing the manner of their worship, and the teaching of the catechumens and the discourses of the elders to the faithful. But I seemed at first to be listening to a new Gospel; so great a change had fallen on the Church since I had last tarried in the great city, about fifteen years before. This appeared, not only in their worship, but also in the pictures and sculptures wherewith they had begun to adorn the tombs of those that fell asleep in the Lord; for in these I perceived that those very beliefs whereof I had written to Artemidorus as being currently reported among the faithful but not yet added to the Tradition, were now accepted by all. For example, when I entered into one of the places where the congregations commonly assemble themselves for worship—these are quarries, after the manner of galleries, hewn out of the rock under the earth beneath the city, commonly called catacombs, and used for entombments by the faithful—I perceived there the figure of a certain prophet, with a scroll in his hand, pointing to a Woman which bare a child in her arms, and above the child was a star; and I questioned my companions whether this was the Lord Jesus, the Son of the Virgin Mother, and they said 'Yes,' but when I went on to speak of the Virgin as the Spiritual Sion, which is the Church of God, then they said 'Nay, but it showeth the mother of our Lord according to the flesh, according to the saying of the prophet, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel."' Then asking concerning the star, I said I supposed that it represented the

brightness of the Messiah, even as it was written in the Scriptures that 'a star should come out of Jacob.' To this they assented; 'but,' added one, 'it is also well known that a star, visible to the eyes of men, did verily shine forth in the days of Herod, being seen of many nations, and especially in the East, insomuch that then was fulfilled the saying of the Psalms that the kings of Arabia and Saba should bring gifts.' 'Are these things, then,' said I, 'contained in the Traditions of the Acts of the Lord?' Then he that had spoken replied, 'No, not in the Tradition, but in a certain supplement which is now beginning everywhere to be read in all the churches, and it is said to have been put forth by the interpreters and disciples of one of the Apostles; but another, correcting him, said that one of the Apostles himself had written it, not indeed Petrus nor Jacobus, who were unlearned men, ignorant of letters, but in all likelihood Mattheus, as having been in his earlier days a tax-gatherer and therefore ready with his pen" (pp. 272—274).

To his astonishment, moreover, he learns that the Church has mistaken the *parable* of the loaves and fishes for a miracle, and the metaphor, "showing in a figure how the blessed Apostle Petrus denied his Master, and describing how he adventured to walk, in his own strength, upon the troubled sea of temptation, but his faith failed him so that he began to sink, and he had been drowned in the deep waters of sin, but the Lord stretched out his hand and saved him," for an actual occurrence with a "real boat," and "a real storm of wind and waves." He declares that, if this manufacture of wonders continues, people will soon come to believe that Jesus "raised up from the dead some one that was on the point to be buried, or already buried!" Thoughtful reading of "the three books of the Gospels" convinces him that they are less erroneous than he "had expected," especially that "which was said by most to have been written according to the teaching of Marcus," though even this contains its mistakes. The other two "had added supplements touching the birth of the Lord Jesus and His childhood and youth, and also concerning His manifestations after His rising," about the reception of which he writes to Philochristus for advice. Philochristus counsels him to consult St. John, but asserts that he knows no authority for the additional matter.

The question naturally arises, Why did not Onesimus and ministers of equal intelligence and knowledge endeavour to prevent the public reading and general credence

of these spurious statements? In reply, Onesimus explains his conduct in the matter when he took charge of the church in Berea :

"The three books of the Gospels were beginning at this time to be commonly read among them, and I saw that the multitude willingly believed all things written therein, especially concerning the birth of the Lord Jesus, and concerning His manifesting of Himself after death by divers signs and tokens, as by eating in the presence of the disciples, and by giving His body to be touched. Now remembering what the blessed Apostle Paulus had enjoined on me, that I must by all means seek to attain as much of the truth as possible, though there must needs be some error, I was minded at first to restrain the brethren in Berea from the public reading of these new traditions. But one of the elders of the Church dissuaded me, saying in the first place that the truth was uncertain; and in the second place, that, if the people believed not these traditions, and especially the tradition concerning the birth of the Lord, they must needs fall into error, not being able to receive the doctrine that the son of Mary and Joseph was verily the Son of God begotten before the worlds and taking flesh as a man for our sakes. 'Either therefore,' said he, 'they will believe that He was merely man and not God; or else that He was not man at all, but a phantom, born of no human father nor mother either; as certain sects in Asia believe.' And he added that the Lord seemed to allow this new doctrine, if doctrine might be judged by the fruits thereof; because all that believed it were full of zeal, and patience, and love for the brethren, and all virtue, ready to lay down their lives for the Lord. So I, considering that it was one thing to strive towards certainty, and another thing to restrain others from their opinions, being also myself uncertain, suffered the new gospels to be read in Berea without hindrance, and the more willingly because the three Gospels now brought in began to drive out many other writings of gospels which sprang up about this time, or even before, full of wonders and portents, and not preserving the truth of the life of the Lord Jesus. So in a very short time the three Gospels were brought in, and multiplied by transcribers, and were read in all our assemblies, and the catechumens were also instructed in them" (pp. 280, 281).

The projected visit to St. John is delayed for three years. Onesimus had reached Smyrna on his journey to Ephesus, when he was arrested and thrown into prison. He was condemned to the wild beasts, and he endured his sentence in the amphitheatre. With dying hands he lifted the silver tokens worn by himself and Chrestus to

heaven, and cried aloud, "O Lord, my hope and my trust, Thou lovest me; yea, and Thou shalt love me, for Thou art the Eternal Love."

We have accorded so much time and space to *Onesimus*, partly because of our desire to do justice to a remarkable book, partly because it is the latest manifestation of its author's principles, and partly because in it the useful and the true are strangely and inextricably blended with the harmful and the false. It would be equally unfair to award praise or blame without a somewhat full exposition of the volume. As an illustration of the absolute worthlessness of every form of heathen philosophy* to satisfy the soul struggling after light and truth, and of the desperate efforts of that soul to content itself with darkness, no apter, more forcible picture could well be drawn. To its scholarly and imaginative qualities we have already paid a deserved tribute. But here our commendation must cease. We cannot too strongly dissent from the theories, but for which the book would never have been written. The principal of these theories are—(1) That the Synoptic Gospels, as we now have them, consist of an agglomeration of doubtful stories around a nucleus of original tradition: the fourth Gospel is of course utterly untrustworthy; (2) That the miraculous element can be eliminated from the Bible without any damage to its veracity, or that, at any rate, miracles are antecedently incredible; (3) That illusion forms an integral portion of the Divine method of training the human race, and therefore we must expect to discover it in Holy Writ. These hypotheses appear, with varying degrees of distinctness, in all Dr. Abbott's writings. Whether he preaches before Cambridge or Oxford University, or addresses the cultured youth of England,† or produces historical romances, or summarises the knowledge of the day for the national Encyclopædia, these principles are the framework he clothes, the foundation he builds on. He sets himself to demonstrate them again and again, but he invariably assumes one of them in his attempt to prove the other two; and not unfrequently he is guilty of a larger *petitio principii*. Sometimes it is thus—the Original Tradition records no genuine miracle; the miracles of our present Gospels

* Every form, that is, with which early Christianity came into contact.

† *Through Nature to Christ*, Introduction.

furnish a most pertinent example of God's method of conveying truth by means of illusion : sometimes thus—the intrinsic incredibility of miracles is greater than any evidence that has ever been adduced in their support, therefore we are abundantly justified in rejecting or interpreting metaphorically all accounts of apparent miracles ; and one of the signs of the Original Tradition is the absence of miracle ; sometimes thus—illusion is a perpetual constituent of the revelation of the Word of God, therefore God has suffered men to believe in miracles ; if the Bible enshrined no illusions, it could not have originated from the same God as Nature, therefore narratives of miracles are intrinsically incredible, an antecedent probability exists that they express illusions. Usually the assumption is made with a deliberate placidity indicative of perfect innocence which not merely beguiles the incautious reader into assent but leads the student to suppose that the premise must have been proved somewhere or other. Even where the assumption is not necessary to the argument, it is still made, seemingly from habit, for the sake of ease or effectiveness.

Philochristus is avowedly based upon the Original Tradition, though it is not brought so prominently forward as in *Onesimus*, probably because the *Encyclopædia Britannica* article had not been written. But "Scholia" apologised for the mention of any circumstance not found in all three Gospels, and pointed out that "it is marvellous to see with what a persistence *Philochristus* cleaveth only unto that part of the first three Gospels which is common to all the three." Nevertheless several sayings of the Lord are reported that none of the evangelists preserve. They are gathered from uninspired traditions, and, according to Canon Westcott, "seem to contain, in a more or less altered form, traces of words of our Lord." The evident design is to insinuate that everything not guaranteed by the Original Tradition stands upon the same level of authenticity, by whatever means it may have been brought down to us. This suggestion could never be maintained in serious argument, to present it under the guise of fiction is little better than an unworthy stratagem. The earnest purpose of *Philochristus* appears from a comparison of its representation of our Lord with the words in which the *Encyclopædia Britannica* article sums up St. Mark's representation, it being remembered that the second

Gospel is deemed practically identical with the Original Tradition.

"In a word, Mark writes of Jesus, not as the destroyer or fulfiller of the law; not as the Messiah predicted by the prophets, not as the refuge of the Gentiles, but rather as a man; subject to anger, and disappointment, and weariness; not knowing all things, not able to do all things, but endowed with strange powers of healing the souls and bodies of men; and carrying out a mysterious plan for the regeneration of the world through a spirit of childlike obedience to God and brotherly love towards men; lastly, a man who assumed for Himself and for His disciples a power of forgiving sin, and who based all the success of His plans upon His predicted death and resurrection, to be followed by a second coming."

These sentences describe the exact purport of *Philochristus*. Our Lord's Divinity recedes to the distant background, if it does not altogether vanish. He manifests Himself as a man of extraordinary gifts and character, whose relations to the Heavenly Father are mysteriously intimate and suggestive of wondrous possibilities. But the quotation just cited speaks of the Resurrection and the Second Coming. Surely if these stupendous marvels are admitted, it is unreasonable to stipulate for the exclusion of minor miracles: he who accepts these cannot be far from the Catholic faith. The inference would be as correct as it is pleasing, if Dr. Abbott's treatment of the two events were satisfactory or candid. Nowhere does he deny a physical resurrection *totidem verbis*. But over and over again he insinuates—we can use no less objectionable word—that the doctrine of the resurrection of Christ's body has arisen from the literal misunderstanding of a spiritual metaphor. In his *Oxford Sermons*,* for instance, preaching from the text, "What manner of man is this?" he traces the life of Jesus. When he reaches the point at which mention would naturally be made of the resurrection, he is quite silent about it, and speaks of Christ's "death and future coming." The coming to judgment "at a day and hour not known to the Teacher Himself" meant only that "the standard of His righteousness, conspicuously set up before all races of mankind, should convict them of unrighteousness, and fill them with purifying repentance," with more to a similar effect. In another volume† he asks, "Can you imagine any way in which the Word of God, which has

* Pp. 159, 160.

† *Through Nature to Christ*, p. 157.

since the Creation influenced the living through the dead, could better sum up that influence than by the death of a Saviour who should die as Christ died, and rise again as Christ rose, in the hearts of His disciples?" Frequently the language employed concerning the effects upon us of the memory of our departed loved ones bears a suspicious resemblance to that employed of the results of the resurrection of Jesus. Perhaps all the phrases are susceptible of a sense compatible with belief in a literal rising, though thus interpreted they are at the least unfortunate. They gain, however, an ominous significance in the light of other words. The manifestations of the Risen Saviour in *Philochristus* exhibit Him as a phantom, visible and audible to some and not to others. One disciple generally perceives Him first and points Him out to his neighbour, who perhaps does not immediately see the phantom or does not recognise it. The Ascension is reduced to such an appearance in front of an unusually splendid sunset. *Philochristus* beholds Jesus walking on the Sea of Galilee and stilling the storm-waves under His feet—a reminiscence of the miracle.* It is a work of supererogation to expose the tendency of these accounts. All the world knows how excited bodies of men have persuaded themselves they have seen ghosts and other visitations from the spirit-world which they came prepared to see. It is never distinctly said that our Lord's appearances after the resurrection were of this character; but it is more than hinted that they may have been. The *Encyclopædia* article shows that its writer considers the historical evidence of the Resurrection extremely slight.

The overwhelming importance of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ to Christian evidence and to Christian life compels extreme jealousy of aught that tends to throw doubt upon the fact or to lessen its significance. Dr. Abbott himself recognises the weight our Lord rested upon His resurrection, and he cannot excise prophecies of it from his Original Tradition. He seeks, therefore, to thin down the meaning of the prophecies. If Jesus really foresaw and foretold His rising from the dead, we are confronted with a veritable prophecy and a veritable miracle. But if an admixture of error can be introduced into the prescience, its argumentative value will be diminished

* P. 415. The full force of this reference depends upon Dr. Abbott's opinion that Jesus did not really walk on the waves at all.

very seriously, if not destroyed altogether. How did the Messiah know that He should rise from the dead on the third day? The true answer to this query involves the supernatural. There is, however, a passage in Hosea which reads, "Come, and let us return unto the LORD: for He hath torn, and He will heal us: He hath smitten, and He will bind us up. After two days will He revive us: in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight" (vi. 1, 2). These verses are obviously non-Messianic, and the "third day" is an indefinite colloquialism for a short period. The resemblance to Christ's sayings about His future rising is wholly superficial. Neither our Lord nor any of the New Testament writers once refers to the passage in connection with the Resurrection. Nevertheless Dr. Abbott *repeatedly*, alike in fiction and in sermon, adduces these words as suggesting to our Lord the idea of rising on the third day. He does not even submit his notion tentatively, as a possible solution of a difficulty, but asserts it positively as an indisputable and universally acknowledged fact. Thus the definite "third day" becomes simply a lucky guess or a remarkable coincidence, if indeed the history were not written to conform to the misunderstood prophecy. And as Hosea referred to forgiveness and restoration to favour, a semblance of a substratum appears on which to rest the theory of a metaphorical resurrection. There is no necessity to discuss the notion that our Saviour drew His confidence in His rising from the dead on the third day from Hosea's simile, it is amply sufficient to point out its baselessness. In fact, a bare assertion gives nothing to discuss, but it does furnish a not inapt example of the genesis of much rationalistic and semi-rationalistic theorising. An ingenious analogy is transmuted, by some occult process, into an historic certainty, and upon this substantial groundwork is erected an imposing superstructure of fancy which, in its turn, consolidates into verity which only crass ignorance or the complete absence of the critical faculty can doubt, much less deny.

Highly as Dr. Abbott rates the Original Tradition, it is perfectly plain that he does not admit its inspiration, at least with any approach to the ordinary meaning of the theological term. Our knowledge of the historic Christ is of precisely the same character as our knowledge of Cæsar or Napoleon Buonaparte. Thus far there is no room for

question as to our author's views. But if we put to him the interrogation which he endeavours to answer in two lengthy sermons before the Oxford University—*What think ye of Christ?* we can obtain no intelligible reply. In spite of these discourses, in spite of his efforts to lead men *Through Nature to Christ*, in spite of his portraits of our Lord, the question seems never to have been fairly faced. Jesus Christ ought to be worshipped: therefore, one would naturally infer, Jesus Christ is God. Yet our attention is concentrated almost exclusively upon the manhood of the Prophet of Nazareth. The utmost pains are taken to show that He exercised no superhuman prerogative or power. In explicit terms His forgiveness of sins is declared to be purely human, differing in no respect from a father's forgiveness of a naughty child. The only miracles allowed are those of healing, and these are explained upon principles which render them no more wonderful than feats of mesmerism, or that intuition into the causes of disease and the constitution of a patient which marks the doctor that is born, not made. He entered the world with no intention of dying; the sad termination of His life, though suffered willingly and lovingly, resulted from the incapacity of men to appreciate His designs. He neither fulfilled nor uttered definite predictions. He said and did nothing which a man of genius and holiness might not have said and done. He was born exactly as we are born, and died exactly as many a martyr has died. True, He was sinless, and that separates Him from sinners; but original sin is probably an ecclesiastical superstition, and it is not miraculous, only extraordinary, for a man to be born without taint of impurity. Whither is all this leading us? Let us confess in words our Saviour's Divinity and set ourselves to destroy or impugn all evidence of it; then let us proclaim our perfect freedom from prejudice and call modern critical science to observe our complete accord with its methods and conclusions, and to join us in offering supreme worship to Christ upon the sole ground that can satisfy men of reason and religion that He is worthy of it, *i.e.*, because men have believed Him to be God with so little argument to allege in support of their creed. It is to this that Dr. Abbott would persuade us. Can he assign a solitary reason for believing that Christ is very God of very God, except that He is declared to be so in the formularies of the English Church? He has yielded every other argu-

ment, or demonstrated, to his own content, that it is false. We strongly suspect that Dr. Abbott regards the precise position of Jesus Christ in the universe as a problem science has yet to investigate and decide.

It is high time for us to turn our attention to the theory of the origin and formation of the Gospels as we now have them, which is one of the principal constituents in the system of religious thought we have been discussing. It is fully explained in the lengthy and elaborate article "Gospels," in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But we are bound to enter an earnest preliminary protest. An Encyclopædia should be simply a storehouse of information, not a congeries of opinions of individual contributors, however eminent. This is so far recognised by the editors of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* that they refused to print two paragraphs of the article in which the author prophesied the speedy extinction of the belief in the miraculous in the Christian Church, because such a prediction was opinion and not fact.* It is a pity that this wholesome rule has not received a wider and firmer application. To call the article "Gospels" a summary of our knowledge on its subject would be to elevate the latest hypothesis, as yet almost untested, to the dignity of accepted truth. The article is neither more nor less than a clever and learned, but controversial, statement of the doctrines of one section of the destructive school of modern criticism. The choice of Mr. Cheyne to write "Isaiah" and Dr. Rigg to write "Methodism" indicates that the editors are genuinely anxious to assign each article to the man who is most thoroughly master of its subject; but they have far too often fallen into the serious and easily avoidable error of imagining that the most recent information can be obtained only from the devisers of the latest novelty. But of all men the least fitted to contribute to an Encyclopædia is the originator of an hypothesis, as he inevitably yields to the temptation to teach that his fancy is fact, and the sole fact worth telling about the matter entrusted to his pen.

Among the foremost matters of debate in the theological world is the method of the composition of the Synoptic Gospels. From the earliest times it was noticed that the Synoptists contained much common matter. For a considerable period it was maintained that each of the two

* See *Oxford Sermons*, p. lvi. note.

later Evangelists was acquainted with the labours of his predecessor or predecessors, and deliberately borrowed from him or them. But it came to be seen that this hypothesis did not account sufficiently for the minute verbal coincidences between St. Mark and the other two Synoptists. A favourite theory—still held tenaciously in some quarters—was that each of the first three Gospels was an unskilful cento of or compilation from a number of documents, all of which have perished hopelessly. Of recent years the Triple Tradition, *i.e.*, the matter common to the three Evangelists—has attracted to itself a preponderating proportion of the study of workers in this department of research. Probably no one could examine Mr. Rushbrooke's *Synopticon* with patient candour and permit the facts represented by differences of type to accumulate their weight in his mind, without forming the conclusion that the case in favour of an original tradition has been thoroughly made out. Probably too—though this is by no means as completely proved—he would not dispute the practical identity of St. Mark's Gospel (exclusive of the last sixteen verses) with the Original Tradition.* At any rate there is nothing in this view which need alarm the devout student of the Written Word.

* The first impulse of the student of the *Synopticon* is to suspect that the triple tradition is the original tradition. There is, however, too much matter common to Matthew and Mark, and Luke and Mark to allow the truth of this suspicion. The *Encyclopædia* article, in its anxiety to reduce the original tradition to a minimum, approximates very closely to self-contradiction, by assuming that only the matter common to all three Gospels is authentic, and by strongly emphasising its "continuity." It may be convenient to subjoin a specimen of the Triple Tradition, taken from the *Encyclopædia*:

["A gap in the narrative of Mark is signified by I, a longer by II; bracketed parts of words signify that the word occurs in the three gospels, but in different forms."]

"Mk. iv. 35. *Let us go across to the other side. They took Hi (m) I in a boat. II They wak(e) Hi(m) say(ing), We perish: and He, arising, rebuked the win(d). II And there was a calm. He said to them, I Your faith! II They said, Who is this that even the wind obey(eth) Him?*" Mk. v. 1. "*And they came across into the land of the [Gadarenes, Gerasenes, or Gergesenes]. There met Him I one [Mat. two] in the II tombs II crying, I What is there between me and Thee, Thou Son of God? II Torment me not. II And he [Mat. they] besought Him . . . into . . . II And He . . . them, I goin(g) forth, they come to (or into) the swine, and the herd rushed down the steep place into the sea [Lu. lake] and were choked [Mat. perished]. I Those that were feeding them I fled and brought word into the city II They came II Jesus II And I they besought Him to depart from I them."*

This is a fair average specimen of the "Triple Tradition," neither too disjointed nor too continuous. Plainly this is not the "Original Tradition."

However interesting and important the questions may be whether the common matter of the three Gospels is explained more satisfactorily on the "borrowing" or on the "original tradition" hypothesis, the Christian faith is in no way affected. But it does not necessarily follow from the second theory either that St. Mark's Gospel was published the earliest, or that subsequent Evangelists availed themselves of the pre-existing Gospel or Gospels. It is quite possible to concede St. Matthew's claim to priority of time, and yet to hold that St. Mark more nearly resembles the Original Tradition and that his book was issued altogether independently of the first Gospel. An essential element of Dr. Abbott's theory is that the shortest Gospel was published earliest, and was read throughout the churches before the composition of another. The possibility just referred to Dr. Abbott does not appear to have contemplated; nevertheless its mere existence goes far to invalidate his entire conclusions.

A graver, though still not a vital, question arises the moment we accept—actually or for argument's sake—the "tradition" theory. Was this "tradition" vocal or documentary? To this interrogation Dr. Abbott vouchsafes no definite reply. He assumes now that the Original Tradition was unwritten; now that it was a book in constant use by all the churches; and again that the point has not yet been decided. His general position inclines to the idea of a document. The main, we had almost said, the insuperable difficulty on the side of the written record, is the absence of all external evidence that such a document ever existed. The Archbishop of York, in the article "Gospels" in Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, and in his admirable Introduction to the first volume of the *Speaker's Commentary* on the New Testament, has pointed out that if we accept this theory, we are driven to acknowledge that we possess only second-hand recensions of the Life of our Lord. From this admission, were we compelled to make it, serious theological consequences might ensue. But worse, we think, remains. The original Gospel, once

Its lack of continuity proves conclusively that this is not its natural condition. The phrase "Triple Tradition" is not quite free from objection. It intimates—or is made to intimate—that the Evangelists felt it their duty to preserve one tradition, and thereby gives to it a fictitious importance. Naturally the Evangelist would interweave this compact narrative into his record, but he would not intend to discredit the remainder of his statement, nor has he done so.

current in the churches and known as the sole authentic record of our Saviour's life, has been permitted to perish without leaving a solitary trace behind! If this were a correct surmise, words fail to describe the incredible carelessness of the early Church. Slight, indeed, must have been the value they placed upon the historic accuracy and certainty of that which was believed and taught concerning Christ Jesus; so slight as to allow of very little reliance upon their testimony to the present Gospels. This result of the theory the newer criticism is prepared to welcome, but it sounds the death-knell of sober and devout theology. Our faith would cease to possess any firm historic basis; it would rest on an ill-digested mass of nebulous legend and solid fact; but the fact would give no consistency to the legend, while the legend would impart its own lightness to the fact. Happily we are spared the perilous necessity of building upon such a quagmire. An oral tradition satisfies every demand of the problem and is free from the dangers inherent in the hypothetical lost document. The Talmud owes its preservation to the Oriental habit of preserving traditions in the memory by frequent repetition. What can be more probable than that the disciples accustomed themselves to repeat a summary of the Lord's life, especially as a preparation for their preaching. The specimen of the Triple Tradition given in our foot-note on page 372, with its gaps differently filled by different evangelists, sounds uncommonly like such an effort of memory with the minute diversities—not discrepancies—which oral narratives invariably contain. This Tradition, then, *was* committed to writing at an early period; part of it forms the matter common to the three Synoptists and, we incline to think, that common to any two of them.

The possible, probable or demonstrable existence of an oral tradition casts no doubt whatever upon the truth of the statements of the four Evangelists which are not found therein. Our chief charge against Dr. Abbott is that he insinuates—again we apologise for the only applicable word—that nothing is trustworthy outside the four corners of this Tradition which he reduces to its narrowest limits. The case of St. John must be separated from that of the Synoptists, at least on account of the method of the assault upon the fourth Gospel. The *Encyclopædia* article devotes about one-half of its space to St. John, and

endeavours to show that his Gospel is little else than a Platonising fiction; but our space will not permit us to touch the argument here. We can only deal now—and that but very cursorily—with Dr. Abbott's treatment of the Synoptists.

In the first place, he accuses them, in effect, of inaccuracy in reporting and incompetency in rendering the Original Tradition and other traditions which they collected or possessed in written memoranda. Most of the instances alleged have been explained by the Harmonists. Upon some Dr. Abbott puts a new face, but, on the whole, he repeats charges that have been often rebutted successfully. On one class of discrepancies we are fain to offer a single remark. The Evangelists report the same or similar words of the Master as uttered in very different circumstances of place, person, &c. The inference drawn is that an error has been committed by one or all of the reporters. It is curious that the *Encyclopædia* article, which dwells on these supposed discrepancies with considerable gusto, and enforces the inference with marked emphasis, unconsciously supplies the explanation. For instance, after setting forth the different versions of the Lord's Prayer, we are informed triumphantly, "One fact strikes us at once, that the Lord's Prayer is not *verbatim* the same in Matthew and Luke. If *this* is not identical, it might be thought that we cannot expect any words of the Lord to be identical." All the reports, therefore, are tainted with inaccuracy. Yet afterwards it is observed parenthetically, without a thought of the importance of the admission, that the parables were "probably often repeated by Jesus in varied shapes." Jesus of Nazareth is the great example of an itinerant preacher. He would naturally repeat His sermons, His sayings, specially favourite illustrations and apothegms, in various places and to various persons, with more or less of modification or without any modification at all. One Evangelist has preserved one form or one instance, another another. Each has recorded the exact truth.

Again, Dr. Abbott indirectly accuses Matthew and Luke, particularly the latter, with wholesale fabrication of the miraculous. Take the following paragraph as an illustration;

"When we speak of Luke's 'supplying the deficiencies of Matthew,'... we mean that the conscience and faith of the

Church required in Luke's time some further and more vivid embodiment of the spiritual truth involved in the Incarnation than was contained in the unsupplemented narrative of Matthew. For example, it was not a sufficient argument against the Jewish slanderers who asserted that Jesus was born of adultery to say that Joseph, when purposing to put Mary away, was warned by an angel in a dream to give up his purpose. Something more positive, and in a higher tone, not a dream, but an angelic visitation, was needed to confirm the Divine origin of the Son of God. . . . But the Resurrection, even more than the Incarnation, required amplifications. If Matthew had left gaps in his introduction, still more serious were the deficiencies in his appendix to the traditional gospel. Although Matthew had added something to the mere suggestions of a resurrection contributed by Mark, he had not added enough. More proof was required, tangible proof, if possible. The women, it is true (according to the narrative of Matthew xxviii. 9), had held Jesus by the feet, but the disciples themselves were not recorded to have done so; and, besides, the increasing reverence of the Church shrank from the thought that the body of the risen Saviour had been actually touched (Jo. xx. 17), even though He might have offered Himself to the touch of His disciples. As far, therefore, as the evidence went, it was open to the Jewish sceptic to call the manifestations of the Lord delusions, or at best visions, and to apply to them the words of the angel (Tobit xii. 19): 'All those days I did but make myself visible unto you, *and did neither eat nor drink*; but ye beheld a vision.' Against so formidable an objection, no proof could better commend itself to a close student of the LXX. (such as Luke assuredly was) than a narrative describing how Jesus ate in the presence of His disciples (xxiv. 43). . . . Still, even with these important additions, the appendix of Luke seemed to some, and perhaps to Luke himself, incomplete; and, accordingly, either Luke himself, or some early editor or very early scribes, inserted in the appendix several further additions."

The meaning of this is unmistakable. The stories of the miraculous conception and the post-resurrection appearances were pious frauds. Nay more, it is tolerably certain that St. Luke was the forger. Here is no myth, which has grown with a rapidity more marvellous than the myth itself; here is no misunderstanding of obvious metaphor; here is no blunderingly ignorant translation from the Aramaic. "A close student of the LXX." has manufactured a pretty little story of his own, or adopted with purposeful haste and designedly blind confidence some extravagant rumours he had heard, or in utter innocence and full possession of his seven senses has mis-

taken what he himself or the Church in general thought Jesus ought to have done for what He actually did, and has thus caused Theophilus to "know the certainty concerning the things wherein" he was "instructed." The same educated and intelligent writer, who has "traced the course of all things accurately from the first," constructs an allegory as a "vivid embodiment of the spiritual truth involved in the Incarnation," and with it begins a professed narrative of actual occurrences; but he omits the information that it is an allegory in order that it may be palmed off upon the slanderers of his Master as pure truth. He, the chosen friend of St. Paul, does evil that good may come with an unblushing effrontery the most accomplished Jesuit might envy, and confuses fact with fiction and parable with history, with such self-deceptive cleverness that his style betrays no consciousness of the difference. For Luke is no uninstructed leather-cutter, no speaker in a Christian assembly in a distant synagogue; he is in constant and close communion with the "eye-witnesses and ministers of the word;" he has examined and investigated, and publishes the results of his strict and laborious inquiries.

The mingled recklessness, absurdity, and unrighteousness of the accusation against St. Luke seem to have impressed temporarily even the plaintiff. For, after a while, he declares it "by no means improbable" that the source whence St. Luke drew his information was "authoritative tradition which had subsequently become known to him." Whence, then, did the tradition derive its authority? Surely only from its truth. The use of the term "tradition" unintentionally misleads, and we are far from certain that Dr. Abbott has not allowed it undue influence upon himself. He does not plead for a late date for the composition of the Synoptic Gospels; nevertheless he assumes that "tradition," because it is tradition, must have gained in marvel and lost in credit as it passed from mouth to mouth. He persistently forgets Luke's nearness to those who could give him not merely "authoritative" but authentic information. Moreover, if the tradition was "authoritative," that alone was sufficient reason for recording it, and the formidable pile of innuendoes has no foundation. Of course Dr. Abbott does not distinctly affirm that Luke the historian was an imaginative and unscrupulous apologist. The fact is worth noting, that

he does not venture to bring this charge against the Evangelist. He ought not to have insinuated that which he dared not assert. Our last long quotation from the *Encyclopædia* article is a network of suggestions of evil, which may not be boldly and honestly expressed.

If St. Matthew and St. Luke deceived and were deceived after this extraordinary fashion, the difficulty of the silence of men who must have known that the alleged miraculous narratives were false or metaphorical remains. How came it that St. John or disciples of the other Apostles entered no *caveat* against the transmutation of figure into fact, and the reception of apochryphal stories as the truth of God? The *Encyclopædia* blinks this difficulty; but the conduct of Onesimus after his return from Britain (see p. 364) is intended to meet it. He cannot assure himself that the narratives are spurious; he perceives that they may be employed to convey genuine Christian doctrine; he finds them already in general circulation and credit; therefore he interferes not with the public reading of them, but purposes to consult St. John as to their authenticity. Before he can visit Ephesus he is martyred, and there is no one left to check the growing credulity. Of the worth of this solution let the reader judge. At best, it involves the entire Church in the guilt of unprecedented and uncopied intellectual dishonesty and feebleness. *Could* the Church which accepted the teaching of the First Epistle of John, no matter now from whose pen, have deliberately lied and done not the truth? In all ages noble men have stooped to the advice,

“To do a great good, do a little wrong,”

but they have never done calmly a great wrong for the sake of a little good. But the case breaks down hopelessly long before we have reached this point. Could not St. John speak, ought he not to have spoken, without a formal, official appeal? Did the martyrdom of Onesimus destroy the one capable and candid minister in the Church? Or were all put to death before they could complete their inquiries? Did all the contemporaries of our Lord, like Philochristus, reside in remote Londinium? And did all the men of light and leading accompany Onesimus to that obscurity and abide there so as to allow the myths time to grow, and the untrustworthy gospels to be read in all the Churches, and to become dear to the hearts of all believers?

If any one can return to these queries the answers the development theory demands, we—to adopt one of Dr. Abbott's expressions—"should regard such a person as so singularly credulous that it would matter little what he believed."

The irreducible minimum of "original tradition" contains the miraculous element: it is essential that it should be disposed of. To this task the Appendix to *Through Nature to Christ* addresses itself in a modest, tentative manner. It aims merely to indicate "a possible origin of the miraculous element in the New Testament," though in other volumes the "possible" becomes the demonstrated, if not the axiomatic. The Gospels themselves acknowledge that the disciples misapplied metaphorical language to tangible realities. Nay, they adduce numerous examples of this error; when their Master spoke of the leaven of the Pharisees and the Sadducees, they thought of bread while He thought of doctrine, and so on. The Evangelists are careful to record their mistakes: [it is truly marvellous how authentic the Fourth Gospel has suddenly become, the major part of the examples are drawn from it:] they are, indeed, at pains to correct them. One would imagine the fair inference to be that, where they are uncorrected, they do not exist. It would appear, however, that the proper deduction is that we are at liberty to postulate the commission of the error on any scale, whenever and wherever we choose. For example, there are two accounts of Christ's feeding the multitude with bread, both circumstantial and detailed, both described as historic occurrences. But Jesus Christ called Himself the Bread of Life, and the disciples preached Jesus. The stories of the miracles are therefore nothing more than "a vivid embodiment of the spiritual truth." St. Mark misunderstood the figure, and declared that Jesus had dispensed, through His disciples, literal bread to the multitude. "But," objects some dull, unscientific truth-teller, "St. Mark mentions the wilderness, and the number that were fed." It was reported that Moses fed the multitude with manna in the wilderness, and there is a slight confusion between Christ and Moses. Besides, one of the numbers is within a thousand of the number said to be converted on the Day of Pentecost, and the other is precisely the same as that mentioned in Acts iv. 4. St. Mark merely meant that multitudes received the teaching of the Apostles. "The two fishes?"

Plainly they are the two sacraments. It is not necessary to pursue these analogies further. Dr. Abbott has forgotten that *according to his own principles* the narrative of these miracles was composed in the lifetime of the Apostles, probably before they separated to preach the Gospel. It is an integral portion of his theory that the Original Tradition was original. Admit that the disciples might have misunderstood the conversation of Mark viii. 19—21: nevertheless, the words were spoken. It is incredible that they could have answered "seven" and "five," if they had taken up no baskets of fragments. Moreover the *account* of the multiplication is in the Original Tradition. It is absolutely impossible that men could have so misunderstood metaphor as to persuade themselves that they had witnessed and taken part in the scene described. From the misinterpretation of another's figurative words to hallucination about one's own actual deeds is a prodigious and morally impracticable step. The one may proceed from ignorance, the other only from insanity. To eliminate the miraculous on this model and to retain the *subjective* truthfulness of the statement may save the Evangelists' veracity, but only at the cost of their reason.

The third of Dr. Abbott's theories, that concerning illusion, we must dismiss in a sentence, though it is perhaps more specious than either of the others. It contains, indeed, some valuable grains of often-forgotten truth. Its radical fault is that it takes no notice of the disturbing force of sin; or rather that it regards sin as the friend instead of the beaten foe of God. A secondary error, as we conceive, is the application of the term illusion, however sharply distinguished from delusion, to incomplete knowledge resulting from the imperfection of human powers.

The Introduction to the *Oxford Sermons* consists of two essays, one on "Liberal Christianity," the second on "Transitional Teaching." The Liberal Party in theology—the phrase is Dr. Abbott's—stands midway between the Conservative and the Destructive Parties. Both the latter, it appears, have theories to advocate which blind their eyes to the truth; the former alone is unimpassioned, unprejudiced, unpledged. From its vantage-ground of impartiality it perceives that the Destructive Party are right in their reasons, the Conservative Party in their ultimate conclusions. Such a judgment stands self-condemned. Both the "extreme parties" are logical, the middle party

endeavours to construct syllogisms with absolutely contradictory premises. Dr. Abbott conscientiously believes that his principles can alone save Christianity from extinction at the hand of critical and natural science. In reality, he invites Christianity to commit suicide, in order that its ghost may haunt its would-be murderers. And, finally, the Christ he presents to us is the Christ of fiction, not the Christ of history. Either Jesus Christ did rise from the dead, did show Himself alive by many infallible proofs, and did ascend into heaven, or He did not. For the representations of *Philochristus* and the suggestions of graver treatises, there is absolutely no ground whatever. They belong neither to the original nor to any other tradition: they are the bodiless and bootless visions of a restless brain, too sceptical to believe the testimony of others, but credulous enough as to the substantial fabric of its own dreams.

Nothing is gained by concealment of the actual issue. Two rival Christs are set before us. The one is He whom Christendom has worshipped from its origin; the other is the joint creation of German rationalism and the poetic temperament. Whose is the fiction—the Evangelists' or Dr. Abbott's? "The conscience and faith of the Church required" in St. Luke's day that which it requires in our own genuine history; or its "conscience," to which the Apostles commended themselves by the manifestation of the truth, was a mere pseudonym for its liking, and its "faith," in the might of which it conquered and endured, only a childish avidity for the wonderful. Before modern criticism can place the Christ it has evolved from its own imagination upon the throne where the Christ of the Gospels sits, it must deprive the primitive Church not only of a pure conscience and a reasonable faith, but of every vestige of intellect and honesty. Whence, then, came the undying force which is gradually winning the wide world to righteousness?

ART. V.—*Lectures in Defence of the Christian Faith.* By PROFESSOR F. GODET. Translated by W. H. Lyttleton, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1881.

QUIS custodiet ipsos custodes? Who will apologise for the apologists? are questions that often occur to our mind as we take up volume after volume of modern defences of the faith. The range of evidential literature is constantly widening; and as it widens the desire of the pleaders becomes more evident to take the most effectual methods of conciliating opponents. Comprehension is the order of the day. The lectureships which annually maintain the cause of Christianity are gradually enlarging their hearts towards the foe, and betraying more and more their sympathies with his difficulties and doubts. These formal apologetic institutions increase from year to year, both in England and on the Continent, and as they increase it becomes only too apparent that, while they watch over Christianity, they themselves need watching. We do not now speak of such new organisations as the Hibbert Lectureship, the most latitudinarian of all defenders of religion, but of many others, the transactions of which reach our ears. The remark applies in some measure to some of the most orthodox of the champions of Christianity. They often give their friends as much trouble as they give their enemies.

It may seem strange that such remarks should preface a notice of Professor Godet's volume. His name is a guarantee for orthodoxy, reverence, gracefulness of treatment, and every quality that may command confidence in a pleader of the Christian cause. But we are bound to say that in our judgment much of the argumentation in this interesting volume is weakened by the introduction of views which concede too much to the spirit of rationalism. The pleader descends too often to the level of his opponent, and does not quite as much as we could wish reserve the dignity of certain high truths which disdain to give a full account of themselves and will not condescend to reason for their existence. We are not asserting that our Swiss advocate, whom we reverence highly for his many contri-

butions to theological literature, gives up any fundamental doctrine to the unbeliever. But it does seem to us that in his controversy with the acute and able lecturers who attacked Christianity in Neuchâtel some of the peculiarities of his own theology produce a disturbing and weakening effect: being in fact flaws which his opponents know well how to enlist in their own service. We should not, however, point attention to them, were it not that this little volume, skilfully translated and made very attractive, will be extensively read, and help to diffuse certain views of Christianity which seem suspicious and to need guarding. It may be added that the following pages only continue a strain of observation which was begun some time ago in this journal, when M. Godet's works were reviewed before translation. The views to which reference is made underlie the present volume, but have their fullest exposition in the commentaries; and therefore we shall quote some passages from them while making the later volume our text. The reader need not fear that we shall lower the author in his eyes. We should be sorry to do that. Our recommendation to him is that he should read every line Professor Godet writes. But he will read more intelligently and with more security if he previously notes these precautionary hints.

Apologetics almost always in the present day pay their first tribute to the Lord's resurrection. Concerning this we have two essays of great value. From the second let us take the following words: "There is one fact, the proclamation of which has renewed the face of the world, founded upon earth the holiest of religions, and given shape to the highest hopes of the noblest portions of humanity. This fact is the resurrection of Jesus Christ. After such long-continued and great services done to humanity, this fact might have seemed to have established a claim upon our faith. It is not so, however; the truth of it is now disputed. I do not complain of this. Even the best established claims must pass through opposition before they can become incontrovertible." Accordingly, our Professor undertakes to establish the "cardinal fact of the Christian faith, the Resurrection of Jesus Christ," by the experimental method. He does not propose to ask whether or not the miracle of the resurrection was possible; nor to adopt *a priori* decrees of reason, "which would be in the highest degree anti-scientific." He prefers to inquire whether, according to the laws of historical

criticism, the fact of the resurrection can be considered ascertained. "Then, after that has been done, it will be time to look into the questions *how* and *why* such an event had been possible, and has actually taken place." Now here we are conscious of an uneasy feeling that the true order is inverted, much to the damage of Christian evidences. No one was ever argued out of his opposition to the article of our Lord's resurrection by a vindication of the original text. Even supposing a complete account given of the harmonistic difficulties, and the historical consistency of the four records established, there will remain, as M. Godet found it remaining in his opponents, a rooted and invincible repugnance to the fact itself. The question arises, Should the preliminary theories be first argued away, that the eternal reason of the resurrection may then be introduced? or, Should the incarnation of the Son of God be first established and then the resurrection based upon it, and the documents afterwards be examined? To us this question seems of the greatest importance. The place of our Lord's resurrection in the series of arguments by which Christianity is defended ought to be clearly marked out. Generally speaking, it is the apology for the resurrection that is made the subject, and not the resurrection as an apology for Christianity. Professor Godet set out perhaps with the wrong order. The importance of our Lord's rising from the dead has ample justice done to it. The disquisition on this subject is one of the most attractive in the book. We shall dwell on it, and advise the reader to do so, with attention and gratitude, as suggesting some of the most blessed truths that can rejoice the heart of man.

But our estimate of its importance differs from that which is given here. If we understand Professor Godet rightly, he regards the resurrection of Jesus as different from all other miracles, because it has not what other miracles have, "something of an accidental character about them," but "is an essential part of the working out of our salvation." Reading this, we naturally expect that the "essential" characteristic of the resurrection is that it is the direct result and necessary expression of the incarnation itself. Further, we read: "It is in virtue of the place which it occupies in a homogeneous whole, that, without ceasing to be supernatural, it becomes at the same time logical and natural." Our readers will not wonder

that we still expect the "logical issue" to be that the incarnate Son of God must rise; that He could not be holden of death. But we are invited to view the matter in another light:

"It is not more possible for the miracle of the resurrection, if it was a reality, to have been an isolated fact, than it is for the part which that miracle plays in the Divine history to which it belongs to have been a secondary part. By the fact of the absence of any human agent as its instrument, it takes its place on a level with the most prodigious of miracles, that of the creation. This analogy holds good even to the very fundamental nature of the two facts: to summon into life and to recall to life—are not these two acts of the same nature? Creation is the victory of Omnipotence over nothingness; the resurrection is the victory of the same power over death, which is the likeliest thing to nothingness known to us. As the creation is the primordial fact in the history of the universe, the resurrection of Jesus Christ must be its central fact. It is that or nothing."

This is the introduction to the noble exhibition of truth that we referred to. But we do not much care for the introduction. It is far-fetched. It is, to speak the plain truth, hardly philosophical or correct. Death is not the likeliest thing to nothingness known to us. Our Lord's resurrection does not carry with it—at least to our minds—the idea of a victory over nothingness. His death was the infliction or endurance of something that rested on His personality, and did not rob it of its being, or in any sense lower that being. There lay the sacred body, unviolated, and without the blood that obtained our redemption; but as a body shielded from corruption, and safe therefore from that kind of nothingness which dissolution asks the permission of science to speak of. But the resurrection was not from nothingness. The spirit on the other side of the veil knew not nothingness; but was full of activity—not, like the spirit of the daughter of Jairus, hovering over the sepulchre, and ready to re-enter the exanimate frame; in fact, giving life to others. M. Godet's generalisations and analogies are sometimes exceedingly original and beautiful; this, however, is not the best among them. But now for the argument.

The apologetic value of the resurrection the Professor finds in the great sentence of St. Paul: "Christ was delivered because of our offences, and was raised again because of our justification." He thinks the meaning to be that

all the offences of the world "came to a head and culminated in a single unique fact, the death of the Christ; and so did the acquittal, which was purchased by that death for these myriads of offences, culminate in another crowning fact of an opposite nature, the resurrection of the Christ." The translation of the Professor's words might perhaps have been mended here, so as to save his meaning from a little appearance of ambiguity. He does not intend to convey that the death of Christ was the sum and head of man's transgression, however true that might be; but that all the innumerable sins of the human race were represented in history by the sacrifice of Christ, which was the one expiation of them. Now, corresponding with this one great fact of human history, there is another; that man's sins are all atoned for, his debts all paid, his punishment already suffered. And of this second truth in human history the resurrection is the expression and the proof. Man is Christ, and Christ is man; the sinners being forgiven, their representative is set free. "According to the first half of the verse, three facts appear to the Apostle to be inseparable: man sins; God condemns; Christ dies. This Christ, the Son of man, and as such the normal representative of His whole race, dies under the condemnation that falls upon it. And, similarly, according to the second proposition of this verse parallel with the first, three other facts are quite as closely bound together in the view of St. Paul: Christ expiates; God absolves; Christ rises again."

It seems wrong to criticise the expression of so vital a truth, a truth that touches the heart of mankind as no other does. But the question is whether the order is not inverted here also. Christ does not rise because His clients are regarded as justified or absolved; but they are justified and absolved because He rises; otherwise, it seems that the meritorious connection between the death and the justification is imperilled. The Professor hardly distinguishes clearly enough between the ideal of vicariousness and that of mystical union; or, as the French idiom has it, "solidarity." It is better to say that he does not harmonise these two with exactness. It is a most interesting point, and we must hear him speak for himself:

"You see how profound is the solidarity, how close is the intercommunion, which unites the destiny of each man to that of the Son of man, the living centre, the palpitating heart of our

race. I sin, Christ dies; I am absolved, Christ rises again. Jesus made of my condemnation death to Him; my being forgiven—the grace granted to me—becomes life to Him. . . You have a friend; he is to you more than a brother, he is a second self. He has made himself surety for you; you find yourself insolvent. The law lays hold of him. If he succeeds in liberating you, does he not thereby feel liberated himself? He was a debtor only with your debt. That once paid off, how should he not thereby recover his liberty? And when he comes forth from the prison into which his love for you had cast him, is it not your acquittal which has brought him out? Just so, it is from our being absolved that the resurrection of Christ results. The sentence which brings Him out of the sepulchre is the same with that which delivers us from condemnation and proclaims our absolution, and when, with the eye of faith, we meet on our road Jesus risen again and glorified, we can say: I have looked upon my salvation; as it was my sin which had slain Him, so it is the declaration of my acquittal which restores Him to life. Do you wish to see yourself as you are in truth, and to know all that you are, for good or ill? It is in Jesus dead and risen again that you must contemplate yourself and study yourself. In Him crucified, forsaken of God, expiring, you behold yourself much as you are in fact; a malefactor, condemned, under a curse. In Him risen again, radiant, triumphant, you behold yourself saved as you are by right, freely forgiven, blest, adopted of God."

But it must not be forgotten that the "solidarity" extends beyond the limits of the elect. The Redeemer was delivered for the offences of all the descendants of Adam as represented in him; and He was raised up in order to the justification of all for whom He died, whether they receive the sentence of justification or not. In one sense all receive it. The only other instance of the use of the word suggests that there was an original sentence passed when the world fell. Both the death and the resurrection of Christ were anticipated, as lying together at the basis of the world's history, and it strikes us very forcibly that the argument here brought out loses much of its force from the implied reservation of the benefits of Christ's rising again to the number of the actually saved.

But we have digressed. The object we set out with was to complain of the exclusion of that supreme element in the apologetic character of the resurrection, the Divinity of our Lord. We have seen in the Professor's doctrine of the incarnation the reason why he is indisposed to introduce this too much, or to introduce it at all

in this connection. In his view the Saviour is on His way to the realisation of His Godhead, but has not yet reached it. He cannot tell the world of unbelievers: "We preach the Son of God incarnate, Who was manifest in the flesh, and declared to be the Son of God by the resurrection; Who as the very God in the flesh could not be holden of death, but burst its bonds, carrying with His victory our salvation and our hope." The Son of God in this theology is not manifest in the flesh; rather He is concealed, if not for a season lost in it. The theory makes a heavy demand on the expositor of the resurrection. According to the Professor's exposition, which is a very striking one, but scarcely at all points true, the link between the death of Christ and His resurrection is the return of the Father's favour to the Son who had been forsaken. The sentences showing this are not adapted to the English climate. But they are very touching. The worst thing to be said of them is that they are here the *only* account of the resurrection; and that in a lecture which is defending Christianity at the door of the open sepulchre:

"The glance of God has a divine power, that of inflicting death, when it is a glance of condemnation; that of raising to life again, when it changes into a glance of absolution. The filial heart of Jesus felt to the full this twofold power, which fails of its effect upon our stony heart. Under this glance of condemnation which fell upon His whole family, the heart of the Son, who became our brother, broke; and in breaking morally, it ceased to beat physically. But when once the reparation was completed, this same filial heart became the primary object of the glance of absolution cast upon us; it regained life, power, warmth, and, being Divinely reanimated, this heart communicated its life even to the body in which it had beaten, and raised it into a new state.

For some connections, and with certain reservations, and as received by the right hearers, all this is forcible and most admirable. But it seems to us to do more harm than good as a plea with M. Reville and those free lances who are the champions of Rationalism opposed by our apologist. M. Reville in particular is the accomplished and learned and extremely subtle enemy of the Divinity of our Lord; and in that character is publicly challenged in this volume. Would he not be likely to think that the cause of the Saviour's absolute deity was surrendered; or at any rate that it must be sustained by arguments that

have nothing to do with the rising of the Son incarnate from the dead? The simple fact is that these defences are valuable—more than that, they are precious—to those who already believe; but for the unbelievers they are not only valueless, they are obstructive also. They cannot possibly understand the “glance of absolution, cast upon us, making Him the primary object;” and “His heart, Divinely reanimated, communicating life to the body also.” Where, during all this, is the substratum of our Lord’s person? What is that in Him which gave its eternal value and strength to His transitory human sufferings, and death, and resurrection? In other words, where is the Eternal Son of God? That union with Christ which is the joy of the Professor’s theology and of ours, loses its most glorious fundamental principle. This will be evident if we look through the figures of the following sentences, and linger on their final words. Our faith in the resurrection is said to open “the way for the face of a Father, just and holy, but at the same time reconciled and full of tender compassion, to shine upon us; and this Divine look is the beaming of the sun, which makes every faculty to blossom and bud in the world within us. By means of it we become united with the celestial life of the risen Saviour.” We are persuaded that the truth of the necessary restoration of the humanity of Christ to its integrity, necessary because essential to the integrity of the One Divine-human Person, is the firmer foundation for our eternal life in union with Him in heaven.

One of the subordinate questions which the evidence of the resurrection introduces is the exceedingly difficult one of the nature of the risen body of our Lord. Now we venture to say that all the efforts of the apologists to disarm hostile criticism on this mysterious subject are useless, save as they are based on an appeal to the great fundamental truth of the incarnation of the Son of God. More than that, they are positively mischievous, and do more harm than good. The resurrection of Christ is not the supreme and only evidence of the faith: that honour belongs to His coming in the flesh. And if that is rejected, neither will men believe either in His resurrection or in the mystery of His raised body. If we believe that the Being who has carried our sins to the cross was truly the Son of God, then we are prepared for His returning to the earth: death could not hold His Divinity. And we are prepared for His reappearance with a body entirely at the

disposal of His Godhead. Most certainly, the recorders of the post-resurrection history are writing for believers in the Divinity of the Christ: it cannot have occurred to them that any others would respect their narrative for a moment. They describe the risen Lord as sometimes appearing in a shadowy and unsubstantial manner; sometimes in a form that rendered identification difficult; sometimes as appearing in a spiritual form, and remaining as it were in the flesh. But never is there a hint that the readers will need any explanation: not even in the Gospel which often helps the reader by the Evangelist's own running comment. The historians take it for granted that it is the Divine Son of God who is still manifest in the flesh, and that this is the sufficient explanation of every phenomenon. He was pleased to show Himself: that was the secret of all the various manifestations from the first down to the last. M. Godet is fettered by a theory which does not allow the substantial Son of God to be always present in the Person of the Christ. The Godhead was relinquished when He became man, and restored again only at the ascension. The manhood also is undergoing a strange process of development: in fact, gradually becoming glorified the nearer the ascension approached.

"The question has been asked, What was the nature of that risen body? Was it a material body like ours? If so, how could Jesus have appeared in it, in a room with the doors closed? Or was it a body of some non-material nature? If so, how could it eat, or allow itself to be handled? In any case, the reality of the resurrection cannot be compromised by the obscurity which hangs over the new body of Jesus. We are here in a region which altogether transcends our experience. The whole condition of Jesus at that period was one of transition. 'I am not yet ascended,' He says in John xx. 17, . . . 'but I ascend.' His body also, then, was in process of transformation. On the one hand, it participated in the nature of the former body; on the other, it had in some measure the attributes of the spiritual body—that is to say, it was perfectly under the command of the soul, and subject to its will. The ascension marked the terminal point of this time of development."

How can it be supposed that such an evasion as this should serve the cause of Christianity? Would it not be immeasurably better to leave the mystery where the Evangelists leave it? They obviously imply in every sentence of their record that they are recording the mani-

festations of the Son of God, who can do with the body which is His whatsoever He will. He removes it into the spiritual world where it must be under His power a spiritual body. He translates it back again into the phenomenal sphere when it pleases Him. We would not press M. Godet's "process of transformation" beyond his own meaning; but the reader who will think out its meaning, and consider how utterly incomprehensible it is in itself, and how entirely unsupported by any passage of Scripture, and how condemned by the analogy of all other references to the resurrection body, will agree with us that this kind of speculation is much to be lamented. No part of the Saviour's history so much needs the essential nature of the Son Eternal as that of the interval from His resurrection to His ascension. It seems to us that by the theory alluded to, and a great deal more of the same kind, an element of difficulty is imported which is perfectly gratuitous. Mysteries are introduced which have not the sublime dignity and the self-evidencing grandeur of the true mysteries of Christianity. It were well if the defenders of the Christian faith would be content to set a good example to unbelievers in this respect; and to show reverence themselves for the great truths which they require others to reverence. The mystery of mysteries in Christianity is the incarnation of the Son of God; and no theological speculation is encouraged to penetrate its secret, scarcely indeed to provide for it a formula additional to those found in Scripture. The revelation of God proposes that mystery to acceptance, and to unreserved acceptance. We have no right to make the fact more agreeable to human nature by schemes which shall rob it of its unfathomableness. The Son of God is come in the flesh: that is the last word on the subject, and he who teaches otherwise is Antichrist. But in these days the defenders of Christianity strive to make the incarnation acceptable by adding to it another mystery: which indeed is not simply a mystery, but an assault upon the dignity of the Godhead which no defender of the Christian faith ought to be capable of sympathising with. It is thought that the "mystery confessedly great" is brought nearer to human reason by asserting that the Son of God came into the flesh as a limited human spirit; that He shrank within the boundaries of a human soul, while still distinct from it; and as a more or less slumbering potency waited for

the humanity of Christ to accomplish its work: after which both the humanity and the Divinity should be glorified together in heaven.

Here we have a double error. On the one hand, the Divinity is dishonoured: the Eternal Son loses for a season His Divine attributes, and the reason of mankind is required to think that the Infinite has become changed into the finite: not united with the finite in one Person, which is conceivable; but changed into it, which is inconceivable. This view of the weakness of Christian apology has been done justice to in former articles. On the other hand, the sacred humanity of our Lord is violated: bereft of the Godhead, save as a contracted potency, it must go through all the processes of a development very much like that of other men, though through the special influence of the Holy Spirit preserved from sin. To this element of infirmity the best Essay in this volume is sacrificed.

One of the noblest and most impressive features of the Biblical history of our Lord is its wonderful reticence and decorum in treating of—or rather in not treating of—matters which might seem obviously to obtrude themselves but are simply omitted. It has always been a strong point in the Christian evidences. Some of the very best chapters in them have shown the unlimited difference between our Gospels and those apocryphal or legendary histories which have aimed to supplement their deficiencies for the gratification of human curiosity. There are three conspicuous chasms in the Divine narrative: first, in the record of the youth of our Lord; secondly, in the total or almost total absence of allusion to His participation in the ordinary life of man,—every exception having its reason in the higher purpose of the account; and thirdly, in the silence as to the mode of His being after the death until the ascension. This silence is very commanding and suggestive. The heavenly record accustoms us to it. We do not expect that it will be broken. And when occasionally the veil is lifted and we see a little further than usual into the penetralia, it immediately occurs to us to ask why, and the reason is always at hand. He was weary, asked for water, was asleep, did eat and drink with them after His rising: as to each of these there is what may be called a theological motive. Take away the instances which are introduced simply for the sake of illustrating His higher nature, which indeed would not have been introduced save

for the sake of bringing clearly before us the Divinity of the Man from heaven, and there is nothing left which would disturb for a moment the impression that we are in the presence of God "manifest in the flesh."

This has its most beautiful illustration—if such an adjective may be allowed at all, it must be here—in the solitary exception to the silence of the evangelists as to the earlier years of the Redeemer. Once only do we see the Form of the Early Christ before the Christ, the prophecy of Him who is to come, the "Child Jesus" becoming as it were before our eyes the "Servant Jesus." But we know the reason of what is an obvious exception to the rule. And with what dignity is the Youth brought on the scene: as it were to utter only one sentence in which His knowledge of His true Father, the absolute necessity of His accomplishing that Father's will, and His perfect superiority to all human relations while discharging it, are evidently expressed. Between the Youth, just leaving childhood, and the Future Man there is no difference. That is the true theory—so to speak—of the history; and every incident is true to this. But now compare it with such passages as these which have been already quoted, and which are paralleled elsewhere: passages which display a disposition to penetrate a secret hidden in Scripture. These passages do not sin against reverence, they say nothing that is positively offensive. That could never be laid to the charge of such a writer as Dr. Godet. But they show that one of the safest positions of the defender of the faith is given up: that, namely, of silence where the Holy Ghost is silent.

"The expression 'my Father' is dictated to the child by the situation; a child is to be found at his father's. We may add that He could not, without impropriety, have said *God's*, instead of *my Father's*; for this would have been to exhibit in a pretentious and affected way the entirely religious character of His ordinary thoughts, and to put Himself forward as a little saint. Lastly, does not this expression contain a delicate but decisive reply to Mary's words, *Thy Father and I*? Any allusion to the Trinitarian relation must, of course, be excluded from the meaning of the saying: but, on the other hand, can the simple notion of moral paternity suffice to express its meaning? Had not Jesus, during those days of isolation, by meditating anew upon the intimacy of His moral relations with God, been brought to regard Him as the sole author of His existence? And was not this the

cause of the kind of shudder which He felt at hearing from Mary's lips the words *Thy Father*, to which He immediately replies with a certain ardour of expression, *My Father*? That Mary and Joseph should not have been able to understand this speech appears inexplicable to certain critics,—to Meyer, for instance, and to Strauss, who infer from this detail that the whole story is untrue. But this word, *my Father*, was the first revelation of a relation which surpassed all that Judaism had realised; and the expression, 'to be about the business' of this Father, expressed the ideal of a completely filial life, of an existence entirely devoted to God and Divine things, which perhaps at this very time had just arisen in the mind of Jesus, and which we could no more understand than Mary and Joseph, if the life of Jesus had never come before us. It was only by the light Mary received afterwards from the ministry of her Son, that she could say what is here expressed: that she did not understand this saying at the time. Does not the original source of this narrative discover itself in this remark? From whom else could it emanate, but from Mary herself?"

It is well that the saving clause is introduced, "perhaps at this very time," or our confidence in this expositor would be rudely shaken. The entire theory on which this paragraph is based repels us entirely. It is not that our taste is shocked by the allusions which are pointed by the phrase "little saint," and the kind of private thoughts and reasonings which are here supposed as in the mind of Jesus. Nor should we be propitiated by the reply that they are suggested only to show that they could not have been there. The question arises: Why should an apologist for Christianity drift into a style of argumentation that requires such suppositions and such counter-suppositions? It is the wisdom of those who defend the faith to keep silence where the Scripture keeps silence. And as to the laws which governed the human consciousness of the Son of man, enlarging every hour under the weight of its Divine personality, it does keep silence. It is impossible to say what stumbling-blocks have been laid before the feet of thinking men—halting before the dread mystery of the incarnation—by the teaching which is here introduced, that of the gradual communication to the Youth that He was the Son of God. What solitary hint in the entire New Testament gives the slightest encouragement to this very bold conception? that the child Jesus—hitherto like every other child save in holiness—was told in the precincts

of the Temple, as Samuel was told his secret of old, that Joseph was not His father : that He was told this by "the intimacy of His moral relations with God," is a pure invention of one who is not content with the dignified ignorance of Scripture. Into what company this kind of defence brings our apologist the following words will show ; they refer to the baptism of our Lord :

"What took place within Him during the performance of the rite ? According to Schleiermacher, nothing at all. He knew that He was the Messiah, and, by virtue of His previous development, He already possessed every qualification for His work. John, His forerunner, was merely apprised of his vocation, and rendered capable of proclaiming it, Weizsäcker, Keim, and others admit something more. Jesus became at this time conscious of His redemptive mission. It was on the banks of the Jordan that the grand resolve was formed ; there Jesus felt Himself at once the man of God and the man of His age ; there John silently shared in His solemn vow ; and there the 'God wills it' sounded through these elect souls. Lastly, Gess and several others think they must admit, besides a communication of strength from above, the gift of the Holy Spirit, but solely as a *spirit of ministry*, in view of the charge He was about to fulfil. These ideas, though just, are insufficient."

We are sorry to find that these ideas are in any sense accepted by our author. They all fundamentally err by placing the Redeemer on a level with His forerunner ; as One who had been gradually learning the secrets of His mission, and voluntarily accepted it at the hands of God, and pledged Himself to execute it in the strength of the Holy Spirit then given to Him. It seems to us that we are not permitted to inquire deeply into these matters, and that it is the wisdom of the Christian expositor and apologist to restrain himself within the limits of the Scriptural narrative. If he cannot persuade himself to do that, he should at any rate take great care how he handles the subject, lest he should put a stumbling block in the way of the unbeliever. The intelligent inquirer, who, though not accepting the New Testament as yet, yet reads it with care and respect, sees very plainly that there are two hypotheses as to the person of Christ, one only of which can be accepted, which can never be blended into unity. Either the Lord came from heaven and became man, bringing all His Divine purposes with Him, or He was born a man and became the Lord by a gift which His

merit earned. If we adopt the former hypothesis, then the early life and the baptism of Jesus were the gradual assumption in human nature of the work which the same Jesus had assumed before as the Son of God. He communicates to His humanity what His human nature must know by degrees. This is the simple truth that governs our Lord's own words concerning Himself. He speaks of His bringing from heaven His knowledge, or always learning it from the Father; these mean the same to Him, because the Father and Himself are one. He receives the Spirit more expressly as the vicarious or representative man; for His followers rather than for Himself. Now our author is an earnest and sincere defender of the Lord's Divinity; but in many passages of both his expositions and his apology he makes the human development of Jesus a matter altogether independent of His Divinity. Instead of bringing the impartation of the Spirit to Jesus into harmony with His perfect person, Divine and human, the perfect person is lowered into an improper harmony with His merely human reception of the Spirit. One more extract will make this plain :

"The texts are clear. If Jesus was revealed to John, it was because He was revealed to Himself; and this revelation could not have taken place without being accompanied by a new gift. This gift could not refer to His work simply; for in an existence such as this, in which all was *spirit and life*, it was impossible to make a mechanical separation between work and life. The exercise of the functions of His office was an emanation from His life, and in some respects the atmosphere of His very personality. His entrance upon the duties of His office must therefore have coincided with an advance in the development of His personal life. Does not the power of giving imply progression in a different sense from that which holds when this power is yet unexercised?"

We do not quite understand these words. But they seem to mean that the Lord, like His human servants, first experiences the virtue of the Holy Ghost, and then testifies to and bestows what He Himself had learned. But that does not seem to be the doctrine of the four Gospels. From a modern Unitarian, or even from an ancient Socinian, such pleadings would appear natural, and have their value with the sceptic. But the sceptics who hear a defender of the Divinity of Jesus so plead, will be repelled rather than attracted. Time would fail to adduce

instances in which they reject and scorn this kind of apology. But we must finish our quotation ; the last words contain the pith of all :

“Further, our documents, accepting the humanity of Jesus more thoroughly than our boldest theologians, overstep the bounds at which they stop. According to them, Jesus really received, not certainly as Cerinthus taught, going beyond the limits of truth, a heavenly Christ who came and united Himself to him for a time, but *the Holy Spirit*, in the full meaning of the term, by which Jesus became the Lord's anointed, the *Christ*, the perfect man, the second Adam, capable of begetting a new spiritual humanity. This spirit no longer acted *on* Him simply, on His will, as it had done from the beginning ; it became His proper nature ; His personal life. No mention is ever made of the action of the Holy Spirit on Jesus during the course of His ministry. Jesus was more and better than inspired. Through the Spirit, whose life became His life, God was in Him, and He in God. In order to His being completely glorified as man, there remained but one thing more, that His earthly existence be transformed into the Divine state. His transfiguration was the prelude to this transformation. In the development of Jesus, the baptism is therefore one intermediate point between the miraculous birth and the ascension.”

How—we must needs insist—does this agree with the fundamental truth of redemption that Jesus was the Son of God who came in the flesh ? These sentences are full of difficulties for believers and unbelievers alike. Both alike ask, Was the Saviour of mankind other than “the perfect man” during the interval between the appearance in the Temple and the baptism ? Had He not reached His human maturity before His thirtieth year ? Supposing that He was not perfect in His twelfth year, must we postpone His perfecting to so late a time ? If we understand the term “perfect” literally, then it might appear that Jesus reached His maturity as all other men reach it : always perfect at every stage, but as man perfect long before His baptism. If we take the term in its constant meaning as applied to Christ, then it was through the sufferings which were symbolised by His baptism that He was perfected, that is, fully consummated as the high-priestly Mediator through atonement. We do not wonder that Keim and others object to this kind of interpretation. They refuse to believe that He who was conceived of the Holy Ghost received the Spirit at His baptism as the goal of his former

development which had prepared Him for it. M. Godet meets all these protests by the assertion that "the possession of the Spirit cannot be the starting-point of moral life; it can only be the term of a more or less lengthened development of the soul's life. The human soul was created as the betrothed of the Spirit; and for the marriage to be consummated, the soul must have beheld her heavenly spouse, and learnt to love Him and accept Him freely. This state of energetic and active receptivity, the condition of every Pentecost, was that of Jesus at His baptism. It was the fruit of His previous pure development, which had simply been rendered *possible* by the interposition of the Holy Spirit in His birth." The assailants are not satisfied with this. M. Godet having conceded to them so much, they press him still further. They ask whether such a "sudden and magical illumination" as is here represented as constituting the baptism is not less dignified than "that spontaneous discovery and conquest of self which are due solely to personal endeavour." Now what has our apologist to answer? Simply this, that "when God gives a soul the inward assurance of adoption, and reveals to it, as to Jesus at His baptism, the love He has for it, this gift does not exclude previous endeavour, moral struggles, even anguish often bordering on despair." Now this is a kind of reply which condescends too deeply to the position of the adversary. It betrays that tendency to make our Lord at all points one with ourselves, which the thoughtful opponent of Christianity cannot reconcile with the high pretensions of the evangelical documents. We deny the principle quoted above, that "these documents accept the humanity of Jesus more thoroughly than our boldest theologians." They know no such humanity as that which lies at the foundation of all the views of the school represented by M. Godet. They do present a perfect man and a perfect humanity, but they cannot keep pace with these bold theologians. For instance: "In presenting Himself for baptism, Jesus had to make, as others did, His confession of sins. Of ideal sins, if not of those of His people and the world in general? He placed before John a striking picture of them, &c. . . . But He did not content Himself with making a vow. He *prayed*, the text tells us; He besought God for all that He needed for the accomplishment of this great task, *to take away the sin of the world*. He asked for wisdom, for spiritual strength, and parti-

cularly for the solution of the mystery which family records, the Scriptures, and His own holiness had created about His person." But why should such a distinction be made between the vicarious "confession" and the unvicarious or personal "prayer" of the representative of mankind?

It may be thought that such strictures are too severe, and too intent upon the detection of subtle possibilities of error. But they are forced upon us by a deep conviction that the whole theory of the Lord's relation to holiness and sin is vitiated by a false assumption. The thought of what is here called a "free consecration"—beautiful as it sounds—spoils the conception, otherwise most noble, of the Redeemer's character. Let the following sentences be well weighed:

"In proportion as the mission with which He was entrusted for mankind revealed itself more distinctly to His inward eye, He consecrated to its service more and more exclusively His person and His life. And in this we see another aspect of the prayer which was to take place in Him—Jesus uttered in His last prayer this remarkable expression—which certainly no forger, above all no forger putting arbitrarily into the mouth of his hero this theory of the Logos, would ever have invented for Him: 'I sanctify Myself for their sake.' How, it has often been asked, could He have been called upon to sanctify Himself, had He been in no way defiled? The answer is, that to sanctify does not mean to *purify*, but to *consecrate*. Holy is not to be contrasted with *impure*, but with *profane*, ordinary, unconsecrated, natural. Jesus sanctified Himself by offering to God step by step all the elements of His being, as they successively unfolded themselves; all the faculties of His body and of His soul, as they came into play; every domain of His existence, as soon as He set His foot in it. In His childhood He played, no doubt, like other children; for 'as our children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same. . . . He became like to His brethren in all things, yet without sin' (Heb. ii. 14, 17, iv. 15). But the sports of childhood, without being in themselves impure, at the same time do not reach to the nature of holiness. The sportive faculties disappeared later on in the life of Jesus, as they generally do out of that of every earnest man, in proportion as the greatness of life's work opens upon him."

The absolute sinlessness of the Redeemer has always been a most important chapter; and to that we turn from what has been only preliminary. Of course, Professor Godet is a strenuous advocate of the perfect innocence of the human nature of our Lord. But he vindicates it in

such a way as to surrender in the vindication much that we count essential to the economy of redemption. Not that he allows a flaw to rest upon the image of perfection sketched in the Gospels. We do not know a better defence of the character of Jesus against the attacks which have derived their force from the suspected actions of His life. Those who care to read such apologies will be satisfied with this one. To us who have an *à priori* thought on the matter which M. Godet has not, much seems superfluous. Moreover, much seems to overdo itself, on the principles held by the Apologist. For instance: "Jesus announces in many of His discourses that He will return to judge the world, and to bring all mankind before His bar. 'Watch,' He says, 'and pray always, that ye may be able to stand before the Son of man.' He claims for Himself this office of judge of the world in that very Sermon on the Mount, which, the Freethinkers affirm, contains the whole of His teaching. . . . And He who thus represents Himself as the representative of the holiness of God, and the organ of His perfect righteousness in the solemn scene of the universal judgment, is it conceivable that He should not have felt Himself clear from all sin? Would not the sentence have died on the lips of the judge whose conscience convicted Himself of sin?" How could one who had in any sense acquired or risen to a righteous character be in any sense the judge of the whole earth?

However, the negative defence of our Lord is not enough. Christianity demands, as it were, positive proof of the absolute sinlessness of the Redeemer of the human race. Neither M. Godet nor any other advocate with his views can furnish that. The proof of it to which every true heart should come at last is the *a priori* assurance that the Son of God incarnate came, eternally separate from sinners, to bear their sins, and learn to suffer for them. He never relinquished His Divine personality, and therefore could not sin in the flesh that He assumed. Temptation and trial, suffering unfathomable, He might in His human nature experience: these are the diametrical opposites of sin, for they are the highest forms of unselfishness and love to God and man. We are persuaded that the enemy can never be induced to accept Jesus of Nazareth as an absolutely sinless representative of humanity until he is induced to accept Him as God manifest in the flesh. The fine essay in this volume dedicated to the subject

illustrates our point. It has no force at all unless the great postulate is supposed to lie behind it. It is with this as with the resurrection before: we must have the Divine Son of God behind the risen Lord if we would establish His resurrection: and we must have the Divine Son of God behind the holy life of Jesus if we would establish His essential separation from all evil. This is a truth which all our Lives of Christ seem with one consent to renounce: perhaps if they did not renounce it, the writers of them would not undertake the task. But we must return to our Professor's vindication in his own way of the Saviour's holiness.

The objector is supposed to demur to the perfect holiness of Christ as tending to remove the link "that binds Him to our humanity." The characteristic which stamps Him with such greatness in our eyes takes away "another characteristic even more precious to our hearts," that by that very fact He becomes no longer "one of us, our brother, the *Son of man*, in the complete sense of that expression."

It might have been thought that the answer to this objection would have been simply a rejection of the terms used in framing it. What propriety is there in saying that a Man could not be a member of our family—not of our race, but adopted into it—if found sinless and incapable of sin? Surely it would be enough to reply that "the link" binding Jesus to us is not a community in temptation and victory over temptation, but the bond that unites God and man, the absolute holiness of the Son with human nature. As soon as the possibility of evil being found in Him is admitted, the link takes quite another character. He is one of us in an infinitely different sense from that which the New Testament acknowledges: in a sense fatal to our hope in Him. And as to "our brother, the Son of man," the reply might be that this name of our Saviour is not associated with the tenderness and sympathy of His union with us: if there is any difference, it is the name "Son of God," or "the Son," that brings Him into most intimate fellowship with the humanity or humanness of human kind. But our Apologist evidently sympathises with the objection as put in this form—indeed it is the form he himself gives it—and has no better way of defending the truth than by saying: "Assuredly not; for this holiness, perfect as it is, bears, none the less unmistakably, stamps of humanity such as distinguish it clearly from the holiness of God."

Unquestionably, the holiness of God manifest in the flesh is different from the holiness of God unmanifested: it is in fact the very same holiness "manifesting forth its glory" by its perfect contrast with all evil and opposition to it in the very domain where the evil exists. But what are these "stamps of humanity" that distinguish our Lord's holiness from His Father's?

The author goes on to assure us that—"The holiness of God is unchangeable; it is incapable of growth. Like God Himself, it *is*. That of Jesus, on the other hand, rose step by step till it reached the final perfection. Is it not said of Him when a child, and again as a young man, that He 'increased in wisdom, and in favour with God and man'? This apparent growth was not a mere illusion; it was a profound moral reality, since it is declared that this advance took place not only in the sight of men, but in that of God too."

Everything in this sentence is loose. The passage quoted is to the effect that "Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature (or age) and in favour with God and men." Does this imply that He advanced in holiness? Was not His separation from the sin of the world as perfect, and as necessary, in His youth as in His maturer years? Can entire consecration increase? Was not the Son of God as beautiful and as holy in His Father's eyes in His twelfth year in the temple as He was in His thirtieth year at the Jordan? Certainly it cannot be meant that the sacred Youth "grew in grace" in the sense of that expression as used by St. Peter and by us all? As the Incarnate Son grew in age and in stature His developing humanity was more and more the object of complacency, just in the same way that the creation was more and more the object of the Creator's complacency as the great creating work advanced, "very good" from the beginning though the emphatic tribute is reserved for the close. Jesus grew in wisdom as He grew in age—by an inherent necessity—and the replenishing of His human faculties with wisdom had nothing whatever to do with His holiness; assuredly it had nothing to do with the increase of that holiness. Here there is evidently a confusion between new spheres of consecration and consecutive degrees of it. Our Lord knew no degrees of holiness or consecration. The cause of Christianity will never be subserved by any argumentation that makes Him a student of what He came to teach, or, in other words, that makes Him sanctify Himself in

this sense in order that His disciples might be sanctified. The translation of Professor Godet is here hardly exact, or at any rate not appropriate in this place. The term "sanctify" cannot signify in the high-priestly prayer that the Lord had from stage to stage given up to His Father the life of His humanity. The present tense forbids this. At the commencement of the prayer when He actually had in His thoughts such a total and progressive accomplishment of His work He uses a tense that expresses His thought exactly. Now He is in presence of His cross, and the present has more in it of the future than of the past. We may appeal to Meyer here: a commentator who in all things that pertain to the Mediatorial work of Christ may in general be safely trusted, and who at any rate has more authority than we could give our words. "The 'sanctify Myself,' not including in it the whole life of the Lord, but now, when the hour is come, to be carried out, is the actual consecration which Christ in offering Himself through His death as a sacrifice to God accomplishes on Himself, so that 'sanctify' is substantially equivalent to 'present to Thee a sacrifice.' It is the sacred word for sacrifice in the Old Testament (see Ex. xiii. 2; Deut. xv. 19, &c.). Christ is at once the Priest and the Sacrifice; and for the disciples He performs this sacrifice—although offered for all—so far as it has, in respect of the disciples, the special purpose 'that they also may be consecrated in truth,' namely, in virtue of the reception of the Paraclete, which reception was conditioned by the death of Jesus, ch. xvi. 7." Meyer adds in a note that "this solemn *ἑπέρ* (vi. 51, x. 11) should have prevented the 'sanctify Myself' from being understood in the ethical sense of the ripening to moral perfection through faithful, loving obedience towards the Father (so Worms)." He does not add "so Godet;" for our author would not utter the statement in this form, although there is no essential difference between the two. The "ripening to moral perfection" is very much like our author's meaning when he says: "It was by this His ceaseless and free working upon Himself ('I sanctify Myself') that He became, in the full sense of that expression, the *Holy One of God*."

We go back to the angel's word which declared "That which is begotten of Thee shall be called holy, the Son of God," and we prefer the testimony of Gabriel to that of any expositor whatever. The Redeemer of mankind was

from His conception perfectly and "in the full sense of that expression, the Holy One of God." He had indeed to learn what the obedience meant that was incumbent on Him as the Son of God; but He had not to learn obedience. In obedience He stood from the beginning, and before the beginning as reckoned among men. Though "I come to do Thy will" is put in human language, it was a thought in the Divine Son; and the submission which He undertook it was not possible in the nature of things—that is to say, in the Divine nature—that He should ever fail to show. What the redeeming will of the Father involved for the Son's endurance belongs to the unspeakable mystery of our redemption: one of those mysteries which neither St. Paul nor any other writer announces as revealed. The angel doubtless gave evidence that the humanity of our Lord would be without sin, because the Incarnate Son must be holy; but when the Lord Himself declared that as the Son He was "sanctified of the Father and sent into the world," He seems to us to declare that as the Eternal Son, or at any rate with the emphasis on the eternal Sonship in the Incarnate Person, He was consecrated to the work and sufferings of expiation. As He once for all suffered, so He was once for all consecrated to suffering, and that before the foundation of the world. It may be said that the Son's "sanctification of Himself" is the answer in time to the Father's sanctification before time was. Never was necessity more absolute than that which reigned over this consecration. It was free indeed in the act of Jesus; but in the same sense that it was free in His father's gift of Him. It had in it the perfect freedom of perfect necessity: the very highest perfection of consecration. That Jesus the Son of God Incarnate must consecrate Himself, that He could not but do the will of God as it unfolded itself, that the expiatory temptations and sufferings of His passion were no test of His goodness, but only His Divine-human satisfaction for our evil, was the perfection of His sanctification. In Him alone among men is the term consecration disjoined from purification. If we speak of His human nature, that is sometimes said to have been first cleansed from evil, and then appropriated by Him. But the Scripture never so speaks. It always speaks of the One Person; and the One Person of our Lord "came in the flesh," and only "in the likeness of sinful flesh," to "condemn sin in the flesh" but not to expel it first from His own.

Let us recall the sentence in the above quotation which introduces the thought of the forger. M. Godet may well say that no enthusiast inventing the history of an imaginary Logos, or Son of God manifesting Himself in the flesh, would have put into the lips of his Subject the words "I sanctify Myself" as they are here interpreted. The creator of such a sublime form must have been too good an artist to spoil the unity and beauty of his conception by making the Son of God in His sojourn and wanderings in human form a pilgrim towards entire sanctification. The beginning of the work of art would be contradicted by its close. Nothing is more plain than that the Prologue of the Gospel presents to us a Being who diffused His glory—"as of an Only-begotten of the Father"—through His human nature as a temple is filled with the lustre of the indwelling Godhead. We know that this Being is in the flesh under the burden of a commission to suffer for the sins of mankind, to bear and bear away the sins of the world, to manifest forth His glory finally and chiefly by the voluntary and perfect endurance of the penalty of universal transgression, and moreover to endure the unknown trials of the opposition of evil spirits leagued against His purpose. Let us, however, leave the forger: the very word in such a connection has lost its meaning. Invention swoons before such an enterprise. The Evangelist, under the direction of the Spirit, describes the life and sufferings of our Lord in such a way as to be perfectly consistent with the theory of a necessary sinlessness or the development of a necessary sinlessness. The Sufferer is everywhere and at all times, from the beginning to the end, no other than the Son of God, who can always say "I and My Father are One." This Jesus of the Evangelist "sanctified Himself" in the glorious acquiescence of His own will with His Father's; and never is His perfect holiness more conspicuous and more sure than when His human will is governed by His Divine, and both are one with the will of God. There is a grand consistency in the whole history. But compare it with the Christ of M. Godet's Apology.

"Even while maintaining the identity of His personality, Jesus so stripped Himself of His Divine state of being, that, in order to make Himself room to live a truly human life, He had to lose, during the first portion of His earthly existence, the consciousness of His Divine life, and, if I may venture the expression, of His glorious past. Otherwise how could he have been really, as Holy

Scripture says he was, a child, a young man, like to all others, differing from them only in the absence in Him of sin? No doubt, He must soon have perceived, by this very difference, that He stood in a quite peculiar relation to God; and it is in this sense that at the age of twelve years He could already call God *His* Father. But, if we carefully weigh the expressions used in Holy Scripture, we are led to believe that it was not till the hour of His baptism that, by a Divine communication then made to His spirit, the consciousness of His eternal origination, and of the personal relation in which He stood to God, was given Him. The Divine declaration, 'Thou art My Son,' was not a superfluous assurance."

We once more ask, Where is the veritable Divinity of the Son of God? It is utterly, hopelessly impossible to preserve this vital truth on these terms. Nothing can be more weak and inconsistent than the entire essay on "The Divinity of Jesus Christ." Sad it is that the Christendom which makes the Head of Christianity only a man should be left to the kind of argument of which the above is a sample. As we read we find that we have never had an Incarnate Son of God on earth: at least that is the uneasy feeling that haunts us while following M. Godet's fanciful sentences.

"This was the reason why He refused to return with Moses and Elias to the Father, who seemed to be calling Him from out of the cloud. He descended from the mountain in order that He might go and 'die at Jerusalem,' as He said to the heavenly messengers. This painful necessity interrupted for a moment the progress of His glorification, upon which He had entered; but when once this condition of our salvation was fulfilled, His upward journey began once more. The resurrection and ascension were its two decisive moments. Jesus was restored to that Divine manner of life which He had quitted. . . But do not imagine that, in order to recover the Divine condition, He had first to put off His human nature. Rather than separate Himself from that, He raised it into a higher condition, and rendered it capable of being elevated in His own person to the throne. Was it not as the *Son of man* that Stephen saluted Him from the threshold of the kingdom of glory? Was it not as 'the lamb that had been slain' that St. John contemplates Him, seated on the throne of the Divine Majesty, in the apocalyptic vision? Did not St. Paul know, in his own personal experience, and by virtue of having seen the Lord Himself on the way to Damascus, that it was indeed '*bodily*' that the fulness of the Godhead dwelt in Him? Lastly,

did not Jesus Himself say that it is as the *Son of man* that He will return to judge the quick and the dead?"

In a lecture in defence of the Divinity of Jesus Christ it is remarkable and painful to find such sentences as these. And many others might be added: "There passed over Him a transformation, by virtue of which it became possible for His humanity to be associated with the Divine glory." But, according to the tenour of all we have read, there is no association of humanity in the person of Christ with the Divine glory. There are not two distinct natures from the beginning. This hopeless confusion runs through all. Jesus, from beginning to end, is the realisation of the Divine plan concerning mankind. "Ye shall be as gods," the tempter had said; and he succeeded in turning man aside from the true path to reach it. If we are to follow out the hint thus given, we should say that the Divine ideal was realised in the union of man redeemed with the Eternal Son, to be raised in fellowship with Him to eternal dignity. But M. Godet indicates to us that "Jesus rediscovered that true path—*obedience*; and by faithfully following it, He realised for us the Divine purpose. Holiness was the condition of glory." Surely it is better to say that the "Word of life was made manifest," that "we beheld His glory," and that the "Lord from heaven" was "the Second Adam." Why are we to await the issues of a probationary career, which the Redeemer must pass through before humanity is sealed in Him to perfection! As to our Lord's rediscovering the way of obedience, we cannot sympathise with our apologist. There is a most grievous heresy, as we think, lurking under that word "rediscovered." Everything depends on the sense in which the Redeemer "learned obedience." As we read the words, He did not learn to obey: that art He required no discipline to teach Him. He learned what the obedience meant to which He had subjected Himself: fathomed its depths, and discovered its extent, and learned all its unspeakable sorrows. His suffering was His learning "the obedience." But what M. Godet understands by this we gather from another passage occurring in this apologetic lecture on the Perfect Holiness of Jesus Christ.

"It is in this sense that Jesus, though without sin, might be exposed to conflict, accessible to temptation. He had the most generous instincts, the most distinguished gifts of mind. As

a philosopher, He would have surpassed Socrates; as an orator, have eclipsed Demosthenes. The substance and the form of His teaching both prove it. He had a heart capable of enjoying more deeply than any one else the tender affections of family life; and the high inspirations of patriotism would have found in Him, could He have given Himself up to them, the most heroic organ for their exercise. It is enough to recall His last words to His mother, and to the beloved disciples, and His tears over Jerusalem, on the day of His own triumphal entry! He had to suppress all these innocent instincts of His nature, to hold in check these noble impulses, to sacrifice those legitimate indulgences of lawful inclinations, in order to give Himself altogether to the task which had been assigned to Him from on high, to His work as Redeemer, offering, in His own person, to His Church a pattern of what the expressions mean, 'to cut off the right hand,' 'to pluck out the right eye,' 'to give His life that He might take it again;' and, just as truly as ourselves, He felt physical sufferings, and the sorrows and woundings of the heart. For love to His work as mediator He had to submit voluntarily to all the sufferings from which our human flesh and heart most legitimately revolt. But this submission was made each time at the cost of a struggle. We see that clearly at Gethsemane; so was it, as says the admirable Epistle to the Hebrews, that He was *made perfect and learned obedience* by the things which He suffered. Progress, conflict—are not these the marks of a holiness truly human? In the wilderness, at Gethsemane, it was perfectly possible to be in the forecourts of heaven, but assuredly not in heaven itself."

How is it that so acute a theologian does not see that the Redeemer of mankind could not at one and the same time win progressive victory over sin and achievement of holiness, and make vicarious expiation for the sin of mankind? He must surely think sometimes that the holiness of Jesus could not possibly be the counterpart of ours, since He never had to recover it for Himself; and that it never could be at all points a pattern to us, since it affords no solitary example of a penitential return to God. He never was in the far country, nor sanctified Himself from sin. The Epistle to the Hebrews, to which our author and many who share his opinions always turn, expressly reserves this point: not "*yet without sin*," but "*as without sin*." A careful examination of the New Testament will show how limited is the range of our Saviour's example to His people. To do M. Godet justice, he pays the following tribute to the truth he offends against. "There is in us the germ of sin, which was not to be found in Him, as we

have perceived. He had but to learn; we have not only to learn, but also to unlearn, if I may use the expression. He had but to grow; we have contemporaneously to grow and to diminish. He had to fill His heart with God; we have, at the same time as we fill ours with God, to empty it of ourselves." This, however, is soon neutralised by another sentence which grates harshly on our feelings:

"In this holiness of Jesus all is, if you will, Divine, in this sense, that it is continually drawn from God, the alone Good. But all is nevertheless human too, inasmuch as that communion with God, which was the source from which it flowed, was entered upon by Jesus freely, and was maintained equally freely. In himself, and without the fall, every man might have developed himself in the same way."

It is not easy to define precisely the secret of the impropriety of these words. They seem to flow naturally enough out of the subject. And apparently they pay deep respect to the relation subsisting between the Divine Representative of humanity and the poor human representative of it on earth. What is it that offends the rightly attuned ear—or the ear that we think rightly attuned—in such language as this? It is undoubtedly something in the tone of the whole: that undue parallelism between the Incarnate and man generally which has been already referred to as a blot on much modern theology. But it is not only the general tone of the sentences. They offend one by one. We hardly accept the proposition that the holiness of Jesus was continually drawn from God, the alone Good. Certainly, it is not right to say, as if grudgingly, that in a sense it was all Divine. In all the manifestations of Christ's holiness we see the "glory as of an Onlybegotten of the Father;" and He did not draw from the Source of all good, the alone Good, His holiness, as others draw it. Such language inverts the true order. He did not draw from God His holiness; but as God He passed it into His own humanity. His was not a development which every man apart from the fall might have conducted for himself. The parallel of the Head and the members must be very reverently and very restrictedly carried out: that is not the case here. The essential, immutable Divinity of Him who was the same yesterday and for ever seems to us to stand continually in M. Godet's way. And when it comes to the ultimate decision of the question, the possibility of the Son

of God sinning after the likeness of man, he does not scruple to write thus:

"But could Jesus be really *tempted*, if He was holy? Could He sin, if He was the Son of God? Fail in His work, if He was the Redeemer appointed by God? As a holy being, He could be tempted, because a conflict might arise between some legitimate bodily want or normal desire of the soul and the Divine will, which for the time forbade its satisfaction. The Son could sin, since He had renounced His Divine mode of existence *in the form of God* (Phil. ii. 6), in order to enter into a human condition altogether like ours. The Redeemer might succumb, if the question be regarded from the standpoint of His personal liberty, which is quite consistent with God being assured by His foreknowledge that He would stand firm. This foreknowledge was one of the factors of His plan, precisely as the foreknowledge of the faith of believers is one of the elements of His eternal *πρόθεσις* (Rom. viii. 20)."

This closing quotation will illustrate what we have aimed at in this paper; the exhibition of some weak points in the line of defence adopted by the pleaders for Christianity in the present day. We believe that our popular books on the life of Christ and the evidences of Christianity make a tremendous mistake by failing to assert at the outset and without compromise the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, the incarnation of the Son of God. There are few books which seem to understand what this most solemn fact means. There are few writers who fearlessly and loyally follow it into all its consequences. But there lies the Apology for Christianity that will win the world. We "regret to say that" M. Godet is running in the popular track: he also goes up from the humanity to the Divinity of Jesus, instead of bringing His Divinity down to His humanity. His writings make great profession of dealing truly with the human nature of our Lord: he is the greatest among those who write as if they were raised to vindicate the importance of a forgotten truth, that Jesus Christ was truly man. What we want is a faithful and thoroughgoing testimony to the fact that He is really the Eternal Son of God.

- ART. VI.—1. *H. Heine: Leben und Werke.* Von ADOLF STRODTMANN. Berlin: verlag von Franz Duneker.
2. *H. Heine: Buch der Lieder.* Hamburg: Hoffmann and Campe.
3. *H. Heine: Reisebilder.* Hoffmann and Campe.
4. *Zur Geschichte der Religion u. Philosophie in Deutschland.* Hoffmann and Campe.
5. *H. Heine: Französische Zustände.* Hoffmann and Campe.
6. *Life, Works, and Opinions of H. Heine.* By W. STIGAND. London: Longmans and Co.
7. *Poems and Ballads, by H. Heine.* By T. MARTIN. Edinburgh: Blackwood.
8. *Religion and Philosophy in Germany, by H. Heine.* By J. SNODGRASS. London: Trübner and Co.

IN Lord Houghton's *Monographs*, some pages of which are given to the "Last Days of Heinrich Heine," there is reprinted a communication from a lady who was a friend of both these men of letters: "I had known him above twenty years ago as a child of eleven or twelve at Boulogne, where I sat next to him at a *table d'hôte*. He was then a fat, short man, short-sighted, and with a sensual mouth. He heard me speak German to my mother, and soon began to talk to me, and then said, 'When you go to England, you can tell your friends that you have seen Heinrich Heine.' I replied, 'And who is Heinrich Heine?' He laughed heartily, and took no offence at my ignorance, and we used to lounge on the end of the pier together, where he told me stories."

On the Continent the young lady's question has long since been asked and answered, and Heine's place has been definitely assigned to him. But of England it is not so easy to say this. Though it is true that Englishmen of culture, and necessarily those who have familiarised themselves with the continental literature of the last half century, have recognised the rise of a master spirit, and have submitted to his fascination, it is only now that the Englishman who reads, not as a study, but as a recrea-

tion, is beginning to ask, "And who is this Heinrich Heine of whom we hear so much?"

On the whole, it is a reasonable thing to say that since the death of Goethe in 1832, Heine's is the foremost and most influential figure among European men of letters, certainly among those of Germany. It would be difficult to discover any important area of cultivated thought where traces of his work are not to be found. In France, where they sometimes speak of him as a Frenchman—for he wrote much in French as well as in German, and lived nearly half his life in Paris—his influence is only less than in Germany. In French fiction, in criticism, in art, philosophy, and poetry, much is owing in method and style to the inimitable exile, though naturally the translucent prose of such masters as Sainte-Beuve and Renan could only be the result of their own individual genius. However, it is in Germany that Heine's influence is greatest. And, of course, in saying this, we think of those men who, in style and breadth of thought, keep abreast generally of the tendencies of the age. Men of exceptional talent, who give the whole force of their lives to philosophy or science, such as Darwin, Helmholtz, Spencer, in their own sphere, may stand apart and unapproached, but they do not appeal to the many, but to the few. Whereas often the Goethes, always the Heines, and, in an inferior degree, the Victor Hugos, appeal to the universal consciousness of humanity. Their stories are read in most homes where anything is read at all; their songs are sung by rich and poor. At the mention of Heine's name by a thousand firesides, people begin to hum, "*Du hast Diamanten und Perlen*," and to think of the lonely "mattress-grave" there in Paris, and its eight years' death in life. All have a place for him in their memories, and many in their hearts.

There is a strong reason why any estimate of Heine and his work should be accompanied by a survey of some sort of the circumstances of his life. Though he possessed a marvellously distinct individuality, and in everything he did was himself to the very last, and, as translators find to their cost, remote from the commonplace, yet never perhaps was there a man more guided in the expression of these qualities by his immediate surroundings. In Berlin, listening to Hegel, in the gay *salons* of Paris, and in Italy, where he enjoyed for a time almost wanton

ease, it is the same Heine, yet different. The fact is, that while retaining his own identity, he possessed in an eminent degree the power of absorbing into himself and assimilating the essential spirit of that which was near him, and presenting it again to the world with his own clear-cut impression upon it.

There is a trifling question as to the date of Heine's birth. For the sake of an epigram, he seems to have allowed the idea to obtain currency that he was born with the nineteenth century. In the "Baths of Lucca," we read: "And, Doctor, how old are you?" "Signora, I was born on the New Year's night of the year 1800." "I always said," answered the Marquis, "that he was one of the *first* men of our century." Even had the date been correct, however, he would have been separated by a whole twelvemonth from the nineteenth century, which did not begin till the 1st of January, 1801. The truth appears to be that he was born on December 19th, 1799, though this has been lately questioned. The place of his birth was Düsseldorf, in the duchy of Berg, one of those insignificant German capitals in which a feudal monotony descended from the Middle Ages, and a certain amount of home-grown trade, constituted the chief elements of society. It is a very different place to-day, with its seventy or eighty thousand inhabitants and flourishing commerce. Its situation, on the right bank of the Rhine, has been favourable to a modern development which has levelled the walls and fortifications, and provided in their place public gardens and promenades. But though on one of the least picturesque parts of the great river, and cheerfully resigned to the prosaic requirements of the new era, it can congratulate itself on the possession of an influential school of painting, and on having given birth, not only to a great poet, but also to a great painter, Cornelius. But in Heine's youth the lines of mediæval demarcation, not even to-day entirely obliterated in Germany, existed in much greater distinctness. The nobility, chiefly engaged in military or civic administration, constituted an isolated and privileged class. Literary men and professors stood apart from these, and did not expect to meet them, except in the most general way. People engaged in commercial life, again, moved in their own sphere, and then, completing the tale, below all these, and below the artisan and labourer, came the Jews. It was to this last and lowest grade that

Heine belonged ; not surely a promising environment for a poet ! However, it is a noteworthy thing that the names of the three greatest men of letters which the last hundred years have produced in Germany, in some respects the greatest she has ever known, have sprung from the people. Goethe was the son of a tailor and hotel keeper ; Schiller, the son of a disbanded soldier, who afterwards became a landscape gardener ; and Heine the Jew, the son of a cloth merchant. Of the three, Heine had incomparably the greatest difficulties to contend with. At the time of his birth the Jew was practically not a person in the eye of the law, and almost every elevated career was closed to him. His place of residence, the Ghetto, or the Judengasse, was assigned to him ; and his very costume was prescribed for him as well, so that wherever he appeared he should be known, perhaps to his peril, especially when, as on festal days, a raid on the Jewish quarter formed the most popular of amusements. Injury to the person, damage to property, deprivation of civil rights, insult and outrage, were regarded as matters of course on both sides. They called for little regret on the one hand, and were associated with but little outward resentment on the other.

Heine was nearly fifty years of age when the gates of the Judengasse in Frankfort were removed ; and it was not until 1850 that the Jewish population of Germany was emancipated, and placed on the same level of privilege, political and social, with the rest. It is impossible now to take any backward steps ; and if the first generation of liberated Judaism, holding, as it does, at its command the greater part of the fiscal resources of the Continent, should display its newly-gained power in ostentatious luxury and contempt for the plodding Gentile, let the cruel disabilities of the past be remembered, and the sort of training under which they were taught to live for themselves and no others.

But such as we have described was the social heritage of Heine ; and even this was not the best of its sort, for his parents were never far removed from poverty, and the home in the Volkerstrasse was very humble. The father appears to have been a man of mean ability and deficient energy. His influence on his son Heinrich was comparatively insignificant. But with the mother it was different, as it was with Goethe's mother, even in a more remarkable degree, and with Schiller's as well. She was a woman of

highly vitalised organisation, who thought for herself, and taught her children to think; and though chiefly Jewish in descent, her sympathies were broad, and her culture of considerable extent. For the most part, the early education of her family fell to her lot, and she faithfully and cheerfully discharged that duty. But Heinrich was not a child to be educated by domestic rule of thumb, or by any system absolutely; and on the quiet of his early days there broke that storm of French invasion which changed the destinies of so many, and especially of the Jews. The shameless tyranny of the thirty-nine kings and princes of Germany, which needed the unblushing pen of a Suetonius to chronicle it aright, was overthrown, and its place taken by a military despotism which was less exacting. Liberty (that is, liberty to obey within imperial limits) was the watchword of the day; and for the first time in their history the Jews were, for a few years, admitted to civil rights. Heine, though but a child, exulted from the first in this shortlived freedom; and in the second volume of the *Reisebilder* (Travel Pictures), published in 1827, has given us an admirably bright description of these events, as far as they concerned Düsseldorf—a description scarcely surpassed indeed, even by him, in its humour and point. One of the most autocratic measures of the emperor was the establishment throughout the whole of France, and the provinces and countries subject to her, of *Lycées*, or, as they were then constituted, grammar-schools, in which the vehicle of teaching was French. The advantages conferred were really immense: it was a movement forward and upward for the rising generation, and the scheme was worthy of its originator. But its purpose, while it included careful instruction in the subjects ordinarily taught in good schools, aimed above all things at making Frenchmen out of the raw material of Italy and Germany. How could these influences but tell upon such a sensitive, eager temperament as Heine's? We are not surprised to find him saying, after the restoration—following on the peace of Paris—of the wicked tyranny which had before cursed Germany, "Freedom is a new religion: the religion of our age. The French are the chosen race of the new religion: the first gospels and doctrines were penned in their language."

But there came another epoch in the history of this young intelligence: the first book,—the first great book

that is absorbed, mastered with delight, remaining for all time as a modifying condition of thought. What changes of destiny have been wrought by John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe! In this sense Heine's first book was *Don Quixote*, and he read it in the summer time in the open air.

"I was a child and knew nothing of the irony which God wrought into His world as He created it. I could have found it in my heart to weep the bitterest tears when the noble knight, for all his heroic courage, received only ingratitude and blows; and as I, being as yet unpractised in reading, pronounced every word aloud, it was possible for birds and trees, brooks and flowers, to hear everything with me; and as such innocent beings of nature knew as little as children of the irony of the great world, they took it all for sober earnest, and wept with me over the sorrows of the poor knight. . . They despised the base mob who treated him with such brutal rudeness, and still more, that mob of a higher rank, which, decked with gay silk attire, aristocratic phrase, and ducal titles, scorned a man who was in strength of soul so immeasurably their superior."

Twenty years after, we find Heine speaking of the book with much emotion, and in his troubles knowing no better figure by which to describe himself than that of "the most unfortunate knight in the world." But how different a spirit from that in which the story is often read, as if its sole import had been to move to laughter and never to sympathy and tears.

It was thus, with history making about his home, the very air full of new ideas, and his heart opening to ever fresh susceptibility, that Heine passed from childhood to youth, and the *res angustæ domi* forced upon his parents the question, how he was to live. Though, as already has been indicated, the Heines of Düsseldorf were persons of insignificant social position, and had themselves but scant opportunities of placing their children in the world, this would not be an accurate description of the family as a whole. Heinrich, as a Jew, had no liberal profession open to him but that of medicine. As a poor man's son, if he applied himself to commerce, it would be necessary for him to begin at the very bottom of the ladder. It cannot be a matter of surprise that this child of genius, whose untrained affinities were yet with dreams of romance and beauty, should shrink from the hard ways of commercial life, from the isolation of a profession for which he had neither liking nor qualification, and which, inasmuch as it

was the only one his race was permitted to enter, was in some sort under a ban. But the necessities of poverty leave little leisure for sentiment and prejudice; and the question remained to be answered—what Heine was to do to live? As a first contribution to its solution his father sent him to Frankfort, where for a few weeks he held a subordinate position in a banking house. But he soon returned to Düsseldorf, wearied and discouraged with this first essay. It was thought, however, that better prospects might present themselves at Hamburg, where an uncle, Solomon Heine, afterwards widely known as a financier and philanthropist, was rapidly rising into wealth and influence. With the advantages of his instruction and example, it was supposed that Heine might secure some solid footing in life, which would assure him competency, if not riches. Three years were wasted in this second experiment; and at length the truth, with which he himself had long been familiar, dawned upon his family as well—that he was not, and never would be, fitted for mercantile pursuits. But all the same he would have to earn his bread; and that he might be able to do this, Solomon Heine agreed to maintain him at one of the German Universities until he had taken his degree in law, and become qualified for the legal profession. It affords a gauge of the moral influences which surrounded him in his youth to note that his natural guardians, in devising this plan, quietly accepted the fact that the religion of his fathers would have to be forsaken, inasmuch as baptism and a profession of Christianity were preliminaries to legal status of any kind. As far as we can learn, this did not cause them a moment's hesitation, although they still proposed, themselves, to remain Jews.

But before passing to Heine's university life, it is necessary for our present purpose that two or three matters belonging to his residence at Hamburg, which left a lasting impression on his thought and feeling, should at least be mentioned. The first is that, while there, Heine fell deeply in love with a beautiful cousin, who, though at first appearing to favour his addresses, afterwards rejected them with a certain amount of contumely, for reasons practical enough in the eyes of people who despised literature and learning as much as they valued the talent for making money. The precise circumstances are involved in a good deal of obscurity, which is not likely to be dis-

sipated, as the autobiography, which is known to contain much of deep interest to readers of Heine, is withheld from publication by its custodians. Nevertheless, for many years the faithlessness of the beloved Amalie was a subject of complaint, and in his latest as well as in his earliest writings contributed much to that cynical tone towards women which is so frequent. How far it contributed to his subsequent immoralities it is not for us to say.

The weary drudgery of desk and ledger seems to have eaten into his very soul. The people he met, in their stolid, well-fed Philistinism, so far removed from a soul that was aching with sympathy with everything fresh and tender and sweet, and that did not smack of the counting-house, filled him with revulsion, though they might have been to the full as honest as he, and, in their way, of altogether stronger fibre. Hamburg ingrained him with a hatred for trade and tradesmen that was altogether unreasonable; and he could never find a sarcasm too strong either for the place or the people. There, too, he learnt what he never had occasion to know at Düsseldorf—the possibilities of enmity and discord as elements of family relationship, in the place of harmony and love. Solomon Heine had about him, when his nephew went to Hamburg, a group of relations, poor and otherwise, who considered him as their lawful quarry, and resented even the intrusion of a penniless boy. Differences began which were never ended except by death, and which added gall to the too bitter days of his closing life.

It was in 1819 that Heine was released from these toils, and was able to enter himself a student at the University of Bonn. Here was assigned to him the same task that fell to Goethe's lot at Leipsic half a century before, viz., the study of law and jurisprudence, and with a like result. To some extent both did what was expected of them; they did not wholly neglect their studies, while, at the same time, these were far from absorbing all their energies, as their parents imagined. What they did they did grudgingly: their best thoughts and strongest inclinations were elsewhere. The Princess Della Rocca, Heine's niece, in her recently-published book, declares that, when a child, he used to play at making verses, and afterwards when at Hamburg he used to comfort himself by surreptitious literary work. Among other productions there remains to us the song, *Die Grenadiere*, the work of a youth not yet

twenty, be it remembered, which is known throughout Europe, and has been set to music by some of the most eminent composers of the century. We shall have occasion to speak, on a later page, of the difficulty of translating Heine, and merely give here a bare outline of a ballad of remarkable power and beauty. It is but a subsidiary incident in the Napoleonic epic, after Moscow, Elba, and St. Helena. Two grenadiers return in dejection and poverty from a Russian prison, and pass through Germany. They hear of their comrades' defeat, and of the Emperor's capture. Then these war-grizzled men weep, and one sobs forth, "Woe betide me! now my old wound burns!" The other makes answer: "The song is ended. I would die with thee, but wife and child would starve." "Wife and child!" is the response, "if they are hungry, let them beg. My Emperor, my Emperor is captive. Brother, grant me this: if I am dying now, lay me to rest in French soil, and place the cross of honour on my heart, and the musket in my hand, and gird me with my sword, and I will lie and listen like a sentinel in my grave, until I hear the cannon roar and the trampling of the neighing chargers. Then, while hosts of swords clash and shine, and my Emperor rides over my grave, then, armed, will I leap from the tomb, my Emperor, my Emperor to save." Almost precisely the same suggestion, the tragic fate of a soldier of the Grand Army, as a *motif* for a patriotic lyric, occurred to Beranger ten years later. But although Beranger was then in the very height of his power and fame as a song-writer, the *Vieux Caporal* cannot be compared with *Die Grenadiere*, either for force of dramatic conception, depth of feeling, or poetic melody.

Heine's residence at Bonn lasted less than a year, and he migrated thence, in accordance with a custom permitted by the German University system, to Göttingen. But he did not leave Bonn until he had commenced his *Junge Leide* (Youthful Sorrows), a series of subjective lyrical poems, written in a minor key, and afterwards incorporated in that *Buch der Lieder* (Book of Songs), upon which so many of his readers are content to rest his reputation. Here also, and at Göttingen, he toiled hard in a field that for him was never very fruitful, that of tragedy, and began to put into form the *Almansor*, which, together with his *Ratcliffe*, constituted the most conspicuous failures of his literary life. His residence, however, at Göttingen was

brought to an abrupt close by a duelling difficulty, of which the authorities felt bound to take cognisance; and the consequence was that he removed to the University of Berlin. This was one of the dominating events in his history. His Jewish birth and training, his confinement at the desk, his previously limited experiences in provincial universities, were all circumstances that had contributed to repress and turn away from its proper channel what is now recognised as a genius of all but the first rank. At Berlin there was not, and never had been, political life for the people at large. They had to be content with doing what they were told to do, and complaining about it as little as possible.

The traditions of the great Frederick had, it is true, been abandoned for awhile during the Napoleonic supremacy, but the decadence of the empire had put an end to that; and Berlin had returned again to the paternal jurisdiction of wholesome restraint which relieved it of every responsibility but submission. The result was that life was largely driven in upon itself; people turned their backs upon great questions of State which they were not allowed to touch, and busied themselves with art, literature, and music, or with whatsoever tended to make their chains a little less heavy and galling. Many were the bright gatherings of educated men and women for discussion, for criticism, for amusement, but there were none brighter than those which took place when Heine went to Berlin, at the house of Varnhagen von Ense. The foremost men of letters of the day were there to be found, where they often read their manuscripts before they were committed to the hand of the printer. Musicians, whose names have since become world-wide in their celebrity; men of science, legists, and accomplished members of the most refined society, assembled there. To gain the *entrée* to such reunions was to Heine as the opening of a new world. His development was immediate and decided. But among all the people of wit and accomplishment, the most charming, the most devoutly worshipped, was the hostess herself. The name of Rahel von Ense belongs to the literary history of the century, though she herself wrote nothing that was intended for the world at large. She was not beautiful, she was not young, and yet all who approached her submitted to the nameless spell of her character and presence. Even Goethe, cold and self-con-

tained as he ever was, had words for her of the warmest admiration. To a certain extent we have in our own day seen a counterpart of Rahel here at home. Like Rahel, the late Lady Waldegrave was of Jewish birth; like her, she was not blessed with beauty; but, like her, too, she laid a subtle charm of heart and mind upon all who knew her. The fascination of these Jewish women, so difficult to analyse, seems to exist from age to age in every aspect of civilisation and society; and we must be content to accept the fact without seeking to explain it.

Taking refuge from the enforced companionship of the members of the University in this and similar precincts that to him were so new and delightful, the Heine that we know, brilliant, witty, and original beyond all his contemporaries, began to emerge. His contributions to the satisfaction of his friends were considerable. It was at the house of Von Ense that his first complete work came to light, the *Junge Leide* before referred to. Apparently Heine felt from the beginning that his *métier* was that of a poet; and, thirty years after, we find him, after a marvellously varied experience in authorship, of the same mind still. As a matter of fact, poetry was the form which his latest efforts assumed. But while the interval that separates the young and untried writer of the *Junge Leide* from the author of the *Romancero* and the *Germany* is great, the prophecies of future eminence are there. We have spoken of the best life of Germany as debarred from action and driven in upon itself. Always, when this is the case, there will be a sullen biding of the time, as in Russia to-day, or as in the France of the pre-revolutionary period, or else a hopeless sadness, which is content to live and find its solace in dreams. It was this latter which characterised Germany in Heine's youth—the *weltschmerz*, the world-sorrow—and its dreams were of the Germany of the past, when Germany was great. Legends, ballads, epics, that had been forgotten, were recalled to memory. Knights and ladies, goblins and sprites, tourneys and adventures, crowd the pages of contemporary writers. The young poet, awakening to the conviction of his capacities, and shrinking from the rude tests of everyday life, could not be otherwise than affected by this spirit at once of the romantic and sorrowful. To this let there be added the grief of wounded vanity and love, and one can understand the tone of sadness which prevails

in it. Tears, breaking hearts, shrouds of the dead, the quiet of the grave, and the haunting of evil spirits, these are what we meet with in almost every page :

- “A horseman rode sadly up the glen,
A goodly knight and brave ;
‘Ah ! am I bound to my true love’s arms
Or bound to the gloomy grave ?’
The hill-voice answer gave,
‘The gloomy grave.’
- “On rode the horseman and heavy sighs
His soul’s dismay confessed ;
‘And shall I then go to my grave so soon ?
Be it so ! In the grave is rest.’
The voice spake this behest :
‘In the grave is rest.’
- “And down the horseman’s cheek a tear,
A tear of the saddest fell ;
‘If in the grave there is rest for me,
Then ’twill in the grave be well !’
The voice rang like a knell,
‘In the grave be well !’”*

But it is not to be supposed, because tearful, and often maudlin sentiment, happened to be the prevailing mood of the day, that to this was owing the success which the *Junge Leide* attained, or that very much of it was due to the exertions of the influential friends whom Heine found so soon at Berlin. The young author passed through the usual difficulties of the neophyte in literature in finding a publisher ; but he did find one, and soon occupied a place of his own. The infection of the changing moods of society constituted the accidental characteristics of his verse. The simplicity and crystal clearness of style, the precision of manipulation, and the unmatched melody, were all his own, and were his to the end of his days. But there is wanting, and naturally perhaps, in these early efforts, that which afterwards gave to him such power over men of mind and men of the world. We do not see here the keen and fearless wit which subsequently made such trouble for the censors of the press, nor that hardened and cynical mockery which spared things neither Divine nor human ; nor as yet that startling originality which caused him to be listened

* Sir Theodore Martin. *Poems and Ballads.*

to when the topic was old and apparently moribund, as well as when it was new.

In 1823 Heine published the only two tragedies he ever wrote, *Ratcliffe* and *Almansor*. He himself soon felt that they had better never have been written, an impression which is only strengthened by comparison with his other writings. Everywhere throughout his works signs of the dramatic power are evident, but the highest gift of the poet, such as results in *King Lear* or the *Oresteia*, was not his. There were two qualifications—sustained power of flight in the highest regions of thought and emotion and—one must say it—sincerity, which he lacked. But, printed in the same volume and between the two tragedies (concerning which it is needless to speak further), and so receiving their name, were a number of short poems which have since been known as the *Lyrical Intermezzo*. In every respect they mark a distinct advance. They show a wider range: experience had begun to tell. They reveal an increasing facility in the mechanism of the poet's art: criticism had produced its effect. They give new indications of strength: the most self-asserting intellect of the day had discovered itself. Throughout, we are never far from a vein of dejection, though here and there we see it passing into a glibing irony. "Here," says Heine in the introductory antistrophe; "here is my love and here are my complaints;" and he adds that whoso reads this book reads his heart as well. The first line of the prologue, "There once was a knight all mourning and mute," bears company well with the closing verses of the book *Die alten, bösen Lieder*: "The old, the hapless songs." But such Werterism did not adequately differentiate his second book any more than it did the first. Several of these poems have taken an abiding place, not in the literature of Germany merely, but in that of Europe, and Heine often rises to a felicity of diction that even he never surpassed. Here we meet with the gem-like verses (*Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam*), which picture for us a lonely pine tree of the north, mantled with ice and snow, dreaming of a palm in the "morning land," which mourns in the burning solitudes of the desert. Equal in melody, and touching deeper depths of passion, is the poem, *Nacht lag auf meinen Augen* (Night lay upon mine eyes). Like the song *Die Grenadiere*, and like so much that Heine wrote in after years, no translation can adequately reproduce it. The

weird imagining that controls the whole, the signs of repressed emotion haunting the most secret recesses of life, the passionate self-consciousness of the poet, the delicacy of touch, the almost faultless skill, that even Goethe never transcended, scarcely reached, are all there. It is of himself that he speaks :

"Night lay upon mine eyes, a leaden weight upon my lips : with death-struck brain and heart, I rested in the grave-yard. How long I had been sleeping I cannot tell : I woke and heard as if one knocked upon my grave. 'Will you not rise up, Heinrich ? The eternal day is dawning, the dead have risen, the everlasting bliss has begun.' 'Dearest, I cannot rise : in sooth, I am so blind, mine eyes are blotted out with weeping.' 'I will kiss away from thine eyes, Heinrich, the night, and thou shalt look upon the angels, and, as well, upon the glories of Heaven.'"

The masterly rhythm of the original is unapproachable :

"Willst du nicht aufstehn, Heinrich ?
Der ew'ge Tag bricht an ;
Die Todten sind erstanden,
Die ew'ge Lust begann.

"Mein Lieb, Ich kann nicht aufstehn,
Bin ja noch immer blind ;
Durch Weinen meine Augen
Gänzlich erloschen sind."

Almost immediately upon the *Lyrical Intermezzo* there followed a new work in verse and prose which formed the first part of what afterwards came to be known as the *Reisebilder*, or *Pictures of Travel*. This, together with the *Book of Songs*, in which the poetical portion was subsequently incorporated, laid the foundations of the continental fame of Heine. Here he is evidently within sight of a definite goal, and is moving away from the past and its circumscribed surroundings. As probably his fellow-countrymen would express it, the subjective gradually gives place to an objective tendency. He lives less in himself and more in the world, and that without losing a trace of his own vigorous personality. Leaving Berlin without taking a degree, Heine, after an interval spent at home, returned to the University of Göttingen—to him as Gath of the Philistines, and for which he had no word too contemptuous.

In the *Book le Grand* he writes: "A dreadful retribution has overtaken the three greatest enemies of the Emperor. Londonderry has cut his throat, Louis XVIII. has rotted away on his throne, and Professor Saalfeld still continues to be professor at Göttingen." When, therefore, in the autumn of 1824 Heine set out, after the custom of German students, for a tour on foot in Central Germany, it was with a feeling of intense relief and an eager welcoming of any and every phase of life possessing anything of loveliness and healthfulness. Shrinking from the ordinary circumstances of his lot, vexed with the narrowness of his means, and uncertain about his future, he was happy, if only for a few weeks, to cast care aside, and to try to enter into the lives of other people. Passing through such beautiful scenery as intervenes between Göttingen and the Brocken, in the Hartz Gebirge, his fancy was awakened by new voices. For the first time a breath of fresh air breathes through his poems. The fragrance of the pine-woods is there, and the simplicity and tender religiousness of souls that know nothing of the contaminating influence of cities. The light wraith of the water spirit, the Lorelei, the Undine, flits across the page; and we hear the tinkling waves of her falls, while ever and anon resounds the ringing laugh of expanded lungs and bodily vigour. It may be questioned whether Heine ever passed a happier month than this. He returned by the Thuringer Wald, having seen Goethe on the way back at Weimar, an interview which has never been fully described, but which left neither of them friends. To this period we owe some most exquisite songs, as, for instance, the *Du bist wie eine Blume* (Thou art like a flower), and that one so well known from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, *Du hast Diamanten und Perlen* (Thou hast diamonds and pearls). A most beautiful poem, "The Mountain Idyll," belongs to the same date. It is a picture of the incipient man of the world, abashed into a love of purity by the guileless presence of a mountain peasant child. An admirable reference to this will be found in Mr. Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*.

While Heine was in Berlin, another element in his character rose to prominence. He here came into personal contact with Hegel; and though Hegel seems to have been a mystery to him in more respects than one, the automatic fatalism of his philosophy began deeply to tinge his thoughts. Indeed, it is a question whether he ever wholly

escaped from its influence. The god of Hegel is an all-including personality which attains to consciousness of itself in Being, and reaches its highest consciousness in humanity. It is but a brief train of argument that leads us from this premiss to the conclusion that "whatever is, is right," not only in circumstances but in conduct. As Heine received this doctrine, having already a sufficiency of indifference in religious matters, combined with a sensuousness which, however refined, was sensuousness still, it became peculiarly mischievous and demoralising. We say, as Heine received it; for it was just that want of restraint and discipline which Hegel personally regarded as the necessary outcome of his enthronisation of humanity that brought such sorrow to him later in life. But, right or wrong, his connection with Hegel seems only to have strengthened his already strong disposition to be a law to himself.

To return to the *Reisebilder*. The first volume, consisting, as we have said, not only of verse, but of prose (the *Hartz Journey*), was the earliest essay of Heine in a direction which afterwards brought him so much fame. The attempt seems to have been made without the slightest misgiving. Here are one or two of the early sentences :

"It was still early morning when I left Göttingen, and the dry-as-dust Professor — doubtless was yet in bed, dreaming that he moved through a fair pleasance where, in the parterres, numberless little white papers grew, written all over with quotations which shone charmingly in the sun, while he gathered some of them and planted them afresh, and the nightingales gladdened his old heart with their sweetest warblings.

"Just in front of the Weender Gate I met two shrimps of schoolboys, of whom one was saying to the other, 'I shan't chum with Theodore any more; he is a vulgar little cad, for yesterday he did not even know the genitive of *mensa*.'"

When we consider the literary traditions of the day, the influence of Goethe and Schiller in forming the taste of Germany on the severest of models, and the formal nature and ponderousness of the German style, a commencement such as this argues not only no misgiving, but considerable confidence in his future. And there can be little doubt that, although the *Reisebilder* was never actually completed, and did not assume the form in which we have it now for some years, yet he rightly estimated his capacities.

The light, gay touch, the vivid accuracy of description, the bantering derision, and, let us add, the occasional generous humanity, could not be overlooked; and from this time forward Heine's position was assured. As time passed, he made many enemies and some friends; he entered upon new studies, and wrote for a larger audience; he posed as the *flâneur* of the boulevards, and at the same time sat in judgment on Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel; he brought upon himself the censorship of the press in its most malignant form; he was exiled and slandered, and, worst of all, perhaps, for him, quarrelled with his publishers. But his place in the literary world was never doubtful, and he kept it undisturbed until, thirty-two years afterwards, he was laid to rest in

"Trim Montmartre! the faint
Murmur of Paris outside."

Before proceeding to any further examination of Heine's literary career, it will be well to note briefly an event of importance—his baptism. Already, as we have seen, he had separated himself widely from the circumstances of his birth and early life. In the society found at the house of Varnhagen von Ense he was in his element: he aspired to be, not a citizen of Hamburg or Berlin, but of the world. The ceremony of baptism—to him it was little more than a ceremony—at all events removed him from the category of the disinherited, and left him with "all the world before him where to choose." But he made no new choice. It is true he took his degree of Doctor of Laws, but it was only of an inferior class; and upon this there followed a period of restlessness and changing plans. He went to Hamburg again, nominally to secure for himself some sort of practice in the law, and was there supremely miserable, having no heart in what he did, doing it indeed under protest, and of course to the exclusion of any favourable issue. He went also, among other places, to the Isle of Nordeney, off the coast of Friesland, and there, as in the Hartz journey, commenced a new chapter in life. The sea-breezes, the sea itself, the fisher folk and their ways, all new, all delightful, only strengthened within him the spirit of revolt against the respectable course to which his friends considered him pledged. But wherever he went he retained his literary habits, and found, as he perceived more and more clearly that he had no mean place of his own in

the world of authorship, that their hold upon him grew apace. While in Nordeney, he produced or accumulated materials for two cycles of poems, with the title of the *Nordsee*, to which he subjoined a brief work in prose on Nordeney; that is to say, ostensibly, though, after his wont, he takes the liberty of speaking of almost everything besides. Writing about the same date, De Quincey says:

"With respect to the German literature the case is very peculiar. A chapter on German rhetoric would be in the same ludicrous predicament as Van Troil's chapter on the snakes of Iceland, which delivers its business in one summary sentence, announcing that snakes in Iceland—there are none. A decent prose style is the rarest of accomplishments in Germany. We doubt indeed whether any German has written prose with grace, unless he had lived abroad (like Jacobi, who composed indifferently in French and German), or had at least cultivated a very long acquaintance with English or French models. Every German regards a sentence in the light of a package, and a package not for the mail coach but for the waggon, into which his privilege is to crowd as much as he possibly can. All qualifications, limitations, exceptions, illustrations, are stuffed and violently rammed into the bowels of the original proposition. That all this equipage of accessories is not so arranged as to suit its own orderly development, no more occurs to a German as any fault than that in a package of shawls or of carpets, the patterns and colours are not fully displayed. To him it is sufficient that they are *there*."*

Some years passed before Heine began to write in French as well as German, but already in him all this was changed, and the reproach of De Quincey—somewhat exaggerated, it is true—rolled away from German literature. In place of ponderousness, he showed the airiest and most brilliant ease; in place of complexity, the brightest and clearest simplicity. His touch is light as the beat of a bird's wing, and yet as sure; and, no matter what the subject which occupies him, his treatment is sure to be at once both bold and skilful. Certainly the possibilities of the much abused German language can scarcely be understood until he has been studied. For publicists, especially, his method has had much attraction; and, indeed, he himself produced few things more effective than his correspondence with the *Augsburg Gazette*. To this same

* De Quincey's Works. Author's Edition. Vol. X. "Rhetoric."

year (1826) belongs the book *Le Grand*, from which we have quoted, and to which we again make a passing reference, inasmuch as its publication revealed a tendency on Heine's part to do what was considered one of the chiefest of sins by the rulers of Germany, namely, to think for himself and, to some extent at least, to say what he thought. The irreverence with which he was now accustomed to speak of the Deity and things Divine mattered little; but that the Napoleonic idea should be glorified at the expense of the thirty or forty sovereigns of Germany mattered much, and indeed was a serious affair. He might laugh at religion or at university professors, and mercilessly mock his literary contemporaries with impunity; but to laugh at a beadle, to mock a Serene Highness, was a thing that could not be permitted; and he soon became a marked man. While the German censors were waxing angry over this wickedness, he visited England, where he learnt much, but not enough to help him to a sound judgment either of the people or the country. Hence the ridicule and jests at Englishmen and their ways which present themselves from time to time in his pages. We must do him the justice to say that in his maturity he modified the opinions of his youth.

On his return, we find him engaged as a journalist with the publisher Cotta, of Munich and Augsburg. The Munich of that date was not the Munich of to-day, and possessed but few of its architectural glories, nor had it taken that place in art which it now holds. Nevertheless, here Heine learned much and accomplished something. Mixing with the *élite* of cultivated society, and coming in contact with men and women whose lives were given wholly to art, his acute penetration and delicate sensibility to the beautiful received much encouragement, and such culture as stood him in life-long service. From Munich he passed to Italy, writing thence a series of papers which were published in various forms, and which were distinguished as, to some extent at least, jeopardising his reputation. In his Italian sketches he joins the soldier "in the war for the liberation of humanity;" that is, he takes the democratic side in the marshalling of forces which was already going on in Europe. Crowns, nobles, courts, privileges, feudalism, and priests, are all subjects for denunciation and biting satire; and their holders and representatives, in Prussia at all events, retorted by placing the

concluding volumes of the *Reisebilder* on the German *Index Expurgatorius*. But apart from this, the narratives of his Italian experiences were unquestionably depreciative of Heine's moral position. There is wit enough for half a dozen ordinary books of travel and reflection in them, but throughout there is a fleshliness which is unworthy; and descents are made voluntarily into nastiness and filth which must certainly be omitted when any version is prepared for the English public; and at times, as in his elaborate attack upon poor Count Platen, there is a venom and malignity which nothing can excuse.

In the spring of 1831 Heine went to Paris, and lived there, with the exception of excursions to the seaside or to Germany, until he died in 1856. His life in Paris constituted a new era in his history. To it he had long looked as the city of light and liberty, the very antithesis of Berlin and Hamburg; and when the revolution of 1830 broke out, and the ears of men began to tingle and their feet to beat the ground for the march as they heard the trumpets of freedom, Heine was filled with exultant joy, and from that time forth was no longer able to rest in Germany. "Paris is the New Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan which divides the holy land of freedom from the land of the Philistines," to quote his celebrated saying. Then, besides, as he tells us in his inimitable way in his "Confessions," the air of Germany was becoming increasingly unwholesome for him, now that the suspicions of the German governments were aroused afresh by the "three days of July," and that the prisoners' soup in the fortresses was *soup maigre*, with flies in it in place of fowls, and the gaolers had a bad habit of *not* warming the chains of those under their charge in the winter time. As soon then as opportunity served, he crossed the frontier, and, joining his exiled compatriots, took up his abode in Paris. He speaks of this moment of his life with almost childlike joy. The air of the bright spring, the more southern sun, the streets, the people and their manners and speech, the cafés, the theatres, the gardens and their concerts, together with the release from the despotism of the fatherland, filled him with delight, and his days passed in a dream of pleasure which scarcely the most indifferent moralist could call innocent. These early days in Paris reveal Heine to us in a new light. It is no longer the emancipated Jew that we see, with questions of profound import to solve,

nor the student and writer looking forward to a high seat in the temple of fame, but for a while, at least, the Bohemian, the Pagan, drinking in with avidity every material pleasure. What restrictions he placed upon himself it is difficult to say: apparently none. The series of poems in the *Neue Gedichte*, dedicated to members of the *demi-monde* in Paris, speak only of dissolute recklessness on the part of a nature capable of so much that was great. The witchery of that Lutetia fell upon him, which has stripped so many noble souls of their nobility, and beggared them of the divinest part of their inheritance.

But we gain nothing by dwelling upon this theme. If sorrow and affliction, pain and suffering, could atone for human errors, this same gay Paris saw a very complete expiation. Meanwhile, the old question began to demand an answer—how to live? The meagre allowance which he continued to receive from his millionaire uncle in Hamburg was but a partial solution of the difficulty. Every pretence of commercial or strictly professional life was at once and finally abandoned, and Heine devoted himself exclusively to letters. Here his experiences in Munich and Italy came to his aid, and for some time he gave himself almost exclusively to art-criticism. His scope was ample, for at this time Paris was the æsthetic centre of civilisation, more particularly in relation to music and the plastic arts. But of however deep an interest, this was too restricted a field, and, before long, we find him at work on the higher questions of political economy, and the national tendencies of France. Here, too, he was fortunate. It is not often that newspaper correspondence is deemed to have a lasting value, and is read and referred to in after years. But Heine's letters to the *Augsburg Gazette* (the *Allgemeine Zeitung*) of his friend Cotta have this characteristic. Partly it was, without doubt, because the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon France, and the new experiment in government under Louis Philippe, which was to unite all the advantages of the monarchical with all the excellencies of the republican system, was watched with equal eagerness by crowned heads and democratic leaders. But much more because of the intrinsic value of the contributions themselves do they still live. Boldness, vivacity, and finished style are their marks, and all associated with that originality and personal impress so peculiarly his own. Even to-day there exists nothing that gives the student of history a clearer view

of the new departure in French national life at this period than the "Citizen Monarchy," written, it should be remembered, by a German newly come to Paris. Here Heine first began to work at what was a seldom forgotten project with him while life lasted, the effecting of an understanding between France and Germany. In an attempt at this, of course a survey of all the forces concerned, social and political, was in some measure requisite; and it was chiefly the candour with which he dealt with the state of affairs in Germany that then and afterwards placed his books under censorship, and caused his letters to be mutilated as they were before they could find a place in the columns of the newspapers. But to each, to France and Germany alike, he deals an equal measure. He laughs at Louis Philippe, the monarch of a compromise, the astute, flabby, bourgeois king, and with a stroke or two of the pen places him vividly before us. We see him propitiating here, overreaching there; and while for a time he does this with apparent success, every now and then "forty-eight" looms in the future, and we feel that the chances arrayed against the citizen king are too numerous, and must prevail in the long run. In a word, these letters are history, and well-written history too. He anticipates the coming supremacy of Prussia in Germany—which, thirty years later, men who ought to have known better and who were in positions of responsibility, treated as a political dream—and he does not like the vision. A good deal of piety, a good deal of sham liberalism when occasion requires it, but underneath all, the eagle's claws which make sure of whatsoever they clutch—that is what he foresees, and that is what we see to-day. But as it is impossible for us to enter upon even a partial examination of Heine's works, so far as they are concerned with political and international questions, we must content ourselves with a general estimate of them, and say that for luminousness, for breadth of view, for clear perception of things essential, as distinguished from the merely accidental, they have not been surpassed.

There were phases of thought, and these of the highest, in which apparently he was wholly without conviction. At one time he apparently speaks and thinks in pure Paganism; at another he is a Hellene, beauty-loving and sensuous, who verges on Neo-platonism; again, he is a Hebrew who forgets his baptism, and exults in the permanence of his

race, and in the majesty of its prophets and lawgivers. And in matters of political faith, too, there seems to be at times a similar variation. Now he speaks under the spirit of the Napoleonic idea; again as a disciple of St. Simon, Lasalle, and a Democrat; then, once more, "I am," he says, "and always was, a Royalist." But upon one aspect of modern civilisation he was ever consistent—the rights of the people.

The *Revue de Deux Mondes*, in 1832, introduced Heine to the world as a French author; and although that paper was then only struggling painfully towards the repute which it now possesses, yet Paris soon became convinced that in this transaction its editor had showed sound judgment. Altogether, Heine has left behind him some fourteen or fifteen volumes in the French language, concerned mostly with politics and *belles lettres*. Among others, appearing in 1833, was a sort of correction to Madame de Staël's book, designedly published under the same title, *De L'Allemagne*, afterwards known as *Religion and Philosophy in Germany*. In this work we have a power of generalisation in that most difficult of the provinces of thought, the metaphysical, which has seldom been surpassed. The very name of Kant is, to the average English reader, suggestive of wearisome contentions, dry and profitless inductions expressed in unwieldy sentences, the perusal of which ought to be considered in the light of a punitive discipline, while Hegel and Fichte and Schelling are names from which he turns aside in hopelessness. But let him give a little attention to Heine's clear and penetrating expositions, and for the future these names will have lost much of their terror. The aroma that pervades his sentences, as he wrote them, it is next to impossible to retain, yet there is now no absolute necessity to recur to the original, thanks to Mr. Snodgrass, to whom we would express our indebtedness. The nebulous phraseology with which the German metaphysicians, apparently of set purpose, clothed their thoughts, is here unceremoniously set aside. The fear of being "understood of the people," which really seems to have haunted Kant and Hegel, is dismissed; and in a comparatively few pages the essential characteristics of their systems are brought to light. It is a matter of regret that it is not feasible in the limited space at our disposal to present the reader with at least a few sentences from this remarkable book, so full of originality in criticism

and audacity in comment. One reference, however, may be permitted. At the close of the second division of his subject he gives vent to the underlying sceptical impulses of his nature in an eloquent burst of exultation at the destructive nature of the Kantian hypothesis, as applied to the doctrine of a personal God. When he wrote the preface, in 1852, to the final edition of this work, he said, "I owe my conversion simply to the reading of a book, and this book is called quite shortly—the Book, the Bible. Rightly do men also call it the Holy Scripture; for he that has lost his God can find Him again in this Book, and towards him that has never known God, it sends forth the breath of the Divine Word."

For twenty-three years longer Heine continued to reside in Paris, during all that time engaged in ceaseless literary activity. Poems, essays, sketches, letters, criticisms, none of them sinking to the level of mediocrity, flowed from his pen. Everything that he handled he handled with a firm grasp; and even to the last, when racked with pain, unflinching precision, beauty, and skill showed themselves in all that he did. Older than his years, and tried by almost every vicissitude of fate, we have nothing of his that indicates mental decrepitude, but only the work of a mind which felt certain of itself. What he regarded as his *magnum opus* has not yet been made public, and perhaps will never be. The manuscript of his Memoirs, of which he used to speak to his friends with such anticipatory triumph, and to which he gave so much time and such unwearied labour, has passed from the hands of his family into the keeping of the Imperial Library of Vienna, and is, we believe, placed among the secret archives. The fact that these memoirs were not personal merely, but dealt freely in criticism of the age, may account for the steadfast refusal to allow them to be printed.

There yet remain two circumstances to be considered before the main facts of Heine's life and work can be said to be passed in review. One of these is his marriage. When he decided to abandon his irregular mode of life, and to become possessed of a *ménage* of his own, in all probability he had already premonitions of that need of care and companionship which he subsequently came to know so fully. Like Goethe, he married a woman of the people, far below him in intelligence and culture. She used at times almost to boast that, however celebrated her

husband might be as a man of letters and a poet, she, for her part, could not say that she had ever read one of his writings. And, naturally, it is a matter of regret that the parallel between these eminent men in their domestic circumstances is a close one in another respect. Neither Christiane Vulpius nor Mathilde Mirat at first bore the honoured name of wife. Goethe married his mistress in the time of political excitement following Jena, when comparatively little attention would be likely to be aroused. Heine married Mathilde Mirat on the eve of a duel, in order that, if he fell, she might, to some extent at least, be legally provided for. She was a *grisette*, one of that almost extinct species of Parisian womanhood once so numerous and well known. She is described as having been handsome and good-humoured, and tenderly attached to her husband. After his death a poem was found among his papers addressed to her, every line of which bespeaks the most exquisite devotion.

All his life long Heine had been liable, in a high degree, to nervous disturbances. Clocks had to be stopped that he might sleep; nervous headaches of an excruciating kind frequently troubled him; and when he was able to choose dwelling-places for himself, he took much trouble to find quietude and repose, as necessary to anything like health. Such a constitution needed husbanding and watching, but from the first he was reckless and prodigal. As a child, even, he contracted the habit of late hours, secretly begging candles from the servant, and procuring specially warm clothing to protect him from the winter cold. Later on at Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin, he did not deny himself any gaiety or dissipation that harmonised with his fastidious tastes. In Paris he refrained from no self-indulgence or sybaritical delight, and was as careless of his health as of his money. But nature took her revenge, slowly at first but surely, and indeed, as soon appeared, with terrible and remorseless exactitude. No man ever clung more tenaciously to life, or rather to the pleasure of living. To eat and drink well, to be well dressed, to listen to bright music, to join in revelries that were better suited to the muse of Sappho and the cult of the Cyprian Venus, than to the capital of "the eldest daughter of the Church," these were his ideas of happiness. After not a few warnings, in 1848, while the streets of Paris were surcharged with revolutionary frenzy and

violence, he took his last walk abroad, and was forced by the crowd to limp to some place of refuge. It was to the sculpture gallery of the Louvre. There, lame from paralysis, and partially blind, he sank down beneath the statue of the Venus of Milo—"our dear Lady of Milo," the apotheosis of material beauty, the one priestess of every school of the "rehabilitation of the flesh"—and wept scalding tears.

Soon the malady, which came at last to be recognised as a softening of the spinal marrow, developed in ever fresh malignity. He who had ransacked the various cuisines of Paris for the most perfect cookery, and who used to speak of specially excellent dishes as only to be eaten upon one's knees, now can scarcely masticate, and everything he tastes, tastes of earth. Those eyes which had filled themselves with voluptuousness are darkened, and he can only see as the palsied lids are lifted by the finger. The hands on which he had prided himself for their deftness and aristocratic beauty lose their cunning, and can no longer hold the pen. His limbs waste and refuse to support his frame, which itself is contorted with agonising pain. His nurse lifts him to his pile of mattresses, feeble and shrunk to the bulk of a child, but still he cannot die. He keeps near him opium and a dagger as a last resort, but still he cannot die. And there are troubles, too, from the outside; want of money for the remorseless greed-monster, as he calls his sickness; quarrels with his family, and neglect of friends. And yet in the midst of this lingering death, which is eight years before it comes to an end, the spark of genius remains unquenched. He dictates some of his most affecting poems, which break ever and again into bitterest mocking laughter. He revises his works, and uses every moment that can be snatched from the exactions of the "mattress-grave;" for even a dying man must live. Into the midst of all this suffering there came a ray of light, surely nothing less than Divine. "Once more," he said, "I believe in a personal God." Sickness, collapse, poverty, and disqualification for the enjoyments of life; these, said Heine, prepare a man for religion. Alas! poor Heine! His dust lies there in Montmartre, under a neglected tomb, with but his name upon it, not even the epitaph that he desired, "Here lies a German poet," simple though it was.

"But it was thou—I think
Surely it was! that bard
Unnamed, who Goethe said
Had every other gift, but wanted love;
Love, without which the tongue
Even of angels sounds amiss!

* * * * *
"Therefore a secret unrest
Tortured thee, brilliant and bold!
Therefore, triumph itself
Tasted amiss to thy soul.
Therefore, with blood of thy foes
Trickled in silence thine own.
Therefore, the victor's heart
Broke on the field of his fame.

* * * * *
"The spirit of the world—
Beholding the absurdity of men,
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile
For one short moment wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine! for its earthly hour
The strange guest sparkled;
Now 'tis passed away."*

As we have said, Heine's rank in European literature is well marked, and year by year is becoming more widely recognised. Publicists, poets, critics, metaphysicians, all owe him much, but Germany, no longer a geographical expression, owes him most of all. She exiled him and ill-treated him, but he never forgot that he was a German; and, as no other son of the fatherland has done, he has taken the treasures of its language and thought, and in the alembic of his genius has transmuted them into a purer gold. People who have read Goethe and Schiller with difficulty, and perhaps from a sense of necessity, will read Heine with pleasure, and for his own sake. The fantasy, the humour, the exquisite finish, the marvellously balanced skill of his work, appeal to the multitude, strange as it may seem to say it; and the fame of Heine, if not equal to that of his great predecessor, stands second to it alone. But little attempt has been here made to analyse individually the literary merits or otherwise of several of the books, the titles of which are prefixed. The reason

* Poems by Matthew Arnold, Vol. II., *Heine's Grave*.

is simple. The object we have kept in view has been critical only in a secondary sense: our primary purpose has been to introduce to English readers a writer too little known, but whose works are themselves an instruction in letters, and his life a source of profounder teaching still.

Dr. Strodtmann's book, and Mr. Stigand's, have both been used, but it is the latter only that is likely to be of general utility. There is no need for us here to speak of the style and intellectual standpoint of the former: its difficulty of access as a rule will exclude it from most firesides, to speak of no other reasons. But Mr. Stigand's volumes have been too little read. This may be in part owing to their bulky and encyclopædic character; but even as they are they possess ample literary merit, to say nothing of the inherent interest of their subject, to justify a careful perusal. If the same knowledge and the same literary skill were devoted to the production of a volume such as might with comfort be held in the hand by the hearth during a winter evening, it would be gladly welcomed by many who seek to make their leisure subservient to culture.

Sir Theodore Martin's volume, and that by Mr. Snodgrass, represent, so far, the best of what has been done to bring Heine's poems and prose before the English public. In both cases the attempt is as successful as could be reasonably expected, though, as might be supposed, the task taken upon himself by Sir Theodore Martin is much the more difficult, and consequently is executed with more widely-varying degrees of excellence.

- ART. VII—1. *The Voyage of the Vega around Asia and Europe, with a Historical Review of Previous Journeys along the North Coast of the Old World.* By A. E. NORDENSKIÖLD. Translated by ALEXANDER LESLIE. Two Volumes. London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.
2. *Nordenskiöld's Voyage around Asia and Europe. A Popular Account of the North-East Passage of the Vega.* By A. HOVGAARD. Translated by H. L. BRÆKSTAD. Sampson Low and Co. 1882.
3. *Through Siberia.* By HENRY LANSDELL. Second Edition. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1882.

THE interest of Arctic exploration is threefold, sentimental, scientific, and commercial; in other words, the chief mainsprings of activity have been the love of adventure, the thirst for knowledge, and the desire of gain. The first alone could hardly have raised the passion for Arctic research to so high a pitch, and certainly could not have justified the sacrifice of life and the amount of suffering—to say nothing of the apparent waste of money—by which such researches have been attended. True, feats of daring have their charm for some minds, irrespective of any ends to be achieved by them, unless it be the general end of stringing up the energies for more profitable occasions—the only excuse, we should imagine, for such enterprises as those which delight the swimmers of the Channel, the pedestrians of the Agricultural Hall, or the climbers of Mont Blanc. Joined with more practical considerations, however, the spirit that courts danger, that laughs it out of countenance, so to speak, that pursues its own object with a cool head and a firm step in the very teeth of imminent destruction, is a noble thing, and wins wreaths of fame which mere plodding perseverance can never hope to attain. Such has been the spirit, and such the reward, of many discoverers, but especially of those whose course has lain through regions in which nature has erected her most invincible barriers, and where almost every form of suffering,—cold, darkness, hunger,

fatigue—has combined with physical obstacles to demonstrate the hopelessness of the struggle to all but the bravest hearts. The scientific interest of modern times was hardly awakened at the date of the first Arctic expedition. The apathy that had made men content for so many centuries to accept the Ptolemaic system of astronomy was not likely to be disturbed by questions as to the configuration of the globe, or the limits of land and water. What little curiosity did exist upon the subject was not directed to the frozen regions of the north. The Arabians, during the period of their greatness, were distinguished by devotion to learning of various kinds; but their travels were mercantile rather than scientific, and, while adding much to the existing knowledge of Eastern Asia, were confined within tropical or at least temperate climes. The great discovery of Columbus was doubtless the harbinger of the new era. But though his hazardous enterprise was undertaken in firm reliance on the disputed doctrine of the rotundity of the earth, no one will maintain that the establishment of that or any other scientific truth was the main motive that inspired the undertaking. The discovery of a western route to India was the boon that excited the cupidity of Isabella, and provided resources for the expedition that was to make famous the close of the fifteenth century; and a similar object gave rise to the numerous north-westerly and north-easterly voyages that commenced in the course of the sixteenth.

Thus we are led to the third and principal mainspring of Arctic research and discovery, viz., the spirit of commercial enterprise. Just as it was not to discover the wonders of chemistry that the alchemist plied his fining pot, but with the more sordid hope of making gold; so it was not with a view to enlarge the area of scientific knowledge that the prows of our vessels were set towards the north, but with the baser one of securing a share in the fabled treasures of the distant Inds. It may seem strange that northerly routes to India should have been thought of, while two southerly ones were open round the two famous capes. But the explanation is that, for the parties concerned, neither of those routes was available. The Englishman of to-day is apt to forget the recency both of his country's maritime greatness and of Europe's emancipation from the despotism of the Pope. It puts a considerable strain upon the historic imagination to

realise a state of things in which two among the foremost nations of Europe, disputing as to their right of way in the Southern Ocean, should refer the matter to the holy father for decision, and in which the claim to exercise such a right should be put forth by Spain and Portugal. But so it was. And their rivals, the English and, after they had achieved their independence, the Dutch, while upon occasion gallantly contesting this assumed supremacy, in reference to the path to India appear to have deemed prudence to be the better part of valour, and the frowns of that cruel stepmother, nature, less formidable than the jealous greed of men. So they betook themselves with all patience to the task which, as to its original object, was to prove alike so impracticable and so unnecessary, but which was to develope in its prosecution energies that the very possessors of them little suspected, and to call forth feats of heroic endurance that may well put mere martial prowess to shame.

The chief interest of British enterprise has centred in the north-west passage. It is true that the current of popular favour long wavered between the two directions. The expeditions of John and Sebastian Cabot in search of a north-west passage proving unsuccessful, attention was turned to the north-east, and in 1553 three vessels were fitted out under Sir Hugh Willoughby and Richard Chancellor, with disastrous results. The disappointment thus occasioned led to the renewal of the search in the other direction under Martin Frobisher; this was followed by the voyages of Pet and Jackson to the north-east, and these a little later by that of Davis to the west coast of Greenland, while in 1607 Henry Hudson set out with the "endeavour to find a passage, if possible, directly across the Pole itself." From the middle of the 17th century English enthusiasm appears to have cooled, until the close of the war with France in 1815, after which the names of Ross, Parry, and Franklin, all associated with the north-west passage, bring us down to comparatively recent times. The long line of British explorers ends for the present with the expeditions of M'Clure, by whom the north-west passage was actually accomplished from the Pacific to the Atlantic, though not by sea throughout its entire length, and of Nares, who reached a higher latitude than had been attained before, but whose laconic telegram, "Pole impracticable," will be remembered by many

for the sense of disappointment it produced in the public mind.

Before turning to the voyage of the *Vega*, whose success in the north-east direction has gained for its promoters such deserved celebrity, let us pause for a moment to consider the spectacle presented by the history of Arctic navigation considered as a whole. Knowing what we do now of the stern conditions of this kind of warfare, we cannot but wonder at the daring of those early adventurers. Their vessels were mere cockle-shells compared with the splendid steamers placed at the disposal of recent expeditions. They were most inadequately supplied with the resources by which intense cold is to be combated, and utterly uninformed as to the need of them. And they greatly underrated the magnitude of their self-imposed task. But for their ignorance it is certain that they would never have attempted it. Yet their heroic enterprises cannot be said to have failed. They were as the first faltering steps of a child destined to grow to the proportions of a giant. Ignorance in them was not only the mother of devotion but the nurse of knowledge. And although the original object was never to be attained, yet treasures have been accumulated, as the result of the researches of which they set the pattern, far more valuable than the discovery of a shorter route to India, or than innumerable tons of the shining stuff some of them mistook for gold, even if it had not been the worthless dross it turned out to be. The effect upon the national character must also have been great, comparable for inspiring influence with our naval prowess, from Drake to Nelson, and in some measure no doubt contributing thereto, while at the same time untainted by the barbarising element inseparable from deeds of blood.

Turning now to the two volumes that head our list, we must first offer our congratulations to our kinsmen of the Swedish nation on the achievement of 1878-9. By it they have outstripped their wealthier and mightier neighbours in the race of Arctic discovery, and proved themselves worthy descendants of the old Vikings who once filled Western Europe with the terror of their name. Of course, there were other competitors in the field, Russian, Norwegian, and English; and to these Professor Nordenskiöld does not fail to do justice in the course of the present work. He makes mention, for instance, of Captain Wiggins, an Englishman who, in 1874, reached the mouth of

the Obi in a small steamer called the *Diana*, fitted out at his own expense. But to Professor Nordenskiöld undoubtedly belongs both the honour of steadfastly maintaining in the face of all experience the possibility of navigating the Arctic Ocean as far as Behring's Straits, and that of placing the arduous enterprise in the category of accomplished facts. The honour of providing the necessary funds is shared equally by Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, Dr. Oscar Dickson, merchant, of Gothenburg, and Mr. A. Sibiriakoff, a Russian gentleman.

The early career of the distinguished leader of the expedition demands some notice, and the more so because modesty has naturally withheld him from making any allusion to the subject. The reader will find some account of it in Lieutenant Hovgaard's more popular work. Nils Adolph Eric Nordenskiöld was born at Helsingfors, on the 18th of November, 1832. His father was chief superintendent of mines for Finland, and he inherited his father's scientific tastes, being appointed professor of mineralogy at Helsingfors in 1858. After accompanying two expeditions to Spitzbergen, led by Otto Torell, he himself, in 1864 and 1868, led two others in the same direction, in the latter case reaching $81^{\circ}42'$ N. lat., the highest point then gained by sea. During these voyages he fixed astronomically the position of eighty places in the Spitzbergen archipelago, and made valuable geological and other collections. In 1870 he visited Greenland, traversing its inland ice further north than any previous explorer, and discovering the three largest meteoric stones yet found—of five, ten, and twenty-five tons' weight respectively. In 1872 he led the fifth Swedish Arctic expedition. In 1875 commenced his voyages to the north-east, and here his own notices help us. In a walrus-hunting sloop, commanded by Captain Isaksen, he sailed through the Yugor Straits, which divide the island of Vaigatz from the mainland, and passed over the nearly frozen Sea of Kara to the mouth of the Yenisei, thence sailing up the river to Yeniseisk in other vessels, and leaving his own to return by sea. Thus for the first time were the mouths of the great Siberian rivers thrown open to commerce. Many, however, were incredulous as to the practical value of the undertaking, attributing its success to a combination of fortunate circumstances not likely to recur. In 1876, therefore, Nordenskiöld took a second voyage to the Yenisei, penetrating

not only to the mouth of the river, but as far up the stream as to 71° N. lat., and returning the same year to Europe. These voyages confirmed the Professor in the belief that still greater things might, by the aid of modern scientific resources and mechanical skill, be attempted with a reasonable prospect of success.

Accordingly, upon his return, Nordenskiöld laid his views before King Oscar, who received his proposals with warmth, and invited a number of distinguished men to meet at Stockholm for the purpose of counsel and discussion. At this meeting, held in July, 1877, Nordenskiöld presented a plan of the proposed expedition, prefacing it with an account of former work done in the same direction. In it he shows clearly that while on the eastern side the highest latitude attained by sea was $75^{\circ} 15'$, a point about midway between Port Dickson and Cape Chelyuskin, which was gained by the Russians in 1740, on the western side that promontory had been approached within a few minutes by Prontschischev in 1736 (N. lat. $77^{\circ} 29'$), and by Laptev in 1739 (N. lat. $76^{\circ} 47'$). The only portion of the whole distance that had not been previously traversed was therefore that which lay between the Yenisei and Cape Chelyuskin. Even this, however, was not altogether unknown. The land between Taimur and the northernmost promontory of Asia was mapped in sledge journeys along the coast undertaken in 1742 by Chelyuskin, who gave to the latter his name; and although, when he was there (in the month of May) the sea in the neighbourhood was covered with ice, yet Middendorf, who reached Taimur Bay by land in 1843, found that on the 25th of August the sea was free from ice as far as the eye could reach from the chain of heights along the coast. The testimony of walrus hunters who, in late autumn, had repeatedly sailed far to the eastward from the northern point of Nova Zembla without encountering ice, confirmed the opinion as to the open state of the water at that time of the year. This opinion was further supported by what was known as to the ocean currents in those high latitudes. The three rivers, Obi, Irtisch, and Yenisei, though frozen over in winter, pour into the Kara sea during the summer months enormous masses of warm water, which, running at first in a northerly direction, acquire an easterly bend through the diminished velocity of the earth's rotation as they get nearer to the pole. The tendency of such a current would be to drive away the

drift ice, leaving late in autumn just such an open channel along the shores of the Taimur peninsula as observers had reported to have been seen.

Of course, a channel not opening till so late in the year could not be expected to remain open long. And here it was that the superiority of steam navigation was likely to be felt. Prontschischev took three weeks to sail from the mouth of the Lena to that of the Olonek, a distance that an ordinary steamer might traverse in one day, although he encountered no ice. Storms and head-winds were also more formidable obstacles in those days; and the fear of being compelled to winter amid the ice, cut off from all connexion with the civilised world, caused many of the old explorers to turn at the very season when the Polar sea is most open. To these difficulties must be added the crazy character of the craft they sailed in—weak, ill-built vessels, caulked with moss and clay, and held together with willows, to which an open sea with a fresh breeze was more dangerous than ice-drifts. Taking all these circumstances into the account, Nordenskiöld expressed his conviction of the possibility of forcing a passage during autumn in a few days.

The remainder of his paper is occupied with a conspectus of the advantages to be derived from such an expedition, the chief of them being, of course, the solution of a geographical problem of several hundred years' standing and the opportunity thus afforded for researches in hydrography, geology, and natural history, throughout an hitherto unknown sea of enormous extent. Limits of time might indeed curtail the usefulness of the expedition in this latter regard, supposing it successful; but if the passage should not be so easily accomplished as was hoped, and a necessity should arise for wintering, this contingency would not be altogether disastrous, but would furnish ampler facilities for scientific research.

The plan thus lucidly expounded was taken up by the meeting with enthusiasm, notwithstanding some lively discussion as to the state of the ice and the marine currents at Cape Chelyuskin. The king declared himself convinced of the practicability of the scheme, and ready to support it, not only as king but as a private individual. The expenses of the undertaking were, as we have seen, equally divided between His Majesty, Dr. Dickson, and Mr. Sibiriaikoff, with the exception of certain disbursements made

by the Swedish Government, which covered the cost of the equipment of the *Vega* up to 35,000 crowns, and the full sea pay and sustenance for two years of two officers and seventeen men, volunteers from the Swedish navy.

The chiefs of the expedition were all tried men, who had accompanied Professor Nordenskiöld on former occasions. Lieutenant (now Captain) Palander took the command of the vessel; Dr. Kjellman, of the university of Upsala, superintended the botanical work, and Dr. Stuxberg, the zoological; while Dr. Almquist was appointed medical officer. The rest of the staff represented various nationalities: E. C. Brusewitz, of the Swedish navy, was second in command; G. Bove, of the Italian navy, superintendent of the hydrographical work; A. Hovgaard, of the Danish navy, superintendent of the magnetical and meteorological work; and O. Nordquist, of the Russian Imperial Guards, acted in the double capacity of interpreter and assistant-zoologist. Portraits of these gentlemen, as well as of their principal patrons, are given in the course of the two volumes, and serve, side by side with the illustrations of the scenery through which they passed, to bring the reader into closer companionship with the heroes of the hour than was possible in any former book of travels. Twenty-one petty officers and men, including three walrus-hunters, made up the complement of the expedition, thirty in all. They were mostly men in the prime of life, only two exceeding fifty years of age, and only one under one-and-twenty, while the majority ranged between thirty and forty.

The *Vega*, however, was not to be without companions throughout the whole of her perilous course. Being a large vessel, and requiring to be heavily laden with provisions and coal, the danger of her running aground upon some unknown sand-bank, and the difficulty of getting her afloat again, rendered it desirable that she should be accompanied by some vessel of smaller size, to act as tender and also as pioneer in cases of emergency, as far at least as the river Lena. The *Lena*, a steamer built of Bessemer steel, was accordingly provided for the purpose by Mr. Sibiriakoff. The same enterprising gentleman fitted out at his own cost two other vessels, the *Fraser* and the *Express*; the latter a sailing vessel and the former a steamer, to carry a quantity of European goods to the mouth of the Yenisei and to fetch thence a cargo of grain.

These two last vessels preceded the rest, and had orders to wait for them at Chaborava, on the Yugor Schar, the strait which connects the Murman with the Kara Sea. The *Vega* left Karlskrona on the 22nd of June, 1878, joining the *Lena* at Tromsøe, where Professor Nordenskiöld embarked. "On the 21st of July the whole equipment of the *Vega* was on board, the number of its crew complete, all clear for departure; and the same day, at 2.15 p.m., we weighed anchor, with lively hurrahs from a numerous crowd assembled at the beach, to enter in earnest on our Arctic voyage."

It is at this point that Professor Nordenskiöld's narrative begins: in the twenty chapters that fill up his two volumes he details the course, not only of his own expedition, but of all, or nearly all, that had preceded him, intermingling notes on the hydrography, geography, and natural history of the regions traversed, and on the ethnology and manners and customs of the various tribes belonging to them. No fault can be found with this work, therefore, on the score of lack of variety: if it errs at all, it is on the side of exuberant profusion. But it must be remembered that the work was written, not to please the dilettanti reader, but to furnish a repertory of information in one main department of Arctic research, to which those interested in the subject—a rapidly increasing company—might turn with the certainty of finding a clear, accurate and complete account of what has been done or attempted from the earliest times. The work thus stands midway between Lieutenant Hovgaard's more popular narrative and the special reports of a scientific kind which are in course of preparation, partaking in some degree of the characteristics of both, but superseded by neither.

It is, of course, impossible to follow the author through all the ramifications of his subject; we must content ourselves with sketching the main outlines of the story, and adding a few observations of our own.

After threading the maze of islands into which the north-west coast of Norway is broken, the *Vega* and the *Lena* touched at the island of Maosoe, in close proximity to the northernmost point of Europe, for the purpose of posting letters in the post-office there, probably the most northerly in the world. A strong head-wind springing up, with rain and fog, detained them three days, until the 25th of July. During the first night after setting sail, the two vessels

parted company owing to the fog, and did not see each other again till they met at the appointed rendezvous in the Yugor Schar. This the *Vega* reached in five days, after a splendid run across the northern limit of the Murman Sea and along the south-west coast of Nova Zembla, this course being chosen to avoid drifting ice, of which, however, not a trace was seen. To those who only judge of Nova Zembla by common opinion or by its position on the map, it will be strange to hear that it is possible throughout the whole month of August to sail to it from Norway and back—as many do on sporting excursions—without having seen a trace of ice or snow. This, however, is only true of the southern of the two islands. The sail from Gooseland—as the westernmost part of Nova Zembla is called from the multitude of geese and swans that breed there—past Vaigatz Island to the Yugor Schar, was exhilarating, the weather being for the most part glorious and calm, and along the shore large escarpments of snow, not yet melted by the summer sun, magnified by the heated atmosphere, seemed to resemble immense glaciers rising perpendicularly out of the sea.

The *Express* and the *Fraser* were already at the rendezvous, but the absence of the *Lena* caused anxiety. Heavy seas had been encountered near North Cape, doing some damage even to the *Vega*, and it was feared they had been too much for her slighter companion. These fears were dismissed next day, when the *Lena* steamed into the harbour, and the cause of the delay was found to be an error in the compass, owing to the slight horizontal intensity of the magnetism of the earth in those high latitudes.

The village of Chaborava, where the party were now anchored, is inhabited during the summer by Samoyedes, who pasture their herds of reindeer in the neighbourhood, and by Russians and Russianised Fins, who trade with them. The Samoyedes are placed by Professor Nordenskiöld lowest in the scale of those Polar races with which he has come into contact, the Reindeer Lapps standing the highest, and the Esquimaux of Danish Greenland and North America between the two. The latter retain the haughty self-esteem which probably first prompted their settlement in those remote and unfriendly regions; while the Samoyedes seem to have been cowed by the rigours of the climate, and deteriorated rather than improved by their communications with more civilised men. They are

heathen, offering sacrifices upon high places to idols consisting of wooden sticks, clumsily carved in the form of the human countenance. They practise polygamy, and enter upon marriage without any ceremony; but consider women to have equal rights with men. Their language belongs to the Altaic or Ural-Altaic stem, and is, by consequence, of the agglutinative character; but it furnishes no evidence of any kinship to the Fins, to whom they have been supposed to be allied, nor even to the Ostiaks. The very name is of disputed etymology, some deriving it from two Russian words signifying "self-eater," in allusion to supposed cannibal propensities, and some from a word denoting an individual, or "one who cannot be mistaken for another." The former seems the more probable, though the imputation it conveys is a slander, having no more authority than the old tradition about the Anthropophagi, from which it was probably borrowed. It is curious, in this connexion, to hear Giles Fletcher, the father of the two poets, cited as a witness.* He gives both derivations.

With the exception of the few Samoyedes who have settled in this neighbourhood, all the old world fields of Arctic research—Spitzbergen, Franz Josef Land (discovered by the Austrians in 1873-4, and named after their reigning sovereign), Vaigatz Island, the Taimur Peninsula, the New Siberian Islands, and probably Wrangel's Land also—are uninhabited. But the animal life is abundant. Innumerable flocks of birds swarm round the Polar traveller during the long summer day,—the fulmar, the auk, the loom, the puffin, the guillemot, the gull, the skua, the tern, among sea-birds; and among land-birds, the sand-piper, the snow-bunting, the ptarmigan, and the snowy owl. The author draws a lively picture of the "flocks of large grey birds which fly, or rather hover without moving their wings, close to the surface of the sea, rising and sinking with the swell of the billows, eagerly searching for some eatable object on the surface of the water," while "clouds of fowl suddenly emerge from the ground either to swarm in the air or else to fly out to sea," and after circling in the air "soon settle again on the stones of the mountain slopes, where, squabbling and fighting, they pack them-

* He was Queen Elizabeth's ambassador to the Czar in 1588, the year of the Armada, and the year in which the author of *Christ's Victory and Triumph* was born. He negotiated a commercial treaty with Russia greatly to the advantage of his own country.

selves so close together that from fifteen to thirty of them may be killed by a single shot. The larger mammalia also—the reindeer, the bear, the lemming, the walrus, the seal, the narwhal, and the white whale—though not so numerous as in the seventeenth century when an army of twenty thousand hunters could live on their spoils, are still abundant. The fact that in Spitzbergen, where the reindeer is much hunted by the Norwegians and others, its numbers do not diminish, as they do in Nova Zembla, where it enjoys comparative immunity from such attacks, suggests the existence of a breeding ground from some still unknown Polar land lying to the north-north-east. And the further fact that some of the Spitzbergen reindeer are marked on the horns or ears seems to point to such unknown land being inhabited. But it is possible that the marks may be due to frost. The Polar bear in former times created great dismay in travellers, as may be gathered from some graphic woodcuts of the sixteenth century. A closer acquaintance has sullied his reputation for courage. He is only fierce when hungry: at other times, he only pursues those who flee from him, flying himself from those who confront him. Though a good swimmer, he is perfectly helpless in the water, and “as easy to kill as a sheep.” His principal food is the seal and the walrus, but he is also graminivorous. He probably hibernates in winter: in the autumn, by a beneficent provision of nature, he accumulates an enormous quantity of fat. The whale fishery is no longer important in this part of the Polar Seas, so that whalers have to go elsewhere. But the walrus is still pursued for its tusks, skin, blubber, and oil, and the seal for its skin.

But we must return to our story. On the 1st of August the four vessels weighed anchor, and sailed or steamed through the Yugor Schar, otherwise called Vaigatz Sound, into the Kara Sea, encountering neither the ice nor the unfavourable winds which often render the passage of this strait a matter of difficulty. The Kara Sea has an ill name among Arctic voyagers, having formed, in one part or another, the turning-point of all previous expeditions, and remained a *mare incognitum* until very recent times. The reason is not far to seek. It is not that it is encumbered with icebergs. These occur in far larger numbers in more accessible seas, and are rather boreal than Polar. But the fresh-water currents, of which we have spoken above, as

opening a north-east channel in the autumn, have a totally different effect as the winter comes on. Freezing more easily than waters of a higher degree of salinity, the ice they form is immensely thick, and, being heaped by the cold northerly currents against the eastern coasts of Nova Zembla, completely blocks till late in summer the three openings—the Yugor Schar, the Kara Port, and the Matotschkin Skar—which unite the Kara Sea to the Atlantic. It was this that gave the Kara Sea its ill repute, and caused it to be called the ice-house. What was not known in former times, but is fully established now, is that during autumn this sea is quite available for navigation. In confirmation of the above statements as to the fresh-water currents, it may be said that, three days after setting sail, and not far from the Yalmal Peninsula, the water around the vessels, after filtering on account of the clay mixed with it, was almost drinkable. After passing the mouth of the Obi and the mouth of the Yenisei, the vessels arrived on the 6th of August at Dickson's Island (so named from the gentleman whose liberality so largely assisted the undertaking), and anchored at Port Dickson, a haven on the eastern side of the island, between it and the mainland, discovered by Nordenskiöld in 1875, and by him pronounced of great importance in the future for the foreign commerce of Siberia. It is surrounded on all sides by rocky islands, and is thus completely sheltered. It has a good clay bottom, and may be entered both from the north and the south-west. Though at present entirely destitute of inhabitants, the prediction is hazarded that "the day will come when great warehouses and many dwellings, inhabited all the year round, will be found at Port Dickson." If ever the Yenisei should become the highway for Siberian produce, it is easy to see that such an arrangement would be a necessity. An excellent sketch of the island and its surroundings, by Lieut. Bove, is included among the collection of maps, ancient and modern, that accompanies these volumes.

Having reached the limit of former expeditions, our author breaks the thread of his narrative in order to review their history from the sixteenth century. To this subject he devotes two chapters, the fifth and sixth, the former treating of voyages from Western Europe, principally English and Dutch, the latter of Russian and Norwegian voyages. Into these records we cannot enter

further than to indicate a few waymarks of early discovery. Chancellor (1553) discovered the route from England to the White Sea, so opening up intercourse between England and Russia. Burrough's voyage (1556) was the first from Western Europe to Nova Zembla, already known to the Russians. Pet and Jackman (1580) first forced an entrance into the Kara Sea. The first Dutch expedition, commanded by Barents (1594), explored the northern coasts of Nova Zembla, giving his name to that part of the Arctic Ocean which separates it from Spitzbergen. The second (1595) was less important. But the third (1596-7), under Barents, passed round the north of Nova Zembla, and was the first to winter in the far north (76° N. lat.). This expedition aroused unmingled admiration among all civilised nations; it discovered Bear Island and Spitzbergen. From this time until the present century interest in the problem of the north-east passage declined, although commercial enterprise throughout the interval prompted many expeditions both by land and sea, by means of which the map of the north of Europe and Asia was vastly enlarged and rectified. The circumnavigation of Nova Zembla in 1869 by the Norwegian Johannesen, and by the English Palliser in the same year, overturned old theories as to the state of the ice in that region, and opened a new era in the history of the north-east passage.

On the 10th of August the *Vega* and the *Lena* weighed anchor, the *Fraser* and the *Express* having sailed the day before for their destination at the mouth of the Yenisei. Professor Nordenskiöld says nothing of the feelings with which he and his companions turned their faces toward a region so utterly unknown to them as that which they were now about to explore. Indeed, throughout the book the interest of the reader is directed towards the work done, and never by any chance to the brave doers of it. The mixture of the calmness of the scientific observer and the *sang-froid* of the adventurous seaman which this reticence bears witness to, detracts nothing in our view from the value of the book. In the more popular account of Lieutenant Hovgaard, however, we are pleased to find evidences that the conductors of this expedition were men of like passions with ourselves, and were fully conscious of the serious perils of their undertaking, perils which their courage enabled them to surmount and to despise. They were 1,500 miles from Tromsø, but they had 500 miles

to make before they could sight Cape Chelyuskin, and nearly 800 more between that and the mouth of the Lena. The sea was clear of ice for the present, but how long this would last they could not tell. The ice might soon close around them, and then what would be their fate? They might be caught in the grip of the relentless pack, or carried away in the wake of the wandering drift, or crushed as many of their predecessors had been between enormous blocks of ice driven landward by the violence of the north-east wind. Apart from such contingencies, there were other dangers which called for constant watchfulness, rocky islets appearing not marked in any map, and thick fogs masking the approach to them, and rendering all observations impossible. But, for anything that appears to the contrary, not a heart quailed at the prospect, or doubted that with a favouring Providence they would soon round Cape Chelyuskin, and then make their voyage home. Meantime, the halts they were compelled to make were turned to good account by the scientific members of the expedition. From Chaborava excursions had been made to Vaigatz Island, which showed some interesting monuments of Samoyede worship, and to the Yalmal peninsula. Port Dickson, with the island itself, was surveyed, and a little farther on, the vessels being stopped by the fog, Drs. Kjellman and Almquist, with Lieutenant Nordquist and Nordenskiöld, landed on a bare and desolate island, and made observations on its fauna and flora. It is curious, just in this place, to meet with a speculation as to what becomes of the untold myriads of animals which in these desolate regions must die a natural death, and whose bodies are nevertheless so seldom found. A possible search for his own remains, and those of his brave companions, seems not to have entered our author's head. By the afternoon the fog had lifted, so that sail was set again; but ice began to show itself, and at night "increased for a little to an unpleasant extent." The next day, the 12th of August, they were sailing through considerable fields of scattered drift-ice, and had to take their choice between steering through this, as best they could, and seeking more open water near the shore in the midst of fog, and without any knowledge of the soundings. On the 13th they were compelled by a very close mist to anchor for a time in a small bay, and at night to moor their vessels to an ice-floe. The opportunity was seized

for making experiments with a view to the collection of the cosmic dust, which, as is commonly supposed, may be discovered in these regions in its native purity, and unalloyed by "the offal of civilisation." Though the search for this was not successful, the Professor discovered some crystals consisting of carbonate of lime, which give rise to curious conjectures. Their being found on the surface of the snow only, seems to suggest their having fallen from the interplanetary spaces. The importance of the whole subject to science, especially in reference to the formation of the plutonic rocks, is well known, and need not further detain us.

On the 14th of August the vessels anchored in a bay running into Taimur Island on the north side of Taimur Bay. Professor Nordenskiöld named this hospitable haven Actinia Bay, from the multitude of the sea-anemones brought up by dredging. During the four days they were detained here by stress of weather, excursions were made into Taimur Sound, dividing Taimur Island from the mainland, and elsewhere. Continuing their course on the 18th and 19th, through fog that only occasionally lifted so as to enable them to see the form of the coast, our voyagers reached the culminating point of their expedition. Cape Chelyuskin, as we have seen, had been approached both from the east and from the west, but had never yet been actually visited by a sea-going vessel. We will let our author tell the story of the arrival in his own unpretentious style.

"The fog prevented all view far across the ice, and I already feared that the northernmost promontory of Asia would be so surrounded with ice that we could not land upon it. But soon a dark, ice-free cape peeped out of the mist in the north-east. A bay open to the north here cuts into the land, and in this bay both the vessels anchored on the 19th of August at 6 p.m.

"We had now reached a great goal, which for centuries had been the object of unsuccessful struggles. For the first time a vessel lay at anchor off the northernmost cape of the Old World. No wonder then that the occurrence was celebrated by a display of flags, and the firing of salutes, and when we returned from our excursion on land, by festivities on board, by wine and toasts."

Curiously enough, they had a reception from a representative of the foremost mammalian tribe of those latitudes, as if to inquire what might be the meaning of this

strange irruption into a region as yet unvisited by any creature of loftier pretensions than his own.

"As on our arrival at Yenisei, we were received here, too, by a large Polar bear, who, even before the vessel anchored, was seen to go backwards and forwards on the beach, now and then turning his glance and his nose uneasily out to sea, in order to investigate what remarkable guests had now, for the first time, come to his kingdom. A boat was put off to kill him. Brusewitz was the chosen shot; but on this occasion the bear took care not to form a closer acquaintance with our guns. The firing of the guns put him so thoroughly to flight that he did not, as bears are wont, return the following day."

The following description of the most northerly promontory of the Old World will interest our readers:

"The north point of Asia forms a low promontory, which a bay divides into two, the eastern arm projecting a little farther to the north than the western. A ridge of hills with gently sloping sides runs into the land from the eastern point, and appears within sight of the western to reach a height of 300 metres. Like the plains lying below, the summits of this range were nearly free of snow. Only on the hill sides or in deep furrows excavated by the streams of melted snow, and in dales in the plains, were large white snow-fields to be seen. A low ice-foot still remained at most places along the shore. But no glacier rolled its bluish-white ice-masses down the mountain sides, and no inland lakes, no perpendicular cliffs, no high mountain summits, gave any natural beauty to the landscape, which was the most monotonous and the most desolate I have seen in the high north."

No trace of man was to be seen. Our travellers left their own mark in the shape of a stately cairn. Quitting Cape Chelyuskin on the 20th of August, they sailed due east in the direction of the New Siberian Islands through heavy drift ice and thick fog. On the 22nd they reached the most critical point of the whole voyage. The *Vega* was evidently getting entangled in an ice-labyrinth from which extrication would soon be impossible. The attempt to reach the New Siberian Islands was therefore abandoned, and strenuous endeavours made to reach the open water near the coast. This could not be done, however, by simply changing the course of the vessels to the required direction. They were hemmed in on all sides except the north, and there was no alternative but to "box the

compass," and seek an exit by the same opening by which they had sailed in. This, therefore, they did in the face of a fresh north-westerly breeze, and about 6.30 p.m. made their escape from their icy barriers. They now followed the line of the coast, in a southerly direction, the land rising gradually from it, so that beautiful mountain chains were seen, from 1,800 to 2,500 feet high, like the plains beneath quite free from snow. For two days they sailed on water marked on the maps as land, which shows that a considerable change must be made in the map of North Siberia. On the 24th they reached Preobraschenie Island, a grassy plain lying from 100 to 200 feet above the sea-level, the abode of numerous Arctic animals. On the night of the 27th they were opposite the Delta of the Lena, and here the two ships parted company. Letters for home were sent by the *Lena*, the last communications the expedition were to have with the civilised world for nearly a twelvemonth.

The *Vega* now again set her prow toward the New Siberian Islands, renowned since their discovery in 1760 for extraordinary finds of the extinct northern elephant, known as the mammoth. Professor Nordenskiöld devotes several pages to the history of these finds, so interesting as relics of a period of high antiquity, when the mammoth ranged not only the wilds of Siberia but many parts of Europe and North America. And these relics consist, not of mere bones and tusks, of which the New Siberian Islands were believed, by many to be in great part composed, but of whole, or almost whole, carcasses, embedded in the frozen soil, which the operation of the tides, among other causes, has brought to light. The huge retorted tusks, and the covering of hair, were the principal features that differentiated the mammoth from the elephant of southern climes. The warmer covering would enable it to live in Arctic regions under conditions not very dissimilar from those prevailing now. As to the tusks, the "final cause" of their peculiar shape is as yet unknown. These last still form an important article of commerce, being so numerous that a hundred pair yearly come into the market, and a total of 20,000 pair have probably been collected since the conquest of Siberia by the Russians. One pair, unearthed by an old explorer, was found to weigh 200 kilogrammes, or about four hundredweight. Not being flesh-eaters, such creatures might find sustenance in the vegetation of those

high latitudes, at least within the limit of trees, more easily than in the interior, and much more easily than camels can in the scorched Sahara. Professor Nordenskiöld was not in a position, from his own observations, to throw any additional light on the mode of life of the mammoth.

Pursuing now an easterly course, the *Vega*, on the 28th of August, sighted the westernmost of the New Siberian group, Semenoffskoj and Stolbovoj. The interest of this group of islands is not only geological but geographical, inasmuch as they must form the starting-point of any expeditions that may explore the unknown seas beyond, and from their hills Hedenström thought he discerned outlines of lands as yet untrodden by the foot of man. Nordenskiöld, with the true instinct of an explorer, desired to linger here, in order to make observations that might be useful to future expeditions. But the water was so shallow off Ljachoff's Island, where he had intended to land, as to threaten serious danger in case of frost, or even of a storm suddenly arising. He therefore was compelled to resume his course, which now took a south-easterly direction, nearly parallel to the main coast-line, but yet at a considerable distance from it. The distance of the last-named island from the mainland is stated by one authority to be 40', and by another 30': so greatly do the maps of this part of the world need revision. Just here a rocky headland juts from the mainland into the sea, Svjatoinos, or "the Holy Cape," so called apparently from its having formed the limit beyond which, no doubt for very good reasons, adventurers from the Lena dared not pass.

Our band of heroes met with considerable obstacles between this point and Bear Islands, here first encountering large glacier ice-blocks, to be distinguished from icebergs both by their size and their formation. They are much smaller, seldom exceeding in cross section forty yards, and a height of ten or twelve yards above the surface of the water, dimensions which are but one-tenth of those of the genuine icebergs. They originate from the "calving" of glaciers which project perpendicularly into the sea, and make up by their multiplicity for their lack of magnitude. East of the Bear Islands also heavy sea-ice had drifted in pretty compact masses towards the coast, leaving however an ice-free channel through which the *Vega* felt its way. Presently the ice drew closer, and compelled a series of efforts at extrication, which are significantly pictured by

the tortuous course of the vessel as marked upon Norden-skiöld's map of the whole route. On emerging into the channel again, the comparatively warm waters of the river Kolyma, which disembogues opposite Bear Islands, caused a sensible rise in the temperature both of air and water.

A still more pleasant change was in store for the voyagers at Cape Chelagskoj, for which they steered next, in the sight of human faces, the first they had seen since they left the Yugor Schar. Two boat-loads of laughing and chattering natives—men, women, and children—formed a break in the monotonous round of fog, shallow water, and ice, to which our voyagers had become so accustomed; and the sight brought all hands on deck. Perhaps their reception of their visitors would not have been quite so hearty if it had been known how intimate and prolonged their acquaintance was soon to be with people of the tribe to which these belonged. As it was, all were in expectation of a speedy change of scene and climate when once the Arctic circle had been passed; and presents were freely lavished which it would have been greater wisdom to hoard. We shall meet the Chukches, as these natives are called, again, and need not pause longer than to note the incident that enlivened men beginning to weary of their prolonged solitude.

On the 12th of September they passed Cape Irkaipij, by Captain Cook named Cape North, because the northernmost promontory he had seen, and so known in most maps. The name is obviously a misnomer, and should not any longer be retained. Here unfortunately the *Vega* was detained till the 18th of September, waiting for a better state of ice, which nevertheless was not obtained. The delay thus occasioned was fatal to the hopes of a return to warmer zones, which hitherto must have been beating high in every breast. Ten days more of alternate progress and delay brought them past Kolyutschin Bay into a channel near the coast, where the water was shallow and the surface covered with newly-formed ice. They sought the offing, but could not make their way out, and so lay to for the night in full expectation of a shift in the wind which would enable them to get clear, and to traverse the few miles that still separated them from Behring's Straits. Day after day passed, however, and brought no signs of change. Still hope held out, for, like Napoleon in contemplation of his still more famous expedition, Nordenskiöld had indus-

triously collected from all quarters information as to the kind of weather to be expected along this portion of his route, and from it had been led to expect that the water would remain open at least until October. Gradually, however, the suspicion arose that the good fortune which had hitherto attended the expedition was not to be altogether unalloyed. The ice-sheet in which they were enveloped, at first thin and frail, grew thicker and firmer day by day, and with it their apprehensions of detention, until at last all hope vanished, and they began in good earnest to prepare for wintering just on the threshold of the Pacific Ocean, and at no great distance from the Arctic pole of cold.

The position of the vessel was by no means secure. It did not lie at anchor in any haven, but anchored to a stranded ice-rock, which formed its only shelter from the enormous ice-pressure which winter storms occasion in the Polar seas. But for some shelter of this kind, the danger from accumulating ice-blocks would have been serious indeed. As it was, the strain was great, but no serious leak was sprung. Lest the vessel should be nipped by some sudden break-up of the frost, such as frequently occurs even in midwinter, a vast quantity of provisions and ammunition was carried to the shore, and covered with sails and oars, their only protection through the long winter months. A magnetic observatory was built of ice-blocks on the beach, and a line run over ice-pillars from it to the vessel, to guide the observers as they tramped to and fro in the darkness. On deck the snow was allowed to accumulate, and gradually formed a thick layer, which helped to protect the vessel from cold, a similar purpose being served by snowdrifts thrown up along its sides. A large tent covered the deck from the bridge to the fore, open at one end, so as to admit air to the vessel. Connection with the water below was maintained by cutting two holes, one as a precaution against fire, the other for tidal observations. Winter clothing and winter diet soon came into requisition. And although the cold ranged from $-20^{\circ} \cdot 8$ Centigrade in October down to $-45^{\circ} \cdot 7$ in January, and so on up the scale again to $-14^{\circ} \cdot 3$ in June, and $-1^{\circ} \cdot 0$ even in July, there were but few frost-bites, and not a single case of scurvy. Fresh meat was only tasted at Christmas, when two pigs were killed which had accompanied the expedition. Lime-juice—the non use of which in the Nares expedition was so com-

mented on after its return—does not appear among the list of preventatives, but preserved cloudberry and cranberry juice were regularly employed.

The meteorological and magnetical observations being about to be published separately, are not recorded here. Some interesting references to the subject are nevertheless made, one of which, connected with the gradual drifting of snow in a south-east direction throughout the months of winter, we will quote as a sample. After speaking of the effect of strong winds in carrying away the snow, which was never at any time covered with a coherent crust, the Professor adds :

“ Even when the wind was slight and the sky clear, there ran a stream of snow some centimetres in height along the ground in the direction of the wind, and this principally from north-west to south-east. Even this shallow stream heaped snow-drifts everywhere where there was any protection from the wind, and buried more certainly, if less rapidly, than the drifting snow of the storm, exposed objects, and trampled footpaths. The quantity of water which in a frozen form is removed in this, certainly not deep, but uninterrupted and rapid current over the north coast of Siberia to more southerly regions, must be equal to the mass of water in the giant rivers of our globe, and play a sufficiently great rôle as a carrier of cold to the most northerly forest regions, to receive the attention of meteorologists.”

The inmates of the *Vega* had not long established themselves in their winter quarters when they received visits from the inhabitants of two villages, Pitlekaj and Yinretlen, belonging to the Chukch tribe, whose acquaintance they had made at Cape Chelagskoj. Several other settlements were scattered about the neighbourhood, numbering altogether some three hundred souls. They lived in tents of reindeer skin, consisting of an outer and inner chamber, the latter used as a sleeping room, and in winter as a living room too. Their food is the reindeer and seal, and as supplies of these are necessarily at times precarious, the inhabitants are more or less migratory. The opportunity for procuring brandy and tobacco, presented by the visit of the *Vega*, was too good to be thrown away, and the natives lost no time in making their way in a large skin boat through a lane of water comparatively free from ice to the side of the vessel, and, when they reached it, clambered over with great glee, shouting, *Anoaj, anoaj* (Good day,

good day). Friendly relations were soon established ; and though the Chukches were sometimes troublesome beggars, cold, poverty, and hunger did not tempt them to disregard the rights of property. In other respects neither their manners nor their morals ranked very high ; though crimes of violence were rare among them, owing probably more to a general deterioration of nature through long battling with unfriendly elements than to anything like moral principle. Under the influence of brandy, which, to his honour be it spoken, Nordenskiöld declined to deal in, they were sometimes noisy, but never dangerous. All the Chukches of this neighbourhood were heathen, standing in great awe of their *shamans*, as their priests are called.

A curious episode in the history of their dealings with these people was a visit paid to our voyagers by a personage named Wassili Menka, starost among the Reindeer Chukches, and according to his own account a representative of the Russian empire. Conveyed to the side of the vessel on a dog-sledge by a number of his people, this dignitary stepped on deck with a confident air, crossed himself, saluted the strangers graciously, and in broken Russian, gave them to understand that he was a man of great importance. He showed his credentials, and both gave and received presents ; but the limited state of his knowledge forbade implicit reliance on his pretensions. He understood a map that was shown him, but himself could neither read nor write. Though a high official in the Russian empire, of the existence of the head of that empire he had no idea, though he was aware that a very powerful person lived at Irkutsk. As he said he should be travelling in the direction of some Russian settlements, it seemed worth while to make him the bearer of a message home, to be delivered to the Governor-general at Irkutsk. This commission he promised to execute, and was not long in turning it to the account of his own self-importance, by collecting the natives and reading to them out of the document committed to him long Chukch sentences apparently expressive of his own great dignity, the document itself, which was written in Russian, being in the meantime held upside down. The commission was nevertheless executed, though the message did not reach Western Europe till the month of May, when fears for the safety of the *Vega* began to be seriously entertained. The photograph of Menka accompanying this account shows a countenance marked

by all the characters of mingled cunning, vanity and humour which have been attributed to him.

Such company as that of Menka and his tribe formed but a poor compensation for the lack of civilised society, and even the Christmas festivities, from the drinking of King Oscar's health to the decking of a Christmas-tree, must have been celebrated with a grim kind of mirth with the sun almost wholly absent and the thermometer at -37° C. Auroras did their best to light up the scene outside, and diversified amusements gave a sort of gaiety to the life indoors, though musical and dramatic entertainments failed for want of the necessary gifts. Popular lectures on scientific subjects were more successful, securing an interested audience. Scientific observations, also, served profitably to occupy the minds of such as could engage in them. But for all this the winter of 1878-9 must have seemed a very long one, and right glad must the whole company have been when the long frost showed signs of breaking up. Many were the hopes of such a change which turned out to be premature. Many were the battles in the gunroom between pessimists and optimists as to the result of some temporary change, but for many months the pessimists always won the day.

It was not till July, 1879, that the ground became free from snow; and even then the ice was so strong that on the 16th of that month a heavily loaded double sledge could be driven from the vessel to the shore. The next day the "year's ice" broke up, but the old ice remained firm; and all agreed that another fortnight must pass before the ship could get free. On the 18th Nordenskiöld was planning a five days' excursion to a distant Chukch settlement. But on the afternoon of that day the vessel was observed to move slightly. Instantly Captain Palander was on deck, saw that the ice was in motion, ordered the boiler fires to be lit and the engine to be set to work; and in two hours the *Vega* was steaming away in the direction of Behring's Straits. By 11 a.m. the next day she was in the middle of the sound which unites the North Polar Sea with the Pacific, and greeted the old and new worlds at once by a display of flags and a salute of cannon.

"Thus finally we reached the goal towards which so many nations had struggled, all along from the time when Sir Hugh Willoughby, with the firing of salutes from cannon and with hurrahs from festive-clad seamen, in the presence of an in-

numerable crowd of jubilant men, certain of success, ushered in the long series of north-east voyages. But, as I have before related, their hopes were grimly disappointed. Sir Hugh and all his men perished as pioneers of England's navigation and of voyages to the ice-encumbered sea which bounds Europe and Asia on the north. Innumerable other marine expeditions have since then trodden the same path, always without success, and generally with the sacrifice of the vessel, and of the life and health of many brave seamen. Now for the first time, after the lapse of 336 years, and when most men experienced in such matters had declared the undertaking impossible, was the north-east passage at last achieved. This has taken place—thanks to the discipline, zeal, and ability of our man-of-war's men and their officers—without the sacrifice of a single human life, without sickness among those who took part in the undertaking, without the slightest damage to the vessel, and under circumstances which show that the same thing may be done again in most, perhaps in all years, in the course of a few weeks.

"It may be permitted us to say, that under such circumstances it was with pride we saw the blue-yellow flag rise to the mast-head, and heard the Swedish salute in the Sound where the Old and the New Worlds reach hands to each other. The course along which we sailed is, indeed, no longer required as a commercial route between Europe and China. But it has been granted to this and the preceding Swedish expeditions to open a sea to navigation, and to confer on half a continent the possibility of communicating by sea with the oceans of the world."

We need not follow Professor Nordenskiöld through the subsequent stages of the voyage, which may be fitly described as one long ovation. Suffice it to say that, after circumnavigating Asia—calling at Yokohama, Hong Kong, Singapore, and the Point de Galle on the way—they availed themselves of the shortened route by the Suez Canal; and, after touching at Lisbon, Falmouth, and Copenhagen, arrived at Stockholm on the 24th of April, 1880, where they were received with immense enthusiasm. The leader of the expedition has since been created by his sovereign Baron Nordenskiöld, an honour dearly purchased and well deserved. We are glad to see the announcement as we write, that the Oxford University intends at the forthcoming Commemoration to confer upon him the degree of D.C.L., a distinction frequently bestowed on men whose eminence has been gained in fields unconnected with the purposes for which an university may be supposed to exist. In this instance, despite his own modest disclaimer,

the highest heroism has been associated with devotion to the interests both of science and humanity at large.

A few words we must add as to the result of the voyage of the *Vega*. That the north-east passage is possible it proves, of course, beyond a doubt. But possibility is separated by very many degrees from such a favourable combination of circumstances as would constitute it an easy, safe, reliable route. Baron Nordenskiöld's views are perhaps almost necessarily somewhat optimistic. The unlooked-for detention at Pitlekaj seems of itself to check extravagant expectations. On several occasions prior to this there was, to say the least, considerable embarrassment, not arising from ignorance merely, but from stubborn ice and blinding fog. Better speed may be made, no doubt, as the soundings are better known. But the uncertainty of the season will always be a perturbing element in the calculations, and the almost certainty of difficulty at the entrance of the Kara Sea will be a continual omen of bad luck. But, whatever the fortunes of the north-east passage considered as a whole, we think it is clearly demonstrated that the opening up of Siberia to the commerce of the world through ocean navigation is only a question of time. Vessels from Western Europe will probably soon ply to and from the mouths of the Obi and the Yenisei, and vessels from Eastern Asia and America to and from the mouth of the Lena, thus avoiding the most northerly portion of the whole, the 1,200 miles that separate by sea the Lena from the Yenisei.

However that may be, a great impetus has been given by the voyage of the *Vega* to Arctic exploration. The *Eira*, for instance, in command of an Englishman, Mr. Smith, set out for the Barents Sea last summer. Fears are expressed that she may have been hopelessly entangled in the ice; and an expedition for her relief, or rather for the relief of her crew and captain, is being planned this year. The apparently inevitable disasters that have hitherto beset isolated expeditions, and notably the fate of the *Jeannette*, have of late turned men's thoughts to a different course of action. Professor Neumayer of Hamburg, has for some years insisted that the only hope of ultimate success lies in the establishment of "permanent, or comparatively permanent, observatories in the heart of the Polar region." The Austrian Weyprecht, ever since his return from the discovery of Franz Josef Land,

has expressed himself strongly in favour of the same method. The International Polar Conferences at Hamburg in 1879, and St. Petersburg in 1881, took up the idea, and at the latter meeting a joint enterprise was resolved upon. This year Point Barrow, on the coast of Alaska, is to be occupied by Americans; Germany will be represented in Labrador and Cumberland, and also in the Antarctic region, about 1,000 miles east of Cape Horn. Western Greenland is to be visited by a Danish, the island of Jan Meyen by an Austrian, and Spitzbergen by a Swedish expedition; while the northernmost point of Europe will be left in the hands of Norway. Russia will take up positions at Port Dickson and at the mouth of the Lena, and Holland in Nova Zembla. England and France will not altogether retire from this amicable rivalry, the former sending an expedition to Fort Simpson in Canada, and the latter to Cape Horn. Truly, this is a novel form of the European concert, and a profitable channel for the forces of civilisation. Would that this concert were never employed on less desirable objects, and that those forces never sought a less healthy outlet! Let us accept it as a favourable omen that, amid so much to distress and perplex the public mind in this and many other countries, men of science of diverse nationality are banding together for the good of their kind, and sacrificing life and health and fortune to such a noble end.

We had designed to make our observations on the north-east passage expedition a kind of introduction to some account of the region they circumnavigated in the course of it, viz., Siberia, which has been described by Mr. Lansdell in two volumes as interesting as those of David Livingstone, and treating of a country almost as completely unknown as those which he revealed to the civilised world. But the space at our disposal is exhausted, and we must defer our review of *Through Siberia* to another opportunity.

ART. VIII.—1. *The New Testament in the Original Greek.*

The Text Revised by BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., and FENTON JOHN ANTHONY HORT, D.D. With Introduction and Appendix. Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

2. *The Revisers and the Greek Text of the New Testament.*

By TWO MEMBERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT COMPANY. London: Macmillan and Co. 1882.

THE Greek Testament which will be known as Westcott and Hort's has been subjected, in common with the Revised Version, to a severe attack: an ordeal that might have been expected and will prove very useful. The eminent editors' long labours have been already welcomed throughout Europe. In England they have been less demonstratively received; but in such a way as to prophesy a firm and lasting hold on the national mind. Meanwhile, it has come to be generally understood that there is a peculiar bond between their Greek Testament and the New Version. To attack the one is to attack the other; and consequently the defence of the one is the defence of the other. Undoubtedly the Introduction, which explains the critical principles on which the new text has been constructed, will be itself defended as it ought to be defended by its author. So far as the public generally needs to hear the defence, it is found in the little pamphlet mentioned above, which has reached us just in time for our present issue. We could not venture to approach the controversy that has been raised until this contribution to it was in our hands: being as it is something like an authoritative reply to a recent vigorous assault on the whole work of the Revisers and sent out in such a popular form as to come within the range of our function as reviewers. It must have struck every one during the past year that the question of the Revised Text, with the mysteries of scientific criticism involved in it, is not adapted to the pages of a general Review. Certainly we have no intention to discuss it. We have only to make a few remarks which may help to clear up the judgment of some who are feeling themselves adrift: having been rudely wakened out of a placid feeling of contentment with the great literary manifestation of 1881.

Most of our readers had come to the conclusion that the New Revision was the worthy produce of ten years' indefatigable attention to the work. As to the general accuracy of the translation, and its great superiority to the old one in many points of great importance, they entertained no doubt. It was plain enough that much had been lost in the rhythm and music of the sentences; but it was remembered that exact rendering was a matter of incomparably greater moment than rhythm, and it was judged that familiarity would, in due time, make many a harsh change tolerable. During the year that has elapsed we believe that this judgment has, on the whole, gained ground. Few students of Scripture, few preachers, have failed to find an immense advantage in consulting the new English text. We make bold to say that it has been practically the standard translation to a great majority of these working classes of the Christian Church. And we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that it will continue to be so. Whatever the ultimate destiny of the Revision may be, it will always prove itself an indispensable companion in the study. No criticism that has come under our notice seriously affects this point. Some blots have been doubtless established; and some demonstrations given that the Revision wants revising. But in our judgment these blots and these weak places for future amendment are of no great moment, when compared with the enormous gain. It cannot be said that they are only spots in the sun. They are more than that. They are quite sufficient to make it imperative that the Company should meet again over their work when the Old Testament is ready, and give it a searching purification. But we repeat that in our judgment—after well considering most of the charges brought against the translation as such—nothing has been established that seriously affects its permanent value, at least in the study.

We would advise our younger readers especially, who have begun to use the Revision with confidence, not to allow their confidence to be easily shaken. It will be a wholesome discipline for them to examine the charges brought against it seriatim, with the two texts collated; and to make the few emendations that will seem to be peremptorily required. They must not give way to panic, because vehement and intemperate outcries are in the air. They must not let a few failures here and there outweigh the great mass of substantial additions to their knowledge which enriches the pages of the New Version. Those who do this will be great losers, and

those who have put temptations and stumbling-blocks in their way have done and are doing more mischief than they will be able to repair. The enemies of the Revision seem to forget that with all its defects it is crowded with direct helps for the understanding of the New Testament. Those who read their attacks should take account of their want of generosity, candour, and it may be added truth in this matter. Perhaps it has not occurred to the unsuspicious young student who has been carried captive by the racy assaults that the charges are limited to some dozen or twenty instances of imperfection, while hundreds of clear and undisputed gains to the sense are passed by without mention. Certainly the time will come when this must be generally appreciated. Attacks upon this work of so many labourers and of so many years surely cannot be fair, which allow it no merit and have not one single good word to say about it. This is overshooting the mark, and must, in due time, tell against the adversary himself.

Our pamphlet, however, does not touch the question of the English revision of the translation: doubtless supposing that their English will take care of itself. Surely it must seem a strange thing that a large number of scholars, of all tastes and habitudes, checking and controlling each other at all points, should not be able to send out a translation correct at least in its English. The outcry on this subject seems to be *a priori* unreasonable; and when we look for justification of it we find none that is of any real force. The Two Members do not spend a sentence in their vindication on this point. They take up another question: that of the new text which they are alleged to have substituted for the old Greek Testament that had commanded the suffrages of the Christian Church from the beginning. Their subject is the assault which, in recent numbers of the *Quarterly Review*, has been made upon "the whole fabric of criticism which has been built up during the last fifty years by the patient labour of successive editors of the Greek Testament." The tone of the attack—not its formal expression—has been such as to give the impression that a totally different text had been introduced in the place of some venerable representative of the sacred autographs which until this time had held undisturbed possession. Here there are two things totally distinct, on each of which some of our readers may need to be informed. First, the Revisers have not introduced a new text, that not being the task assigned to them; they have only adopted the

best attested readings in amending the old text. Secondly the improvements or changes they have introduced have the whole strength of modern science to sustain their character.

Our apologists set out with the latter. It is in fact the strength of their case. The Biblical criticism of the last fifty years especially, and more generally of the last two centuries, is utterly discredited if the principles that have guided the Revisers in their decisions on texts, and which have found their best expression in Westcott and Hort, are rejected :

"If the Reviewer is right, Mill and Bentley, at the beginning of the eighteenth century (not to mention any of the critics who came after them), were in pursuit of an *ignis fatuus*. Mill, the founder (so far as the Greek Testament is concerned) of textual criticism, did not construct a new text himself, but provided materials for the use of others. It was his hope, as he tells us in his Prolegomena, that the large stock of evidence which he had accumulated and had placed at the foot of his pages would enable those who used his book to see without difficulty what was the genuine reading of the sacred text in almost every passage. Bentley proposed to construct a new Greek text which should be founded exclusively on the most ancient documents then accessible. The plan which he sketched was the very plan which Lachmann carried out in the present century with better materials than Bentley could have obtained. According to the Reviewer there was no room for such hopes or such an ambition. Mill and Bentley had in their hands a text—the *Textus Receptus*—which, though not absolutely perfect, needed, at all events, but little emendation."

The Revisers appeal to the history of modern Biblical criticism. That the names of two of their members, Drs. Westcott and Hort, are so often mentioned as having guided and controlled their decisions, springs from a misapprehension of the relation of these two eminent divines to the Company. It is only right to give in full their explanation on this point :

"It will be remembered that the treatise which we have quoted so largely, we mean the Introduction to the Greek Testament of Dr. Westcott and Dr. Hort, was not published until after the publication of the Revised Version, nor was it at any time, we must observe, privately communicated to the Revisers. It was impossible for the Revision Company, therefore, to pronounce (if it had been so inclined) a corporate opinion on its merits. In all that we have said of it we have been speaking for ourselves alone. It is right to add in this place that the Company never expressed

an opinion on the value of the genealogical method itself, which was first employed in the last century by Bengel, and afterwards developed largely by Griesbach, although the world is indebted to Dr. Westcott and Dr. Hort for a full display of its capabilities. Indeed the Company did not lay down for the government of its action any formal theory of textual criticism. It was impossible, however, to mistake the conviction upon which its textual decisions were based. It was a conviction common to all the great critical editors, from Griesbach downwards, however variously they might state this or that argument in its favour. It was a conviction that the true text was not to be sought in the *Textus Receptus*, or in the bulk of the cursive manuscripts, or in the late uncials (with or without the support of the *Codex Alexandrinus*), or in the fathers who lived after Chrysostom, or in Chrysostom himself and his contemporaries; but in the consentient testimony of the most ancient authorities. That this was the conviction of Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles, is plain from the character of the texts which they gave to the world. Those texts show, beyond controversy, how far they were from regarding the Received Text as a standard, and how high a value they ascribed to the oldest manuscripts, versions, and fathers. The consequence of this fundamental agreement is a close similarity in textual results. An overwhelming majority of the readings adopted by the Revisers will be found to have been adopted before them by one or all of these three editors. A similar relation will be found to exist between the Revisers' choice of readings and the Greek text of Dr. Westcott and Dr. Hort. The 'New Greek Text' (as the Reviewer calls it) is not based, as he seems to suppose, on the text of the two Cambridge professors, nor on the text of any one of the great editors who preceded them. Its similarity to all these four texts is the natural consequence of general agreement in respect of the authority to be ascribed to the several documents, or classes of documents, which make up the *apparatus criticus* of every editor of the Greek Testament."

It cannot, then, be too distinctly laid down that the changes of text which the Revisers have thought fit to make have been made on the principles of careful collation of families of manuscripts which Christendom may be supposed to have long accepted. There have been changes in a conventional text to which an almost superstitious respect has been paid. It is time that the truth on this subject should be generally known. There is no better account of what is called the Received Text, the text which answers generally to our Authorised Version, than is given in these pages. Its pedigree is traced with skill, and we must not save the reader

the profitable labour of studying it there. The fifth edition of Beza's Greek Testament, published in 1598, seems to have been that from which the translation was made. This was mainly a reproduction of the third edition of Stephanus, 1550, generally regarded as the standard. "The beautiful folio of 1550, at which we have now arrived, exhibits indeed in its margin a regular collection of various readings, but they formed little more than the embroidery of a handsome page, though it was an embroidery which gave such offence to the doctors of the Sorbonne, that the great printer thought it convenient to leave his native city that same year, and to spend the remaining nine years of his honourable life in practical exile at Geneva." This third edition of Stephanus leads back to the fourth and best edition of Erasmus, 1527; and this to his first edition, 1516, the first published (the Complutensian being the first printed) edition of the New Testament in Greek. It issued from the printing-press of John Froben, of Basle, little more than ten months from the time when he suggested the undertaking to Erasmus. This is an important matter in the true valuation of our Received Text: "The manuscripts from which it was printed, two of which retain to this day the printer's marks and the corrections of the hurried editor (anxious, like Froben, to anticipate the splendid Complutensian edition) have been all identified, and are all, we believe, with one exception, now to be found in the public library of Basle." They were a manuscript of the fifteenth century for the Gospels, one of the thirteenth for the Acts and the Epistles, and for the Apocalypse a mutilated one said to be of the twelfth century. These manuscripts, and one or two others, to which Erasmus referred, were on the whole inferior, in Dr. Scrivener's judgment, and of little critical value. However, they agreed generally with the bulk of the cursive manuscripts, those written in running hand, and not in uncial or capital letters, and the lineage thus goes up to the ninth century. But that is not all. Dr. Hort says that "an overwhelming number of the variants common to the great mass of cursive and late uncial Greek MSS. are identical with the readings followed by Chrysostom (*ob.* 437) in the composition of his *Homilies*." And it further appears on examination that "the fundamental text of late extant Greek MSS. generally is beyond all question identical with the dominant Antiochian or Græco-Syrian text of the second half of the fourth century." Hence, "the first ancestor of the Received Text was, as Dr. Hort is careful to remind us,

at least contemporary with the oldest of our extant manuscripts, if not older than any one of them."

What hinders it, then, from being the common standard of appeal? Many reasons, which are given with great force and clearness in these pages. It may be said that its high lineage does not guarantee its purity, as it varies from the cursive manuscripts through errors of transcription as much as the cursives vary from the Syrian Fathers. Though it presides over a whole army of common manuscripts, bearing the same general character, it is infected with errors of its own. But the more scientific answer is that the writings of the fourth century which have come down to us give evidence that there were other texts extant at the same time with the text known to Chrysostom—the basis of the *Receptus*—and widely differing from it. Moreover, a rigorous examination of them shows that the Syrian text of Chrysostom—the parent of the dominant army of cursives and the common text—did not represent an earlier tradition than those others; but in fact was later, being the result of a comparison of the earlier texts and a depravation of them.

The materials of the science that has established this are gathered from many regions: manuscripts, uncial and cursive, versions, quotations in the Fathers. These, it has been observed, give evidence of the existence of several distinct types or characters of text besides that which we call Syrian, *i.e.*, the representative of the Received Greek Testament. The latest results of the critical sifting of this material are thus stated:

"It is thought now that they are separable into four groups, each group disclosing a primary text of very great antiquity, to the existence and character of which all the members of the group bear in varying degrees their individual testimony. The process by which this vast mass of documents has been reduced to such simple and manageable dimensions has been going on almost from the earliest days of sacred criticism. From the year 1716, at all events, when Bentley was corresponding with Wetstein, down to the year 1881, when the elaborately-constructed Text and exhaustive Critical Introduction of Dr. Westcott and Dr. Hort were given to the world, the problem how to master and use properly the accumulating material has been that which each generation of critics has been labouring to solve, and labouring (we may fearlessly say) with steadily increasing success. When we remember how Bentley's hints and prelusive suggestions of 1716 and 1720 were expanded by Bengel in 1734, recruited by the materials of

Wetstein in 1751, developed and systematised by Griesbach in 1796, practically set forth by Lachmann in the text of his Greek Testament of 1831, and recognised, illustrated, and solidified by Lachmann's great successors, Tischendorf and Tregelles, in our own days, we may certainly feel that we have now reached firm critical ground, and that what were once surmises and theories have become acknowledged facts and verified and accepted principles."

The reader who would understand these principles must read again the Introduction to the Greek Testament of Drs. Westcott and Hort; especially those parts which, in somewhat new phraseology and sometimes very elaborate sentences, describe the wonderful methods by which a number of manuscripts may be made to disclose their parentage, and yield a text distinct from them all. The broad principle of the method is by rigorous investigation of the documents, and close study of their relations to each other, to separate those which can by analysis be proved to owe their origin to some common exemplar, lost or extant; and to continue this process in reference to the ancestral exemplars, until the genealogical tree of transmission is completed, and a point reached where the particular character of text which belongs to the whole family of documents can be traced no further. We will, however, give a few paragraphs from Dr. Hort himself.

"Let it be supposed that a treatise exists in ten MSS. If they are used without reference to genealogy by an editor having a general preference for documentary evidence, a reading found in nine of them will in most cases be taken before a rival reading found only in the tenth, which will naturally be regarded as a casual aberration. If the editor decides otherwise, he does so in reliance on his own judgment, either as to the high probability of the reading or as to the high excellence of the MS. He may be right in either case, and in the latter case he is more likely to be right than not; but where an overwhelming preponderance of the only kind of documentary evidence recognised is so boldly disregarded, a wide door is opened for dangerous uncertainty."

Hence the number of the witnesses is not of paramount importance. It holds good everywhere that majorities of themselves are not decisive. Were they so, the case against modern Biblical criticism would be a strong one. The torrents and swarms of manuscripts are against most of the emendations that have been introduced. Some of the remarkable alterations in our Revised Version would be found to have almost a thousand written witnesses clamouring against them.

Now, if the vital verities of the Faith were in question, it might be hard to understand how it is that the Holy Spirit, the Guardian of Holy Scripture, should have allowed the true text to remain in one or two comparatively neglected copies, while the false text is trumpeted by hundreds of tongues. Let us read again :

"Another editor begins by studying the relations of the MSS., and finds sufficient evidence, external or internal, for believing that the first nine MSS. were all copied directly or indirectly from the tenth MS., and derived nothing from any document independent of the tenth. He will then know that all their variations from the tenth can be only corruptions (successful cursory emendations of scribes being left out of account), and that for documentary evidence he has only to follow the tenth. Apart therefore from corruptions in the tenth, for the detection of which he can obviously have no documentary evidence, his text will at once be safe and true."

Of course all depends here on the "sufficient evidence" which leads the examiner to his conclusion. What that means takes us into the very arcana of the science: Dr. Hort's volume must be studied carefully before we can enter. Here, of course, is the handle found for attack by the enemy. But we will go on once more.

"If, however, the result of the second supposed editor's study is to find that all the nine MSS. were derived not from the tenth but from another lost MS., his ten documents resolve themselves virtually into two witnesses; the tenth MS., which he can know directly and completely, and the lost MS., which he must restore through the readings of its nine descendants, exactly and by simple transcription where they agree, approximately and by critical processes where they disagree. After these processes some few variations among the nine may doubtless be left in uncertainty, but the greater part will have been cleared away, leaving the text of the lost MS. (with these definite exceptions) as certain as if it were accessible to the eyes. Where the two ultimate witnesses agree, the text will be as certain as the extant documents can make it; more certain than if the nine MSS. had been derived from the tenth, because going back to an earlier link of transmission, the common source of the two witnesses. This common source may indeed be of any date not later than the earliest of the MSS., and accordingly separated from the autograph by any number of transcriptions, so that its text may vary from absolute purity to any amount of corruption; but conjecture is the sole possible instrument for detecting or correcting whatever

errors it may contain. This common source is the only original with which any of the methods of criticism now under discussion have any concern. When the two ultimate witnesses differ, the genealogical method ceases to be applicable, and a comparison of the intrinsic general character of the two texts becomes the only resource."

It need hardly be said that he who would see the beauty and the power of the genealogical instrument must study this paragraph until he thoroughly understands and appreciates it. Subtle indications of an earlier copy for ever gone unite a number of manuscripts into one: reducing their number as witnesses, but wonderfully increasing the strength of the testimony. We must now return, however, to the application of the method, and the results of a searching examination into the contents and character of the existing documents.

And first we have that largest group, to which so much attention has been lately directed, and which we have been speaking of as the *Textus Receptus* extant through all ages, though now stript of some of its dignity. Here are the Codex Alexandrinus, A, the father of a few later uncials, the mass of the cursives running through the centuries, the Versions of the Fourth Century, and of later centuries. Here come the quotations of the Antiochian Fathers of the fourth century, and the majority of later Greek Fathers. These all present what Dr. Hort calls the Syrian text, which the QUARTERLY REVIEW defends and modern criticism tends to disparage. The peculiarity of this text is its comparative smoothness. It seems like the result of a deliberate recension or combination of several other texts, the existence of which can be traced by the genealogical process above mentioned. Hence it is eclectic; and, as might be expected, copious in matter, with sentences smoothed out by connecting particles, and softened down considerably. The Syrian text at length obtained the supremacy: it passed from Antioch to Constantinople, and became "the New Testament of the East." It has been for three hundred years the *Textus Receptus*.

This being abstracted from the mass there remain evidences of the three primitive types of text out of which it had been formed: three beds or layers of manuscript upon which the earliest Biblical criticism in Syria spent its efforts. These are termed by Dr. Hort—and his terminology will rule the science henceforward—the Western, the Alexandrian, and the Neutral Texts. On many accounts, the last absorbs the chief interest. The third of these texts is, for critical pur-

poses, by far the most interesting and valuable. It is a text which appears to be free alike from Syrian, Western, and Alexandrian characteristics, and is therefore called Neutral by Dr. Hort. Strong evidence is produced for the existence of a text which deserves this name and character. If the evidence be admitted to be sufficient, it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the phenomenon. It has been brought to light by the only sure method which can be adopted in questions of such intricacy,—the minute examination of documents. The whole question relating to this third, and (as it is thought) most genuine form of the ancient text is of the greatest critical importance. The manuscripts which have the highest place are the *Codex Vaticanus* and *Codex Sinaiticus*; and it is to be noted that they “held the same place, for the most part, in the estimation of textual critics before the publication of Dr. Hort’s treatise on grounds wholly independent of his theory.”

Now comes the question of greatest importance, On what grounds is the Syrian text—that is, the popular *Textus Receptus* of subsequent ages—thought to be later in date than the other three, and especially the Neutral? We shall quote the paragraph here instead of abridging it: dividing it, however, for the sake of comment.

“The first reason appears to us almost sufficient to settle the question by itself. It is founded on the observation, to which we have already alluded, that the Syrian text presents numerous instances of readings which, according to all textual probability, must be considered to be combinations of earlier readings still extant. To illustrate this in detail would not be possible in an essay like the present: we must refer the reader to Dr. Hort’s own pages. He will find there abundant illustration of it in eight examples rigorously analysed, which seem to supply a proof, as positive as the subject admits, that Syrian readings are posterior both to Western readings, and to other readings which may be properly described as neutral.”

The eight examples alluded to are what have been called “conflate readings,” from the fact that they are obviously composite readings, made up of a combination of two or three others. For instance, some documents read in Acts vi. 8 “full of grace,” and others “full of faith.” One manuscript adds the conjunction, and unites them, “full of grace and faith.” Applying the text to groups of manuscripts the results are very remarkable. Take Mark vi. 13. The uncials most valued by an editor read at the end of the verse, *kai*

προῆλθον αὐτοῖς. Another group, however, read καὶ συνῆλθον αὐτόν; while the popular text reads καὶ προῆλθον αὐτοὺς καὶ συνῆλθον πρὸς αὐτόν. This last seems to be "conflate" from the two former. But it may be said, of course, that the two former are simplifications of the last: which would be the natural defence of the Received Text in all cases. This is the only alternative. Why it is held conflate introduces the most delicate and subtle processes of critical judgment: processes to which Dr. Hort's volume would soon train the thoughtful student, and in the course of training almost infallibly make him a convert. The popular reading would not tempt any one to change: it is doubtless the most rounded and satisfactory. How then to account for either of the two other readings? We have to place ourselves in the position of the scribe, and give a probable account of any change as it proceeded from his pen. In this case difficulty arises and remains. The final umpire must be internal evidence. "The fresh point simply spoils the point of ἐξελθών in ver. 34; the multitude 'followed' (Matt., Luke) the Lord to the desert region (ἐκεῖ), but the actual arrival at His presence was due to His act, not theirs, for He 'came out' of His retirement in some sequestered nook to meet them. Thus if we look below the surface, the additional clause in the Received reading is found to disarrange the diction and confuse rather than enrich the sense; while according to the clear and exact language of the first reading, the fact to which the whole sentence leads up stands emphatically at its close, and there is no premature intrusion of what properly belongs to the next part of the narrative." Hence the ancestor of the documents attesting the popular reading must have been later than the ancestor of either of the other two.

Space allows no more than a mere mention of some other instances; and these will be given as they lie in the Authorised and the Revised Versions. In Mark viii. 26, we now read: "Neither go into the town, nor tell it to any in the town." The group preferred in the Revised reads tersely and in a unique style, "Do not even enter into the village." The explanation and defence of this reading, and the evidence of conflation in the reading of the Receptus, form an interesting page in Dr. Hort's Introduction: interesting, as it shows to what shifts and devices subsequent copyists were reduced in order to soften down its harshness, and how nearly the difficulty was solved by the Syrian recension. So in Mark ix. 38, "And we forbade him, because he followeth not us," was the

first and the best reading. Another had "Who followeth not with us, and we forbade him." It is to the final conflation that we owe our clumsy reading, "And he followeth not us: and we forbade him, because he followeth not us." But the most interesting is the conflation, "For every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt," derived from the early text, "For every one shall be salted with fire," and another, arising from Lev. ii. 13, "Every sacrifice shall be salted with fire." But we do not add the remainder of the instances: simply because it is out of the question to do justice to the skilful and elaborate manipulation of the evidence which leads at last to the irresistible conclusion in each case. Those who wish to understand the argument that our *Textus Receptus* the basis (in general) of our present Authorised Version, was built upon a comparison and combination of other several texts which had an ancestry as high as, and in the cases adduced higher than its own, must give a careful attention to the Introductory volume. It is impossible to do justice to the examination, the argument, the induction of these pages by any brief references or abridgment. The Pamphlet of our Two Revisers proves that. Suffice that the instances given are so illustrated as to make it almost certain—unless we have been under a spell, they have made it certain to us—that there was something lying beyond and before the usual types of text which the Syrian text collated and adapted; that this Syrian text is a composite from them; that neither of them is a broken fragment of the fuller Syrian; that one of them is generally able—by counsel, of course, for the brief needs to be held by professional hands—to establish its claims to be the first; and that the elect one is that which is mostly represented by the Codex B and the Sinaiticus,—those, namely, which "The Reviewer" treats with so much contempt. But once more it must be observed that neither our Two Revisers nor ourselves who notice their labours have given any idea of the exquisite processes by which family relations are traced and the pedigree established among the groups: by which, in fact, the chronological sequence among documents is surely traced.

"The second reason adduced is almost equally cogent. It is based upon a close observation and a careful analysis of Ante-Nicene patristic evidence. The testimony which these early writers supply is particularly striking. While they place before us from separate and in some cases widely distant countries examples of Western, Alexandrian, and Neutral readings, it

appears to be certain that before the middle of the third century we have no historical traces of readings which can properly be entitled distinctively Syrian, that is to say, of readings which are found in documents that exhibit pre-eminently the Syrian text, and are not found in documents that mainly present the other forms of text."

In our judgment there is an element of more practically and popularly demonstrative force here than in the former. The reader will now understand what is meant by the Syrian text, with its rounded sentences and combinations of synonyms; and will appreciate the force of the argument, sustained by proofs, that the whole body of patristic evidence, before the middle of the third century, shows the entire absence of readings, conflate or other, that are marked as distinctly Syrian, that is, as having no alteration from the groups of documents that preserved the more ancient forms. This class of evidence, however, labours under the disadvantage of a strong prejudice felt against the patristic quotations generally. Scribes and editors have always been tempted to conform these quotations to their own favourite text; while the Fathers themselves were very lax in their methods of quotation. Hence the general reader holds lightly the appeal to the works of antiquity. But we are persuaded that the patristic evidence is of great value in the induction which Dr. Hort exhibits; though, as usual, we have to confess our inability to make our reasons plain. We can understand the sections in the Introduction better than we explain them; and in this lay treatment of the question it is no disgrace to say this. Meanwhile, it is very noteworthy that Dr. Hort is as anxious to do justice to the weight of the Fathers' authority in the matter of textual criticism as his opponent, the Quarterly Reviewer. But, it strikes us very forcibly, the use made of them in this Introduction is very much more reasonable than the sweeping appeals in the Review. There can at any rate be no question that the Reviewer has no right to brand modern critical science with the offence of despising the early Fathers. Dr. Hort, of course, knew nothing of the impending attack when he wrote the following remarks; but they have a direct bearing on the question:

"Since a text substantially identical with that of δ [the representative of the *Textus Receptus*] was unquestionably the only text likely to be known to transcribers generally throughout

the centuries to which existing Greek patristic MSS. with the rarest exceptions belong, as also to the authors of nearly all the current editions of the Greek Fathers till quite lately, it is no wonder that those Greek corruptions, which can on sufficient evidence be determined as such, are almost invariably found to consist in the introduction, not in the removal, of δ readings; and nearly the same may be said as to Vulgate readings in the texts of Latin Fathers. This kind of corruption is hardly ever systematic or thorough, but it is common enough; it is usually abundant in those passages of Christian writers which owe their preservation to catenæ, especially where, as frequently happens, they have been evidently condensed by the compiler. It may often be detected by recourse to better MSS., by comparison with other quotations of the same passages by the same writer, or, best of all, by close examination of the context; but in many cases a greater or less degree of doubt remains as to the words actually written by a Father."

From which it appears that the advocates of the *Textus Receptus* have an enormous advantage in their reference to the Fathers. They have been retained without their own knowledge as pleaders in favour of the current edition of the Greek Testament:

"Yet a third reason is supplied by internal evidence, or, in other words, by considerations (to use Dr. Hort's language) of intrinsic or of transcriptional probability. A reading is said to possess intrinsic probability when it seems on its intrinsic merits the likeliest of two or more various readings to have been the choice of the author; it is said to possess transcriptional probability when it seems the likeliest to have given occasion to the other reading or readings in competition with it according to the laws which are observed to govern transcribers in their aberrations. Here it is obvious that we enter at once into a very delicate and difficult domain of textual criticism, and can only draw our conclusions with the utmost circumspection and reserve. Still even here, if the truth-seeking reader will take the trouble carefully to note down what appear to be distinctively Syrian characteristics, as established by a long induction of instances, and, with this knowledge in his mind, will minutely compare readings that have these characteristics with readings of another type, in cases in which they come into competition, he will find that the claim of the Syrian readings to be considered the true and original readings will gradually melt away under the tests which we have just mentioned. 'Often,' says Dr. Hort, 'either the transcriptional or the intrinsic evidence is neutral or divided, and occasionally the two kinds of evidence appear to be in conflict. But there are, we believe, no instances where both are clearly in favour of the

Syrian reading, and innumerable where both are clearly adverse to it."

It is obvious that here we have the enchanted ground of the science, where all the danger, and almost all the pleasure are to be found. The textual critic has his mass of materials before him, which he may or may not have collected for himself. His trained faculty accustoms him to detect with much confidence the principles that have guided the transcribers who fifteen hundred years ago furnished him that material. He has to interrogate these ancients, who have laid down their pens for so many ages, and ask them why they made such and such changes, why they omitted here or added there, why they preferred this reading or the other, and why they deliberately gave up the trouble of thinking, and boldly incorporated the two. The authors of the Syrian text had, as we have seen, the choice of three different kinds of text—a Lachmann, a Tischendorf, a Hort of ante-Nicene times. In a large part of their work they had nothing to do but transcribe; for all their copies agreed. When they found, as they often did, a striking and sufficient reading, conspicuously better than others, they adopted it. Sometimes it was necessary to modify its form, and another manuscript would furnish a hint. But generally—and here is the strength of the genealogical argument—they combined the readings, and made all smooth: on the principle that if all were accepted, the right must needs be included, and that it was better to admit errors with the truth than exclude the truth altogether. Sometimes they can be caught, as it were, in the act of introducing, for some reason or other—which we could better estimate if we knew better the theological secrets of the third and fourth centuries—changes of their own. Now the strength of the case of our last editors is that a calm and judicial consideration of probabilities in the decision of the *raison d'être* of every variation leads to the conclusion that the standard by which it is tested is something independent of the Syrian text. "It follows that all distinctively Syrian readings may be set aside at once as certainly originating after the middle of the third century, and therefore, as far as transmission is concerned, corruptions of the apostolic text." It follows, further, that if these processes are legitimate and soundly conducted, there can be no doubt that the smooth Greek Testament, to which Christendom had been so long inured, has been enjoying a factitious fame, and has usurped a place belonging to another. But to which?

"These three reasons, taken together, seem to us to make up an argument for the posteriority of the Syrian text which it is impossible to resist. The reasons are widely different in their character. Each in itself is strong; but when taken together, they form a threefold cord of evidence which, we believe, will bear any amount of argumentative strain. Writers like the Reviewer may attempt to cut the cord by reckless and unverified assertions, but the knife has not yet been fabricated that can equitably separate any one of its strands. Till that is done, all attempts to elevate the Syrian text into a standard, whether in the form of the *Textus Receptus*, or in any other less adulterated form, will be found to be hopeless and impossible."

There are many, like the Reviewer, who think it by no means impossible to uphold the claims of the more catholic text against the pretensions of its new rivals. The passage just quoted speaks with strong confidence; the confidence of those who have long and diligently tested the principles which rule the modern scientific study of the lineage of manuscripts. It is our conviction that none can reach that confidence without much study; and therefore we do not like to express unmeasured assurance. But it is also our conviction that a deep study would surely lead to it; and, as far as we have gone with the Introduction, we have been convinced of the soundness of its reasonings. But there are a few plain, common-sense judgments that influence us much: judgments that are naturally suggested by the books we have before us, but which they do not make prominent, because they deal with matters of rigorous exactitude.

First of all, the argument from majority of manuscripts goes for nothing: that at least ought to be plain to every one. When once a conciliatory text had been accepted in the centre of the Christian world, its future destiny of triumph was a settled thing. The later uncials would bow down before it; the lectionaries for public reading would of course be taken from it; and the whole army of cursives handing down to every generation and every nation the common revelation, would necessarily multiply with more or less of fidelity the same text. Practically it is very much as the case has been put by Dr. Hort. At the close of the ante-Nicene age there were four editions of the New Testament: rather there were four predominant types underlying all the copies, like palimpsests. Of course, there were many more editions than these; for every one of the four had its own variations. This narrows the investigation very much, and shuts out the

hundreds of shrill voices that clamour for the conventional text of later times.

Another thing is very plain. This later text—familiar to us as the Syrian, and also as the *Textus Receptus*—has no representative among the ancient documents as old as the others have to which we have referred. There are two manuscripts older than any others extant, which may be said in this connection to be the rivals or antagonists of the favourite text. They generally agree together, and they agree in differing from the later *Textus Receptus*. If this can claim generally the support of an uncial codex, that codex was written considerably after the two we have mentioned; that is, after the Vaticanus and the Sinaiticus. These two being then practically one for the present argument, the question is as to which represents the older and perished manuscripts that mediated between them and the Sacred Autographs. Speaking broadly, there is one test that ought to be decisive. The older manuscript is the rougher, the more difficult, the more full of matters needing to be adjusted, and softened, and harmonised. The later one, and the parent of the immense family of later manuscripts, is smooth, comparatively rid of difficulties, well adjusted and harmonised, and incorporates in its accommodating text many previous attempts at amendment that had become current. Now, we should say that the rougher would be probably the truer reading. It is not to be thought that the copyists would deliberately make smooth places rough, and make the sentences jagged of set purpose.

Finally, there has been, during the last century and a half, a steady approximation towards the discovery of that line of neutral and comparatively pure text which had been the patient or subject of corruption from the beginning. This had been "surrounded and overshadowed" by two main competitors before the final innovation. These two were the "Western," the more licentious and widely spread, and the "Alexandrian," which on the whole was faithful to the neutral in its main elements, more especially in those parts where fidelity was of the greatest importance, the Gospels and the Pauline Epistles. Now it has been the aim of modern criticism to fix its eye on that pure stream, running between these two, which represented with something like fidelity the original autographs. Unless we entirely mistake its aim and its successes, criticism has succeeded in marking off clearly the time—the third and fourth centuries, the imperial copies

being then largely multiplied—when these three old texts were mixed together, and the several tributaries began individually to fade out. The mixtures were various, but one finally prevailed; as we have seen again and again. Though the individual texts died out of use to a great extent, they are still represented in ancient documents: at any rate in the Gospels and St. Paul's Epistles, and the problem of the time is to detect that neutral text through all its disguises: a problem which has been, not indeed entirely and finally solved, but more effectually dealt with by this edition of the New Testament with its Introduction than by any other labourers of this century. The editors say with honest confidence: "In a large proportion of variations the assignation of the several readings to the several ancient texts by means of extant documents is clear and certain, and thus affords a sure clue to the original reading."

This clue has been held by firm and skilful hands. The result of following it for a long series of years is this edition of the Greek Testament. But it must not be supposed that in accepting it we are following the guidance of Drs. Westcott and Hort. They would be the very first to deprecate such an idea. Never were learned diligence and modest self-abnegation more conspicuously united than in these two labourers in the field of Biblical criticism. Their incidental sketches of the labours of their predecessors, and their incidental references to their own place in the succession, combine to give much value and much charm to some parts of their volume. How far our two editors have honestly followed in the track of the criticism of a century past, and how little disposition they have felt to set themselves up as dictators,—in other words how little they deserve the aspersions sometimes cast upon them in this respect,—will appear to the candid reader of their volumes. They introduce a brief account of their part by saying that "Although the series of editions which can be said to approximate to a true text of the New Testament begins in 1831, the preliminary studies of the eighteenth century, unduly neglected since the earlier part of the present century, form the necessary introduction to all secure progress hereafter." The most salient points in the progress of criticism are those given in a somewhat new line, and doing justice to a few names which are too often neglected.

Lachmann's edition of 1831 was the starting-point of the

later period, which however joined on to the labours of more than a century preceding. In 1707 Mill collected a vast body of documentary evidence which he transmitted, with many sagacious hints, to his successors. "He incidentally noticed the value of the concurrence of Latin evidence with A, the most conspicuous and the only complete representative of an ancient Non-Western Greek text then sufficiently known; and this glimpse of genealogical method was not lost upon Bentley, who with clear and deliberate purpose made Greek and Latin consent the guiding principle of his own project for a restoration of the text." Bengel is next mentioned: one of the worthiest names in modern times. Bentley's *Proposals* of 1720 gave him a principle, which he to a great extent accepted. Of him our editors say, and the sentence is a remarkable one: "Bengel himself pointed out the deceptiveness of numerical superiority detached from variety of origin, prepared for sifting the confused mass of Greek MSS. by casting upon it, as he said, the Versions and Fathers as an additional heap, and endeavoured to classify the documents known to him according to their presumed derivation from ancient texts. He divided them into two great 'nations' or 'families,' the 'Asiatic' and the 'African,' answering roughly to what we have called Syrian and Pre-Syrian; and further, less distinctly, subdivided the latter into two subordinate 'nations' or 'families,' represented typically by A and by the Old Latin. At the same time he laid great stress on internal evidence, in this as in other respects making large use of materials scattered through Mill's notes; and it is chiefly to his earnest if somewhat crude advocacy that Transcriptional Probabilities under the name of 'the harder reading' owe their subsequent full recognition." Here we have the germ of the grand development which flowers into perfection in these volumes. Bengel stimulated very many, as Bentley had stimulated him. The value of Griesbach's labours is thus appreciated:

"What Bengel had sketched tentatively was verified and worked out with admirable patience, sagacity, and candour by Griesbach, who was equally great in independent investigation, and in his power of estimating the results arrived at by others. Bengel's 'Asiatic' text he called 'Constantinopolitan:' the two more ancient texts, which he clearly defined, he called 'Western' and 'Alexandrian.' Unfortunately, he often followed Semler in designating the ancient texts by the term 'recension,' and thus

gave occasion to a not yet extinct confusion between his historical analysis of the text of existing documents and the conjectural theory of his contemporary Hug, a Biblical scholar of considerable merit, but wanting in sobriety of judgment."

The importance of this term "recension" is such in this whole study that we are tempted to follow out the subject under the guidance of Dr. Hort. But we must leave the reader to find out for himself why, objecting to Hug's conjecture that the disorderly state of the Western text led to a formal revision of it in three different lands, the product of each being a "recension," he yet maintains that "the Syrian text must have been due to a revision which was in fact a recension." We must return to Griesbach. His chief defect was a failure "to apprehend in its true magnitude the part played by mixture in the history of the text during the fourth and following centuries, or to appreciate the value of the observation of groupings as a critical instrument by which a composite text can be to a great extent analysed into its constituent elements." In other words, Griesbach, though aware that no existing MS. preserves any "recension" or leading ancient text in absolute purity, and that one source of corruption was the intrusion of readings out of another "recension," yet in effect treated our documents as capable of being each on the whole identified with some one ancient text. The fact that every document is more or less independent and composite, and that the highest calculus of critical science is applied to the elimination of every distinctive reading or task, seems to express the greatness of the more modern results. Having introduced this subject—perhaps unwarily—we are bound to follow it up by another quotation:

"In dwelling on Griesbach's errors at some length, notwithstanding the neglect into which his writings have unhappily fallen, we should be grieved even to seem regardless of a name which we venerate above that of every other textual critic of the New Testament. It was essential to our purpose to explain clearly in what sense it is true, and in what sense it is not true, that we are attempting to revive a theory which is popularly supposed to have been long since exploded. No valid objection can, we believe, be brought against the greater part of Griesbach's historical view. It is commonly met by vague sceptical assertions which make no attempt to deal with the actual phenomena. Criticisms which merely showed that he had been led into too

broad or unqualified assertions as to this or that document have left untouched or even unawares strengthened his main positions."

Our editors have not followed their own immediate predecessors in their neglect or "virtual abandonment of Griesbach's endeavour to obtain for the text of the New Testament a secure historical foundation in the genealogical relations of the whole extant documentary evidence." These three great successors of Griesbach have published texts of a substantially ancient type. But they have not perhaps appreciated rightly Griesbach's principles, or have not applied to his results certain corrections which would have abated their prejudice. Our editors have luminously shown that Griesbach's "imperfect conception of the process of transmission, leading to a misinterpretation of quite the most important evidence, unchecked by attention to grouping," led him to give a "dangerously disproportionate weight to internal evidence, and especially to transcriptional probability, on which indeed for its own sake he placed excessive reliance." They have taken up his investigations afresh, and, as they with decent dignity add, "have, we trust, found a way not only to make a somewhat nearer approximation to the apostolic text than our immediate predecessors, but also to strengthen the critical basis on which their own texts are for the most part founded." Their immediate predecessors are of course Tischendorf and Tregelles.

But to return. All this shows that the labours of Drs. Westcott and Hort, carried on through a long series of years of great diligence, have strictly followed the lines of that modern Biblical criticism which has long had the consent and approval of the learned Christian world. They have taken up the thread which was first given by England to Germany, then by Germany given back to England, and have followed it further than any others have followed it. This last they do not say for themselves, but we say it for them. The Germans cannot deprive us of our own special honours in this field. We began, and up to the present time we have on the whole kept the lead. Lachmann's name, as that of the man who fifty years ago made a bold step in advance of his contemporaries, and showed what consistency demanded in the use of documents and the valuation of their genealogy, will always be pre-eminent. But our recent editors

have done as much to show the faults of Lachmann as to illustrate the value of his principles. Their last edition of the Greek Testament is on its trial. It must be judged on its own merits. We have not much fear of the result. Meanwhile, we are very proud of the English descendants of the English Mill and Bentley.

Controversy links this edition with the shadowy so-called new text of the Revisers. That is hardly fair either to the two editors or to the Revision Company. The Introduction to the Greek Testament of Dr. Westcott and Dr. Hort was not published until after the publication of the Revised Version. "The Company never expressed an opinion of the genealogical method itself, which was first employed in the last century by Bengel, and afterwards developed largely by Griesbach, although the world is indebted to Dr. Westcott and Dr. Hort for a full display of its capabilities." Some of the most eminent scholars—pre-eminent in this department—were bringing to the Company from time to time the results of diligent examination quite on a par with that of the two editors. An overwhelming majority of the readings adopted by the Revisers will be found to have been adopted before them by one or all of these three editors, Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles. Hence it is plain that the apologists of our pamphlet are justified in saying: "The 'New Greek Text' (as the Reviewer calls it) is not based, as he seems to suppose, on the text of the two Cambridge professors, nor on the text of any one of the three 'great editors who preceded them. Its similarity to all these four texts is the natural consequence of general agreement in respect of the authority to be ascribed to the several documents, or classes of documents, which make up the *apparatus criticus* of every editor of the Greek Testament." But we must pass to another view of the matter.

"There were no corporate prejudices or preconceptions in favour of any particular school of criticism, or any particular edition of the text. The composition of the Revision Company precluded such a danger. Oxford, Cambridge, London, Dublin, the Scottish Universities, were all represented. Heads of Non-conformist Colleges were combined with University Professors, Bishops, Deans, and Archdeacons. The Reviewer often speaks as if Dr. Westcott and Dr. Hort were responsible for all the results at which the Revisers arrived. This is absolutely contrary to all the facts of the case. These eminent critics did indeed place

instalments of their Greek text in the hands of each member of the Company, in the manner that Dr. Hort specifies. By doing this, however, they sought to help, not to direct, the Company. . . The passages in which the Company arrived at different results from those that are to be found in the edition of Dr. Westcott and Dr. Hort are by no means few, and would suffice in themselves to prove (if proof were necessary) the complete independence of the Revisers in their final determination of the Greek text."

The question is, whether or not the Revisers have exceeded their instructions in the course which they adopted. They understood themselves to be allowed to adopt the text "for which the evidence is decidedly preponderating." Hence they have not been bound by any printed text whatever. As to their English rendering they were required to make "as few alterations in the Authorised Version as possible consistently with faithfulness." A standard was set before them: they must keep the Authorised Version always in view. But in the case of the Greek text, they were under no such restrictions. We, for our own part, cannot condemn them for their searching and rigorous dealing with the text. In the nature of things they would have many readings before them on which they could come to no firm decision. Evidence hardly inferior to that which supported the readings they adopt or retain was found to support other readings. Sometimes when the Received Text—or that of Beza, which really underlies the Authorised Version—was rejected, it was hard to decide which of the other readings must be preferred. "This is the history of the marginal annotations which give so much umbrage to the Reviewer. He seems to forget that like annotations are to be found in the margin of the Authorised Version of 1611, although the poverty of the *apparatus criticus* which was then accessible to scholars, and the undeveloped state of textual criticism, made them comparatively few in number." Those who have read the censures of the Reviewer will understand—if they really consider the state of the case—how unfair is the charge against what after all only shows the "honesty and completeness of the work." The Revisers have certainly gone further in the line indicated by their predecessors of 1611; but then their materials required them to go much further. It may be fairly questioned whether or not, both in the number of English corrections and in the number of sug-

gestions of doubt in the margin, they have exceeded the absolute necessity of the case. But to attack their principle and method is exceedingly unfair. "Dr. Scrivener has counted sixty-seven marginal annotations which relate to Various Readings in the Old Testament, a hundred and fifty-four in the Apocrypha, and thirty-five in the New Testament, besides others which were added without known authority subsequent to 1611." These marginal references will show educated readers "that the Revisers were aware of the facts relative to the Greek text which are recorded in critical editions of the Greek Testament, that they did not fail to consider these facts themselves, and did not desire to conceal their existence from others."

This last sentence seems like a superfluous apology; but it suggests what is of great importance, that the time is gone for concealing anything from public attention. There are indeed large numbers to whom the marginal offences of the Revision will be of far less importance than they have been represented to be, even supposing that they are in some cases really offences. After all, the great mass of the readers make no account of anything that they do not see in the text. Who reads the marginal references of the present Authorised Version, except as matters of curiosity? There will in due time be editions of the New Version without any marginal encumbrances whatever. And if not, what harm can result from them? Those whom they might possibly offend are such as would be much more injured by any appearance of a design to keep them in the dark. And, unless we much mistake, the mind of average intelligence will be rather gratified than otherwise at finding how few are the instances in which the sacred text is subject to doubt, and of how small importance are those instances themselves. Of course, the effect will be to modify in many minds an old notion of an absolutely verbal inspiration and infallible authority for phrases, words, and forms of words. But there will be no harm in that, provided only the great principle be shown to be untouched, that no variations of reading affect the unity, simplicity, and trustworthiness of the general revelation itself with all its essential doctrines.

Another point is suggested by our last quotation from the pamphlet apology; one, however, that the two Apologists do not themselves allude to. There cannot be much doubt that the labours of the Company are contemned, for

this reason, among others, that "the sects" have had a part and lot in them. It ought to be equally plain that without the help of "the sects" the work can never be undertaken; in other words, that this is an essential condition of revision whenever it is accomplished. Why this is the case need not be discussed; the reasons are as plain as the phenomena of Christian society. There is no authority in the empire competent to entrust the work to any corporate body, or to impose the result on the land at large. If the New Testament is to have the benefit of modern learning, and the people are to reap the fruits, it must be through the labours of some such body of men as have been employed during the last ten years. To us it seems most certain that the experiment which has been made has been in this respect a signal success. At least it should be acknowledged that the varieties of denomination enlisted have had nothing to do with the reputed failure. We cannot but feel that there is something deeply ungenerous in the suggestion that this has been one of the causes of ill success. Not a single decision as to the true text, and not a single reputed mistranslation, can be traced to the faulty hands of heresy or schism. No proof is attempted: it is well known that none could be found.

But we must hasten to a close. The third part of the little book that we have in hand passes under review "a few critical details by means of which the trustworthiness of the Greek text adopted by the Revisers will be more completely substantiated." They have taken some portion of the New Testament, and elaborately shown that the changes effected in the unnamed text underlying their revision differs very slightly indeed from that adopted by Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles. The "Reviewer" would, of course, say that the two editors and their three predecessors are all wrong together. Letting that pass, they proceed to examine the attacks upon some of the readings which they have introduced, attacks on the readings themselves, apart from their history in modern criticism. Before entering upon this, the Revisers pause to discharge themselves of a few dignified protests, the last of which runs thus:

"The third protest which we have to make is against the intrusion into purely critical and textual matters of the imputation of disregard for the religious feelings of others. Again and again we find the Reviewer asking with indignation why the faith

of readers is to be disturbed by the statement of critical details, which from his point of view it is wholly superfluous to notice. If the question is answered in good faith the answer is easy. The Revisers looked at the matter from a different point of view. In their eyes the first thing to be considered was absolute truthfulness in the setting forth of Holy Scripture. They believed this principle to lie at the root of the demand for a Revision. They felt themselves constrained by this principle to adopt the readings and insert the marginal notes which displease the Reviewer. Those readings and those notes are of course open to criticism, nor is criticism unwelcome to the Revisers. That against which they protest is not criticism, it is an appeal, conscious or unconscious, to the passions and prejudices of readers; it is the importation of *odium theologicum* into discussions from which it ought to be kept as far as possible away."

As the "Reviewer" says that the *Textus Receptus* has been departed from more than five thousand times, almost invariably *for the worse*, it was hard for the Apologists to examine in a small tract even the most piquant and prominent charges. They have done their best, and that part of their defence seems to us—after as careful an examination as we are capable of—successful.

We will give a single specimen. Perhaps there is no change more startling to the general reader than that which is found in St. Luke's edition of the Lord's Prayer. No innovation has caused so many sighs, provoked more vehement remonstrance, or at least caused so much uneasiness. It must seem incomprehensible to simple minds that when the Lord gives what is supposed to be a form of prayer, two recorders of it should differ so widely. But those who remember the first elements of the harmonistic question, as between St. Matthew and St. Luke, will feel it almost a natural thing that such a difference should exist. Who can read the two narratives of the Sermon on the Mount without becoming inured to the thought of such a difference as the two accounts of the Prayer present? The reason of the difference we do not now enter into. A sufficient reason can be found, though the method of formulating it has, perhaps, not been pitched upon. The fact remains that as St. Luke's edition of the Sermon is to the longer digest of St. Matthew, so St. Luke's edition of the Prayer is to St. Matthew's. It is in fact reduced according to precisely the same scale. But the Two Members give this point with remarkable clear-

ness, and with a vividness that rivals the celebrated Reviewer.

"The next passage to which we may properly call attention is one of great importance, and of singularly instructive critical interest—the Lord's Prayer as found in St. Luke xi. 2—4. Here, as might be anticipated, the Reviewer censures the Revisers for having adopted a form which differs considerably from that found in the Received Text, but which, we sincerely believe, the following considerations will abundantly justify.

"To put the matter in a form as devoid of technicalities as the nature of the case will admit, let us suppose that we had a treatise on prayer, written just one hundred years before the probable date of our earliest manuscript of the Greek Testament, in the second part of which the forms of the Lord's Prayer, as handed down to us by St. Matthew and by St. Luke, were considered and compared. Let us further suppose that this treatise was written by one who had especially devoted himself to critical and textual studies, and was so keenly alive to the corruptness of the text in his own days that he had apparently made for himself what he deemed to be a truthful copy of the Greek Testament; and let us also assume that this supposed treatise was written at a time when the writer's powers were most fully matured, and after he had had an opportunity of acquainting himself with more than one leading type of the sacred text, and so of forming on the subject a trustworthy judgment. Let us suppose all this, and ask ourselves whether express comments on the readings of the passage before us by such a writer and in such a treatise would not command our especial attention, and predispose us to accept the readings which he gave as the nearest approach to the sacred autograph that we could ever hope to attain. Now we have such comments, such a treatise, and such a writer."

But we will condense the account at this point, omitting the Greek and the technical references. Origen, in his treatise *De Oratione*, compares the forms in St. Matthew and St. Luke; and states that St. Luke has "Father" instead of "Our Father which art in heaven;" that he omits the petitions "Thy will be done, as in heaven, so also on earth," and "But deliver us from the evil." That is the clear testimony of a good witness long before our earliest Codex was written. Now what is the general documentary evidence? In favour of the omission of the first words "Our . . . which art in heaven" are the two authorities on which the Revisers have relied so much, the *Codex Sinaiticus* and B. They also both omit the petition "But deliver us from evil." The *Sinaiticus* differs from B. in

retaining "Thy will be done," &c., but in opposition to other valuable authority. The shorter form is sustained by the Vulgate and Armenian Versions. Other external evidences corroborate the clear testimony of Origen; and accordingly the Revisers feel themselves "fully justified by their rule, even on external grounds alone, in rejecting, with Tischendorf and Tregelles, the words and clauses of which we have been speaking." Then comes in the internal evidence, which is of great weight. There would be a natural tendency to bring the two forms into accordance: a tendency which it would require unusual heroism to resist. When once the text of St. Luke had been made uniform with that of St. Matthew by any copyist, others would follow; and the change would almost of necessity become permanent.

But we must rather abruptly close: with the less regret because we shall have further opportunities of taking up the general question of the value and destiny of the Revision. That is of far greater importance than the controversy which it has been sought to excite over the relations of Drs. Westcott and Hort to the Revision Company. All men are musing about the future of this great national work. Is it nearer than it was twelve months ago to the hoped-for position of an authorised and generally accepted English Version of the New Testament? Is it becoming more and more a companion of the Old Version, read with it as an alternative, or as an alternative improvement? Renounced, and renounced with abhorrence, by a certain large class of the Anglican religious public, is it likely under such disadvantages to make its way? Supposing it to be kept out of any place of public acceptance, will it have to be regarded as the private New Testament for the study of those who preach from the Old Version in public? And what will be the effect of this on the coming Revision of the Old Testament? Or what again will the coming of the Old Testament revision do for the encouragement of the halting Revision of the new? Will it give an opportunity for some such final excisions, retrenchments, and changes as would make it perfect, and so secure its ultimate place—a place which it will then surely deserve—in the confidence of the English Churches? These are all questions at present without answer.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. THEOLOGICAL.

CLARK'S FOREIGN THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY.

- Godet's *Commentary on the Romans*. Vol. II.
Hagenbach's *History of Christian Doctrine*. Three Vols.
Christian Ethics. Special Part. *Individual Ethics*. By Dr.
H. Martensen.
System of Christian Doctrine. Four Vols. By Dr. Dorner.
Meyer's *Commentary on the New Testament*.
The Epistles to the Thessalonians. By Professor Lünemann.
The Epistles of Peter and Jude. By Professor Huther.

SINCE we last paid our tribute to the publications of Messrs. Clark, there has appeared a series of works quite on a level with their predecessors. The choice of works for translation has been guided by an admirable discretion, and the translation itself has been accomplished with a skill and exactitude always increasing on the whole, though there are here and there exceptions. *The Commentary on the Romans*, by Professor Godet, has been completed. Of the first volume we have spoken already: the conclusion of the work proves that our praise was not premature when we prophesied that it would be all but the best exposition of the Romans to be found in the English language. The best that has come to us from abroad we still think to be that of Philippi, the second volume of which has been added since our notice of the first. The advantage of Philippi's is, that the author is not only a practised exegete, but also an accomplished dogmatic divine and teacher of theology. The commentator on the Romans ought to combine these requisites. Dr. Philippi is as nearly as possible the first systematic divine of the Lutheran confession; and is not behind the foremost in other requisites. Let the reader—our readers especially—consult him on any of the salient passages which test an expositor; and he will find that a master is guiding him. There are a few testing passages which try the commentator and show what manner of spirit he is

of: such as "the Spirit of holiness," "God over all blessed for ever," the Holy Spirit in the eighth chapter, the Three Predestinarian chapters. Now Dr. Philippi may be consulted with confidence on any of these: praise which we hesitate to bestow so cordially on any other expositor of the Epistle that we know. It is only right that we should, however tardily, acknowledge the singular terseness, clearness, and vigour of Mr. Banks's translation. He began his labours with this work, and at a single leap placed himself among the best translators in the series.

During the last six years the presses of England have been issuing more commentaries of a high value than in any twenty years before. The consequence is, that the competition with the foreign divines becomes a very lively one. It will be a question whether the translations will be as much needed as they have been, and whether they will be as eagerly welcomed. One thing is certain, that the Meyer series will retain its place as a standard. It is now nearly complete, and the twenty volumes will be a great treasure to the student. The volume on the Thessalonians, by Lünemann, is an able one. Perhaps as good a view of the Millenarian controversies and of the question of Antichrist may be found in it as in any work. Dr. Gloag's estimate of his author is a sound one: Lünemann is not sensibly inferior to Meyer in learning or insight. Huther, as the continuator who takes up the Pastoral and Catholic Epistles, has followed very closely in his predecessor's steps. But it is after all the work of Meyer himself that will give permanence to this series and a place on every shelf. In some respects very loose and untrustworthy—as to the question of inspiration, the testimony to the miraculous conception, and some other points—he is most faithful in all that pertains to the Biblical doctrine of the atonement and justification. We would recommend him on almost every branch of the mediatorial work of the Redeemer in preference to most of our English commentators. The diligence of the English editorship of this long series is beyond all praise. The student who knows nothing of the original German, and can consult Meyer only in this translation, will form but a slight conception of the debt he owes to both translators and editors. We have found very few sentences in the English which could not at once be understood: which could hardly be said of the German. Of course, the wearisome and apparently interminable conflict with other opinions, and marshalling of hosts marshalled only to be condemned, is a matter beyond the jurisdiction of our English editors: in fact, their very fidelity inflicts all this upon us. Sometimes—we may remark while on this subject—it seems almost unfair to let the rival exegetes be condemned on the English page, when there is no probability that they will ever speak for themselves in English. For instance, Von Hofmann is seldom mentioned but to be

impaled: the innumerable beauties and original points in his exposition are passed over, and only some of his daring expedients are remembered against him. We were glad to read the dignified caveat of Dr. Gloag: "I would only further observe that the remarks made in this commentary on the *Schriftbeweis* of the late Von Hofmann, of Erlangen, appear to be too severe. Hofmann is certainly often guilty of arbitrary criticism, and introduces into the sacred text his own fancied interpretations; but the *Schriftbeweis* is a work of great learning and ingenuity, and may be read with advantage by every scholar." It is with Hofmann, and half-a-dozen others easily mentioned, as it long was with Meyer himself: he is perpetually brought forward in the expositions of his fellow-labourers as a warning; and we get accustomed to dread the recurrence of his name, expecting some new enormity. When we come to examine his expositions, and his two quasi-expository great works, we are amazed at their vigour and soundness, and at the wealth which here and there the morbid censors have been very glad to appropriate.

The best works of the Foreign Theological Library have been expository; and some of them are, to our minds, of greater value than even Meyer—not included in it—because almost uniformly sound. But latterly Messrs. Clark have been paying more attention to Historical and Dogmatic Theology. Their series has always been rich in Ecclesiastical History, and has been well flanked and supported by the Ante-Nicene Library, the translation of Hefele on the Councils. Dogmatic theology proper has never been much represented: the reason probably being that German systematic divinity is generally very much bound by the Confessional Standard, and would not be appreciated in England, where every reader has his own doctrinal standard. A dozen great works might be mentioned—including Philippi, Thomasius, Schœberlein, Sartorius, Luthardt, Ebrard—which would repay translation, so far as their intrinsic value goes, but they are untranslated. However, Messrs. Clark have experimented with Dörner's great work: encouraged by the success of his *History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ*. We do not think these volumes will ever be very popular. The cost and style of the whole is exceedingly ponderous, and neither Mr. Cave nor Mr. Banks has perfectly succeeded in reducing the grandiloquent or rather involved German into clear and readable English. Mr. Banks, on his part, has approached success more nearly than his fellow-labourer. We have limited ourselves as yet—speaking honestly—to the last volume. This has most deeply interested us, and may be made the subject of a few further remarks on a future occasion. Meanwhile, it is suggestive that this great work of four volumes compresses all that it has to say on the work of the Spirit in human salvation within some seventy pages; Sanc-

tification occupying less than ten. Justification is treated with all the Lutheran rigour and onesidedness as an external forensic sentence; and sanctification is reduced almost to the ethical process of the preservation of regenerate life. The following instances are a specimen of the work: "The Spirit of God cannot be satisfied with the death of the old man. His will is a new and holy life, putting forth effort on all sides. And on man's side, if man desired after receiving reconciliation to remain inactive, repentance and faith would not be ethical, not real delight in good, but delight merely in freedom from evil, in the blessing of freedom from punishment. They would not then exist at all in genuine form. Nor would there be a new form of life. The Holy Spirit, when He takes up His dwelling in a man, seeks to be a fountain of living water also to others, that their life too may exist in eternal life. If the blossoms fall without bearing fruit, they were dead blossoms from the first, no products of a union of the Divine and human life really carried out by faith. Sanctification is the living test of regeneration to itself and others. When the process of sanctification stands still, the cause must be a sickness of faith; and if that is wanting which cannot be wanting where actual regeneration is present, its existence may rightly be questioned. It is true, even the regenerate man still sins; but however great the similarity in appearance between his sin and that of the unregenerate, internally the distinction always remains that a resistance is always bound up with the sin of the former, which makes itself known by retraction of the sin in sorrow or penitence, and that he no longer puts his whole strength of will into evil. As a new personality the new man 'cannot sin,' he delights in God's will, and knows what is good. As such he no longer needs an outward law, but is a law to himself by the Holy Spirit. But the believer is not merely a new personality, but the old man with his habits belongs still to the unity of his person."

The weakest part of the work is the subjective soteriology: the Impartation of personal salvation. But even the weakness of such an author is strong. And although we cannot think that the work will add much to English theology—its intensely Lutheran characteristics forbidding that—there is not a page or a paragraph which will not repay reading and thought.

The three volumes of Hagenbach's *History of Christian Dogmatics* are a treasure not easily overestimated. Again and again has this work been given to the English public in England and America: once before in this series. The reader may be sure that he has here the best edition; and the vigorous words by which Dr. Plumptre introduces it are true to the letter. "The book now presented to the public is, therefore, the work of many years and of many hands. It may be confidently asserted that it

is much more complete, and very much more accurate, than any edition which has hitherto appeared. The translation has been carefully revised; and the whole of the last edition is here, for the first time, presented in English." Here is a work which beyond most others of the series is unique and indispensable. We have plenty of commentaries, and plenty of dogmatic systems and monographs, and plenty of ecclesiastical histories. But we have no other History of Christian Doctrine pretending to anything like the completeness and compactness of this one.

We must not close our list without a word upon the beautiful and profitable ethical work of Martensen. Both the dogmatics and the ethics of the Danish bishop have exercised a considerable influence. We are still in the domain of Lutheranism, and cannot agree with a great deal that we read. But there is an irresistible charm, nevertheless. And the vividness, the directness, the simplicity, and pervading unction of the two ethical volumes are most remarkable. Take the following words on Temptation. "For the regenerate, temptation has another and a higher meaning than for the unregenerate man. The latter lives under the power of sin; and however high he may stand in a moral aspect, so far, namely, as he is considered from the point of view of a heathen morality, yet he is included in the chief and root sin in which the whole of merely human morality is embraced, namely, *unbelief*; he lives in revolt and separation from God. In the regenerate again the fellowship of God is restored in faith. The power of sin is broken, and the new life planted and founded in him. But regeneration is in the first place only in the centre; in the circumference there is still sin, which is to be slain, that the new birth may pervade the whole man more and more. Temptation, therefore, applies itself to the old man, in order to awaken a reaction against the new man, to bring to pass a relapse into the old sinful state. Now, however variously the history of temptation may take shape in the life of this or that Christian, the chief temptations of the old man will ever recur, namely, both pride and sensuality. Yet they recur in a higher form in the regenerate, and that because he himself occupies a higher, yea, the highest step of the moral world. And because the Christian lives under the constant mutual action of freedom and grace, the temptation of pride lies near him, namely, to seek, independently of grace, to rise unto likeness to God, or to accept grace like a prey. The pride of *knowledge*, as well as the pride that appears as *fanaticism*, may here emerge in such manifestations as are impossible outside of Christianity. . . . The tempting powers that are overcome by the Lord, as the head of His Church, react and rebel now against His kingdom, work against those that are members of His body. . . . For although the old man is thrust out of the centre, dethroned, yet he constantly moves, and rests

not with his deceitful lusts, as long as we still live in this flesh and blood." It is well that we are not shut up to this kind of theology, which makes justification a sentence that secures the eternal salvation, while sanctification is the ethical principle always halting in its development to the end. The fulfilment of righteousness, the entireness of sanctification, and the supremacy of Christ's life in the regenerate, are principles generally unknown in German theology. But there is no better method of studying the theology, which we hold and venture to think a more catholic and sounder type, than comparing it with the exhibitions set before us in these books.

Many of our readers will find an interest in watching for the references to Methodism which are sometimes, though not always, noted in the Indexes of Dorner, Martensen, Hagenbach, and others. They will find that the German and Swiss divines are not as well acquainted with Methodist theology as Methodists are with theirs. They will also find that, while some weak points are skilfully hit, generally speaking the attack upon Methodist theology is a perfect misdirection of energy.

SCHÖBERLEIN'S DOGMATICS.

Princip und System der Dogmatik. Von D. Ludwig Schöberlein.

SYSTEMATIC theology is, perhaps, more diligently cultivated in Germany than any branch of the theological sciences. Generally, however, the plan adopted both by the evangelical and the reformed divines renders their works unsuitable for translation into English, and in fact practically places them beyond the range of English sympathies. They are almost always either intensely Lutheran, rooted and grounded in the confessions; or exceedingly latitudinarian, philosophical, and transcendental. Hence there are but few of them that have held their ground when reproduced in this country. Their want of popularity is in remarkable contrast with the general acceptativeness of German commentaries. The volume which we now bring before our readers would scarcely, if translated, be an exception. Though only an introduction to dogmatics, its cumbrous elaborateness would defy the patience of ordinary readers, who would find it hard to get through the three or four volumes which the translation would require. But it is a work of much value, and would give a patient reader many hours of profitable study. Some notes on the volume have their value for a certain class of our readers.

Like Sartorius, Dr. Schöberlein makes love his starting point. But his system makes the principle of love subordinate to that of the kingdom of God, which is really the key-note of his book.

All the value of it results from the fidelity with which this idea is kept in view ; and, we are bound to say, its failures and errors spring from the undue ascendancy given to the human notion of love in the establishment and final issues of that kingdom. But let us translate a few sentences as our tribute to an author who will not probably find his way into our language. "From eternity, God, in His infinite love, formed the purpose to found a kingdom in which men, created in His image, standing through love in unity of life with Him, and retaining their place through the fulfilment of His will, might have their part in the blessedness which He Himself enjoys in His trinitarian life. But as He, in virtue of His eternal contemplation, knew that man would not remain in obedience of love, but would go his own way, which would lead him to ruin, God, still holding fast His love to His chosen image, decreed in his heart nothing less than to meet the sinful separation of man with a still higher revelation of His personal self-sacrifice, and then, by overcoming sin, to realise and complete the idea of His kingdom in the way of its new foundation.

"The Scriptures of the Old Testament record in what ways God conducted the development of His eternal decree as a development through the ages. The foundation had been laid already in Paradise by His personal intercourse with the first human pair, as also after his fall by the promise given to man that of his seed the Deliverer should arise who, albeit through sufferings, should overcome the hostile power of evil. The blessing of this *original gospel*, Adam's sons, Abel and Seth, with their descendants, were to receive ; as also after the flood Noah, with his son Shem and his descendants : for the sake of which they brought to Him acceptable sacrifices and preached His name. Out of this circle of election God again specially chose Abraham, with the promise that in him all the nations of the earth should be blessed. To this point the predictions of the prophets whom God raised up among His people, and endowed with His Spirit, that they might evermore keep the eyes of His people directed beyond the needs of the present to the promised appearing of salvation, and the establishment of the kingdom of God in His chosen servant, the Messiah, whose name is Emmanuel. But it belonged to the spirit and aim of the prophecy that its fulfilment should be regarded as near. And so all the prophets, while they searched out the meaning of the revelations they received, expected the setting up of the kingdom of God as near. But God's thoughts and ways are not our thoughts and ways. Not until both in history and in the minds of the people the true preparation for salvation had been secured, did God see the fulness of time, and send His Son into the flesh. . . . Of this speak the writings of the evangelists and apostles ; the Scriptures of the New Testament."

These sentences will show the fundamental principles of our author, and prepare the reader for an evangelical system of theology. He will not be disappointed. But that system is of the Lutheran type, and on the whole not essentially different from Dörner's, to which reference has been made.

THE PULPIT COMMENTARY.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Rev. Canon Spence and Rev. J. S. Exell. C. Kegan Paul. 1881, 1882.

Genesis. Introduction by Rev. Canon Farrar, Bishop Cotterill, and Rev. T. Whitelaw, M.A. Exposition by Rev. J. Whitelaw, M.A. Fifth Edition.

Exodus. Introduction by Rev. Canon Rawlinson.

Leviticus. Introduction by Rev. R. Collins and Professor Cave. Exposition by Rev. F. Meyrick.

I. Kings. Exposition by Rev. Joseph Hammond, LL.B., B.A.

It seems very clear that the editors of the *Pulpit Commentary* have commanded a great success. This cannot be the result of accident, or fortuitous combination of circumstances. Competition is very strong and keen; for expositions running over the whole Bible, and monographs on the particular books, were never so abundant and never so good as now. There are two things which unite to recommend this series: apart, that is, from the great beauty of the type and general presentation. It is well flanked with introductions and excursuses by men of great eminence; and those introductions, not being generally by the expositors themselves, must needs engage a special care and attention on the part of the writers. We have read with deep interest some of these, and do not wonder at the success they have met with. The introduction of Canon Rawlinson and Professor Cave are models of execution, deeply suggestive, and full of information of great importance in these days. Of these we speak confidently: for we have read them much to our profit. Of the Commentaries we can only speak with the measure of assurance that frequent reference may give. That on the first of Kings is a work of honest, thorough, conscientious care; there is perhaps no more satisfactory work than that on Leviticus to be found in our language; and the student of theology could not in our day find better employment than in making himself thoroughly master of it. The epistle to the Hebrews will be much better understood, we venture to say; and the light shed upon the exposition of another hand by the introduction of Professor Cave—an expert on this subject—will be found very important. As to the homiletic part, we have not so much to say. Evidently the public—that is, a large body of ministers—care for it, and value it. We have no temptation to

disturb them : only to warn them in two directions. First, they must be on their guard against taking the homiletic hints as exposition proper. They often seem to be such ; and sometimes, we have noticed, are excellent commentary, not superseded by the commentary proper. But often they are the kind of exposition which may be tolerated in homiletics, in its place and under all reservations. The reader must draw a sharp line of distinction between the strict and direct exposition, which he has in these volumes from competent masters, and the homiletic exposition to which a certain latitude is allowed by general consent. Many who use this class of books are apt to forget the distinction. They turn to the homiletic commentary, and go no further. Now that is unfair to the work itself ; and, if it were possible, the compact should be made that no one be permitted to read the homiletic commentary who had not first mastered the exposition proper. Secondly, they must take care lest the use of these hints and outlines freeze the current of their own original conceptions. The preacher may read, if he think fit, all that here lies before him ; but he should then shut the book, and make his sermon independently.

We have noticed this undertaking before, and hope to notice it again. There is something, meanwhile, very refreshing in the thought that the Old Testament is obtaining so much fixed attention as the success of this ponderous work implies. The editors are doing a good work and deserve large encouragement. Could they not send out an issue of the Commentaries with these introductions minus the vast homiletic mass, which to many preachers is rather a snare, and to those of us who are not preachers is superfluous ?

CROSSLEY'S MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

The Fourth Book of the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus: a Revised Text with Translation and Commentary, and an Appendix on the Relations of the Emperor with Cornelius Fronto. By Hastings Crossley, M.A. London : Macmillan and Co. 1882.

THIS little volume appears just in time to take the benefit of M. Renan's revival of the Antoninus mania : for such we may call the enthusiasm this name has excited in recent times. The author thinks that Englishmen ought to take more "practical" interest than they do in the great examples of Roman Stoicism : "for it has undoubtedly an affinity with English character, such as is not possessed in a greater degree by any ethical teaching save that of the Gospel." What the "practical" interest may mean it is hard to say. Those who receive the Gospel have all that the Stoics could teach, and infinitely more—literally infinitely

more—than they have to offer. It must be to them matter of “literary and historical curiosity,” and a more intensely interesting chapter in the history of ethics is not to be found than that which is headed by the name of Marcus Aurelius. We have here a good translation of the most characteristic book of the “Meditations,” with brief but learned and satisfactory notes. The volume is a thoroughly worthy one, and inspires the hope that the edition of which this is only a fragment may be completed.

THE REVISED CATECHISMS.

The Catechisms of the Wesleyan Methodists: Containing a Summary of Christian Doctrine and Bible History. No. I. and No. II. Compiled by order of the Conference. London: Wesleyan-Methodist Book-Room.

METHODISTS will hail eagerly and scrutinise minutely these Revised Catechisms. It is difficult to overrate the importance of the questions, What shall we teach our children as true Christian doctrine? and, How shall we teach them what we believe to be the truth? In the eyes of the general public the Catechisms represent Methodist doctrine as not even the Hymn-book does. It is almost impossible to make the outside world understand the exact extent of the “legal standards,” and their bulk prevents their being widely perused. Moreover, conceptions of Methodist theology formed by children will probably abide with them throughout life; they may be modified, but they are not likely to be ever cast entirely aside. It is necessary, therefore, that the Catechism should express doctrine accurately, and in a style worthy of the theological culture of the body that issues them, and yet after a fashion adapted to the capacities of intelligent boys and girls. We congratulate the compilers upon the success with which they have fulfilled these somewhat contradictory requirements. If any one doubted the expediency of revision, the present Catechisms constitute a triumphant answer to him. In fulness, in clearness, in precision, the new far exceed the old.

The process of revision has materially increased the size of the Catechisms. The first has grown only a single page, but the second has expanded from sixty-three pages to ninety-six. The slight increase in the size of the first Catechism does not fairly represent the additions to it; the number of questions in the doctrinal part of it is increased very nearly fifty per cent. In the second Catechism two-thirds of the increase belongs to the doctrinal portion, the remainder to the appendix on Bible history. From both Catechisms the number of omitted questions and answers is very small, and the omissions themselves are not

important. We may say then that, calculating roughly, and taking both Catechisms together, one-third of their bulk consists of new matter, the other two-thirds being credited, of course, to the original compilations. But this statement does not do justice to the work of the revisers. Both Catechisms do not contain a couple of dozen questions and answers which are not altered in either interrogation or reply, or both. Many of the changes result from the abandonment of the principle upon which the former Catechisms were constructed, "the answer to each question being put in the form of a complete proposition, embodying the entire sense of the question and answer united." The answers now are merely direct replies to the questions, and do not repeat their words. On the whole, perhaps, the balance of advantage inclines to the alteration. Space is economised, and trouble is spared the learner. Moreover, the repetition had an awkward sound and look. But it may be doubted whether the knowledge conveyed will be as well retained in after life; the *quondam* pupil is not unlikely to forget the question, while he remembers the answer. Many of the emendations are made for simplicity's sake, several in the interests of minute accuracy, and a few are purely verbal. Throughout we have evidence of conscientious painstaking on the part of the revisers; they have weighed every word, and grudged no labour in order to produce a result as nearly perfect as possible, deeming no detail unworthy of their notice. Nevertheless they have been faithful to the old lines, so that we have revised and not new Catechisms.

The second question and answer in the first Catechism are new. The child is asked, "Who is God?" and is taught God is our Father in heaven. This addition is suggestive of the spirit which has prompted a considerable proportion of the reviser's corrections. Certainly the original Catechisms did not forget that "God is love," but they did not give sufficient prominence to that aspect of the Divine nature which is specially adapted to the minds of "little children;" they scarcely attempted to teach them to know "the Father" (1 John iii. 13). It must be confessed that even the Catechism "for children of tender years" had about it a hard theological air that was not calculated to win those for whom it was written. Very wisely is the declaration that our hearts are "inclined only to evil" qualified by the words "but for the grace of God," and it is a distinct gain to be instructed that we may "all hope for this grace," "through the Saviour who was promised when our first parents fell into sin." Every one, too, must recognise the propriety of the changed reply to the query "But will He save all mankind?" "We can be saved only by repenting and believing in the Lord Jesus Christ," instead of "Christ will save only those who repent, &c.," which seemed to carry with it the almost irresistible inference of the damnation of all the heathen.

The change, however, which will attract most attention, is the disappearance of the description of hell which Canon Farrar quoted in the first edition of his *Mercy and Judgment*. We no longer read that "Hell is a dark and bottomless pit, full of fire and brimstone." Whatever may have been the source of this definition, it was not drawn from the Bible, and is therefore rightly suppressed.

If any one imagines that the aforesaid alterations indicate that the Wesleyan Conference is abandoning its belief in original sin or in eternal punishment, or is even lessening the emphasis of its testimony to these doctrines, he will commit a grave error. Both truths are asserted in both Catechisms with unmistakable plainness. The explanations of the terms "Repentance" and "Regeneration" have been completely changed, yet no one would dream of contending that the Conference does not intend that those doctrines shall be preached. The substitution of more for less Scriptural and simple phraseology differs *in toto* from the abandonment of the doctrines which both forms of words clothe. Still children are taught that the Fall brought mankind "into a state of sin and misery," and that at the last day "the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into everlasting life."

Before passing from the first Catechism, we must notice an additional section, entitled "Of Jesus Christ and Little Children." It is couched in language any child can understand, and contains lessons for the heart as well as the head. Particularly happy is the reference to baptism as the "sign" by which it is "shown that the Lord is the Saviour of children."

The second Catechism opens with a new chapter, "Of the Christian Religion." It is divided into three sections, "Jesus Christ and Christianity," "The Scriptures," and "The Creed and Catechism." This chapter meets a logical and practical want. The instruction itself ought to be found within the covers of a Catechism, and if appeal is made to the Scriptures in proof of the doctrines taught, reason demands that the grounds should be stated on which they are received as the Word of God. If, too, Christianity is the religion of Jesus Christ, it is right that His claims as a "Teacher sent from God" should be set forth distinctly as the basis of its authority. We cannot linger over this chapter, or we might point out its argumentative consistency, its felicitous expression, and its agreement with present-day modes of thought. Its insistence upon the experimental evidence of Christianity (sect. 19) deserves mention; and where shall we look for a more compact and correct explanation of "the Holy Spirit's inspiration" of the Bible than this, "He put it into the minds of holy men to write, and instructed them how to write?"

It is not possible within our limits to criticise every chapter.

Alterations of arrangement, especially the division of long chapters into sections, conduce to perspicuity, and good reason can be alleged in support of every change of both matter and manner, be it small or great. In the exposition of the difference between the soul and the body, the substitution of "desires and wills" for the almost tautological phrase "wishes and desires" must be regarded as clear gain, quite disproportionate to the amount of the correction, inasmuch as it recognises the will as a constituent part of man. To the next question is affixed one of the very few answers with which we are not fully satisfied. "Is not your soul, then, of great value? Yes; because it is myself." Beyond all doubt this is preferable to the answer it has displaced; but a man's soul alone is not a man's self, and the reply does not answer the inquiry put, but rather this, Is not your soul of great value *to you*? We are sorry, however, to miss from the definition of "sin" the reference to sins of omission, though the definition as it now stands is easier of apprehension than that given originally. We note with pleasure the addition of a question and answer which ascribe temptation to "our own evil hearts" as well as to Satan, the statement that the devils "*seek to bring*" men "to their own place of misery," and the deletion of the unqualified assurance that "men willingly yield" to all Satan's enticements.

We pass without comment the excellent chapter "Of the Redemption of the World by our Lord Jesus Christ." A comparison of it with the corresponding chapter in the unrevised Catechisms will show that it has gained in fulness and simplicity without any loss of accuracy. We have already alluded to the disappearance of the time-honoured definitions of Repentance, Regeneration, Justification, &c. We part from such familiar friends with a natural pang of regret. Yet no one can doubt the superior suitability of the present definitions, and subsequent explanations render the doctrines treated of more intelligible than the most comprehensive definition could do. Turning to the chapter "Of the Church and the Means of Grace," we remark some very valuable additions: the distinction between the visible and the invisible Church, the unity and the holiness of the Church are insisted on, and lessons are enforced about Christian fellowship, and the Methodist form of it, that ought never to have been absent from the Conference Catechisms.

The section headed "The Sacraments" is remarkable chiefly for its treatment of the doctrine of Baptism, though the wise exposition of the relation between the sacraments and new covenant merits a word of recognition. The mode of the application of the water is stated to be "by dipping, or pouring, or sprinkling"—a deliverance that cannot be accused of bigotry. The great obstacle to the proper appreciation of the sacrament of Baptism has always been the youth's inability to perceive the distinction between the

positions of the infant and of the adult to whom it was administered. The explanations generally vouchsafed have been more perplexing than helpful. The Catechism renders the difference intelligible, and enables the child who was baptised in infancy to realise his obligations and privileges. The sacraments are not made light of as mere "ordinances;" nor is there the faintest taint of even diluted Romanism in the opinions advanced concerning them.

The revisers have not satisfied themselves with remodelling question and answer; they have examined the proof-texts with equal diligence. A few have been removed altogether, a few have been transferred to other places than those wherein they originally stood, and many have been added; but the larger proportion of the texts remain in their old positions. A new feature is the frequent references to passages not quoted. Occasionally the same text is attached to two or more answers, while a passage that has never been cited appears within the reference-brackets. We are not quite sure that it would not have been expedient to print the hitherto unquoted text in full, and use the other as reference, even though it is the more apposite. But this is a matter of minor importance. After a protracted debate the Conference, by an overwhelming majority, sanctioned the employment of the revised version of the New Testament in the Catechisms. The advantages of this course are obvious, as the revised version is all but universally acknowledged to be by far the more exact translation. The objections amount really to the appearance of undue haste in the adoption of a version that has yet to make its way into public use, and perhaps this is more sentimental than substantial.

We have left ourselves no space for comment upon the appendices upon Bible history. That of the First Catechism is but slightly altered. That of the Second Catechism is greatly enlarged; in addition to the matter (carefully revised) of its predecessors, it contains a succinct account of the Mosaic "Laws Concerning Religion," a most useful summary of "Jewish History between the Old Testament and the New," and a valuable chapter on "The Books of the Bible," the last section of which, on "The Names of the Scriptures," strikes us as amongst the best conceived and executed of the whole compilation.

We are devoutly thankful for the result of the Catechism Committee's labours. Wesleyan Methodists have no need to fear comparison of their Catechisms with those of any other Church. It is not too much to say that such a compendium of Christian doctrine and Scripture history, at once so compact and so comprehensive, so simple and so accurate, so faithful and so charitable, is not to be found elsewhere in the English tongue.

PEMBER'S GREAT PROPHECIES.

The Great Prophecies concerning the Gentiles, the Jews, and the Church of God. By G. H. Pember, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

IN a recent number of this REVIEW we noticed a volume entitled *The Coming Prince*, by Dr. Anderson. The scheme for the interpretation of unfulfilled prophecy in it and the book before us is almost identical, though there are differences in the details and in the mode of treatment, and Mr. Pember's work has a much wider range of subjects. We do not find in either of them the sifting of evidence and the calm and impartial judgment which carries conviction with it. Dr. Anderson is a special pleader, striving to win a favourable verdict from a jury. Mr. Pember, on the other hand, states his case as though it had already been summed up and decided in his favour. His statements are full and clear, but there is very little weighty argument in the book, though it seems to be imperatively demanded. It is true that he disclaims "any feeling of dogmatic certainty," and says that "so far as he is conscious, the system here propounded was not first constructed and then justified, but has been gradually evolved by a close study of the Divine revelations" (Preface, p. 6). No doubt he is sincere in the belief that he brought his mind to the study of the subject like a blank sheet of paper; but the fact that he has so persuaded himself rather shakes our confidence in his judgment, especially as he travels throughout on lines already laid down for him by the extreme school of futurists. He tells us that "the Bible is not a riddle but a revelation," and that "being written to suit the mean capacities of our race, it is easily intelligible to those who surrender themselves to the guidance of the Spirit. It presents but few difficulties if we are willing to receive it just as it has been delivered to us, . . . and, with a few avowed exceptions, such as when the mind that hath wisdom is challenged or he that hath ears to hear is bidden to hear, if it does speak figuratively, it employs plain and obvious figures, the purpose of which is to illustrate and make clear, and not to mystify" (pp. 177-8). Having thus, under the teachings of the Holy Spirit, threaded his way through the intricate mazes of unfulfilled prophecy, he is as much at home amongst the grand symbolisms of the Apocalypse as he is in the Sermon on the Mount or the parables of the Gospels. We must in fairness acknowledge that the book is not written in a dogmatic spirit; but there is throughout a quiet assumption which leads us to suspect that he underrates the importance of supporting his views by argument, and of refuting the objections of those whose opinions differ from his own. To

take one illustration of this, he believes that the seventy weeks of Daniel are the key to all prophecy, and we might therefore have expected that he would take special pains to fix the date of their commencement, which was the twentieth year of the reign of Artaxerxes. Dr. Anderson bestowed great labour on this point, and adopted B.C. 445 as the *terminus a quo*; and by reckoning 360 days to a year he arrived at A.D. 32 as the end of the sixty-ninth week, and the date of the Crucifixion. But our author thus dismisses the question: "We shall not be able to make them [the starting-point and goal] out by the ordinarily received chronology—a fact which proves it to be incorrect—but if we adopt that of Archbishop Usher the difficulty will be solved" (p. 154). He therefore takes B.C. 454 as the commencement of the period, and by adding sixty-nine weeks of ordinary years he fixes on A.D. 29 as the year of the Crucifixion. He omits, however, to allow one year for the transition from B.C. to A.D., so that the latter date should be A.D. 30. There is thus in the calculations of the two authors a discrepancy of nine years in the beginning and two years in the conclusion of the sixty-nine weeks. As the question is to them a vital one, affecting the whole futurist scheme, we may leave them to settle the difference; but it seems strange that, if unfulfilled prophecy was intended to be so easily interpreted, the starting-point should be an event in ancient secular history the exact date of which appears to be involved in hopeless obscurity. Meanwhile we are fully satisfied that our Saviour was crucified in the middle of the seventieth week, and that the supposed postponement of that week for two thousand years or so is an idle dream.

The author seeks to set aside what is called "the Protestant interpretation" by showing that, though Popery is clearly identified with the Scarlet Woman of the Apocalypse, it is not the last antichrist, and has no connection with the little horn of the fourth beast in Daniel's vision. His argument is that the harlot is slain by the beast, or secular power, whereas antichrist is to be destroyed by the brightness of the Saviour's appearing; but various symbols are often used in Scripture to represent the same facts in different aspects, and there is abundant evidence that the woman and the little horn are different aspects of the Popish system. The former typifies Popery in its unhallowed connection with the kingdoms of this world; and even at the present time the nations of Europe, by stripping her of her temporalities, and casting off her yoke, are tearing her flesh and slaying her; but as a spiritual power she will still continue to exist, as the greatest system of error and blasphemy which the world has ever seen, till the Lord shall consume her with the breath of His mouth. Popery so exactly answers to the description of the man of sin in the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians,

that we are under no necessity to look for, and have no reason to expect, a further embodiment of the powers of evil, either in a system or in an individual. We can only glance rapidly at some of the contents of the book.

The visions of Nebuchadnezzar and Daniel representing the four great Gentile powers, and Daniel's vision of the ram and he-goat, prefiguring the overthrow of Persia by Greece, and the subsequent division of the latter into four kingdoms, of course stand out prominently. Whilst the author admits the subordinate fulfilment of this last vision, he denies that the little horn which sprang from one of the four horns was Antiochus Epiphanes, and identifies it with the last antichrist. His opinion is based on the angel's declaration that the vision had reference to "the last end of the indignation," by which we understand the latter days of the Jewish dispensation. He admits this interpretation, but contends that the last of Daniel's seventy weeks is delayed till after the close of the Christian age. He looks for the reconstitution of the four Greek kingdoms, and thinks that they, perhaps with Persia, will form the five toes of one foot. The two legs of the image, he says, represent the eastern and western Roman empires, and insists that each should be subdivided into five kingdoms; but if this interpretation is correct, the two empires were never united at all, and the "belly and thighs" alone would indicate the division of one empire into two. And further, if the image had been intended to shadow forth the minute details of future history, it should have had four thighs, representing the four Greek kingdoms: these should have been united into a solid mass at the knees; and the two legs should have branched off beneath. In short, instead of being a well-proportioned statue, such as Nebuchadnezzar had been accustomed to see in the palaces and temples of Babylon, it would have been a monstrous and hideous deformity. In like manner, if in the far future the Roman empire was to be broken up into twelve or thirteen kingdoms, of which nine or ten would belong to the western section, would the fact have been indicated by the number and distribution of the toes? Unquestionably the image would still have had five toes on each foot, conveying the general idea of subdivision without regard to minute details. The number of toes, again, regulates the number of horns on the beasts of Daniel and the Apocalypse, for if there had been more or less than ten the unity of the prophetic Scriptures would have been broken. The author's theory has to contend with another insuperable difficulty. The Scarlet Woman, whom he admits to be Popery, is seated on a beast with ten horns; but is there the smallest probability that the Papacy will ever have dominion over the kingdoms of the eastern empire, including Persia? It is clear that the prophetic symbols are not intended to be exactly literal in

minor details, and it seems to us that the Protestant interpretation has not only sound criticism but common sense on its side. It may be true that we cannot point out exactly ten kingdoms which have occupied the territories of the Roman empire ever since it was broken up. The number has varied at different periods, as we might naturally expect. Sometimes there have been exactly ten, and sometimes more, and sometimes less; but the general fact of the broken and divided state of the empire is indicated in all the prophecies. Thus the way is clear for the identification of Popery with the little horn of the fourth beast; it exactly answers the description; it is the only power in the world that does so; and with such a system before our eyes we need not look for any further development of the mystery of iniquity.

Mr. Pember divides the religious history of the world into seven dispensations, namely, the Adamic; the covenant with Adam and Eve after the fall; that with Noah, which originated human government, and which culminated in the Tower of Babel, and the confusion of tongues; the Abrahamic, the Israelitish, the Christian, and the Millennial. It is with the last three dispensations that we are chiefly concerned just now. Our author says that the Jewish dispensation was suspended at the end of the sixty-ninth week of Daniel's prophecy, and that the seventieth week is still to come; but that, as it was necessary that God should have witnesses on the earth, the Christian dispensation was "interpolated." It is merely "parenthetical," and designed to fill up a gap. It was "the prince of the power of the air," with his angels, who continually led the Israelites into idolatry or hypocrisy, and therefore preparations are now being made for the expulsion of these hostile powers and the establishment of a new and glorious government—that of the Lord Jesus and His Church. Having offered Himself as an atonement for the sins of the world, an offer of salvation is made, and those who receive Him will, after a short period of trial, be caught up at the close of the age, whether dead or alive, to meet their Lord in the air, and will with Him become the spiritual rulers of the world in place of Satan and his hosts. But men have received the announcement with stoical apathy or bitter hatred and opposition. Only a few whose hearts the Lord has opened, have heard, believed, and rejoiced. "The rest of the world will grow worse and worse until this sixth age also ends in complete failure, proving that not even the revelation of the love of God in Christ Jesus can soften the rebellious heart of man" (p. 19). The Christian age being ended, the last seven years of the Jewish dispensation will follow; and, the majority of the Jews having entered into a covenant with antichrist, the great tribulation, including all the woes of the seals, trumpets, and vials, will be inflicted upon the

Jews and Gentiles in the short space of three years and a half! Then Christ will come in glory to take the kingdom.

Towards the end of the Christian age another class of preachers will arise, proclaiming not the Gospel of Grace but the Gospel of the Kingdom; that is, announcing the speedy advent of the Saviour; but this preaching also will end in utter failure. "Not even this thrilling proclamation will draw men to God... It will for the most part serve only as witness to the nations, and vindicate God's righteousness in the judgments which must immediately follow" (p. 194). All the first six dispensations fail; but they lead up to the seventh, in which at least we might expect some compensation for the dreary and disheartening failure of the others. Our author, however, withholds even this small consolation from us. Speaking of the millennium, he says, "Not even this age of marvellous blessings and warnings, with its total immunity from spiritual temptation, will bring about the recovery of fallen man. The Israelitish people [about one-fiftieth part of the world's population?] will indeed be perfect, yet only through the power of the Spirit of God; but other nations, though awed into acquiescence, will yield but a feigned submission, for when at last the tempter is let loose as a final test of obedience, they will gladly listen to his suggestions and gather themselves together in open rebellion against God" (pp. 20, 21). Is this the burden of revelation written by the Spirit when the author brought his mind and heart to the study of the Scriptures like a clean sheet of paper? Let us at least be thankful that his views are not put forth with any feeling of dogmatic certainty! The author adds, "Thus by seven distinct and altogether diverse tests it will have been proved that no possible circumstances can give man the power of recovering himself from sin; that he must either cry out for the help of the Lord, or perish from His presence for ever" (p. 21). But were seven tests needed to prove this? And are men only to learn the lesson after the fountain of grace has been closed for ever? We read nothing here of the glorious fact that "God has concluded all men in unbelief that He might have mercy upon all;" nor of the Son of Man who came to seek and to save the lost; for the saved were predestined to salvation, and the lost were never within the reach of mercy, seeing that the Holy Ghost, whose effectual working alone could have opened their hearts, was withheld from them.

In accordance with the foregoing, the author holds that Christ did not receive any kingdom at the time of His first advent. He seems to have no conception of a spiritual kingdom, "which cometh not with observation," set up in the hearts of God's people, and not the less real because it is invisible. "Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given;" but there, says the author, the fulfilment stops till the second advent. The government

has not yet been put upon His shoulder ; although before He ascended to heaven He said to His disciples, " All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth ! " Can the power and the government be separated ? When the ten toes of the image have been formed, Mr. Pember says, the stone cut out of the mountain without hands will fall upon them. Their destruction will be instantaneous, and then the kingdom of Christ will be set up ; but the stone is to fall upon the *feet* of the image, not upon its toes, and the setting up of the kingdom and gradual increase of the stone conveys the idea of slower growth than the instantaneous establishment of Christ's kingdom in all its glory at the beginning of the millennium. That it is spiritual in its nature, gradual in its development, peaceful in its conquests, and unseen by the world, surely gives us a higher conception of it than the author's notion that it can only be established by a sudden and overwhelming manifestation of the Saviour's power, resulting in the destruction of a vast proportion of the human race. It is Christ the Judge, and not Christ the King, who is presented to us here.

Immediately after the first resurrection, the living saints will be caught up into the air ; but those Christians who are " not quite ready " will be left behind, and will have to pass through all the horrors of the great tribulation, and to brave the fury of antichrist. These, the author says, are " the saints of the high places " mentioned in Daniel vii. 25 ; and those who " keep the commandments of God and hold the testimony of Jesus," upon whom the dragon shall make war, are also probably the pious Jews and Christians who were not found worthy to escape the impending woes ! In Rev. xx. 4, 5, the author discerns three classes of glorified believers : " first those who are seen sitting upon thrones, and who are probably the company which will be caught up to the Lord at the beginning of the Presence ; then there are those who, being left behind, will be martyred during the seventieth week ; and lastly, those who will be faithful witnesses for Christ, neither worshipping the beast nor his image, but will nevertheless escape death, or at least death by persecution. The first class appears to occupy a higher position than the other ; but all live and reign with Christ for a thousand years " (p. 375). So that, after all, the five foolish virgins will only have to wait seven years before being admitted into the kingdom ! Either immediately before or during the seven years Elijah will come. The author's view on this point is based upon a new translation of our Saviour's words in Matt. xvii., " Elijah indeed cometh, and shall restore all things ; but I say unto you that an Elijah came just now, and they knew him not, but did unto him whatsoever they listed." After carefully examining Mr. Pember's scheme, however, we cannot discover any place for Elijah, or work for him to do. It cannot be before Christ's coming, because the

first indication of His presence in the air will be the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the saints from their respective spheres on earth; and it cannot be during the seven years, for nothing will be restored till Christ Himself descends to take possession of the kingdom. "It will probably be at this time," the author thinks, "that the throne of glory will be set up, before which the angels will gather the nations for the judgment of the sheep and the goats, while the Lord's Jewish brethren stand by. Then will follow the establishment of the kingdom at Jerusalem, and the Lord's feast to all peoples on Mount Zion" (p. 205). This judgment, therefore, only applies to living Gentiles, not to the dead or to the Israelites, and it will precede the final judgment by more than 1,000 years. It refers also exclusively to the manner in which the Gentiles have treated the Lord's brethren. Those who have treated them well will receive eternal life; those who have shown them no mercy will go away into eternal punishment; so that it shall be more tolerable for Turks than for Poles and Russians in that day!

It appears from the foregoing that the world is not to be filled with righteousness by the conversion of mankind, but by the destruction of a vast majority of them. The author tells us that our hope of the conversion of the world is false, and that "the fulness of the Gentiles" is the time when they shall have filled up the measure of their iniquities! It seems to us, however, that he has involved himself in a serious contradiction. On page 205 he tells us that the Gentiles will be judged at the beginning of the millennium, and that only the righteous, who are to live and reign with Christ for a thousand years, will remain on earth; but on page 20 we read that though the Israelitish people will be perfect, the other nations will yield but a feigned submission, and will break out into open rebellion when the millennium is over! Will all this take place after the judgment of the sheep and goats?

We must say a few words about the author's view of the last antichrist. The seven heads of the beast on which the woman sits are the seven hills on which the city of Rome stands; but they also represent seven kings, the beast himself being the eighth. Of these five were fallen, one was reigning in John's time, and the seventh and eighth were yet to come. Taking the word "fallen" as probably intimating that they had died by violence, he fixes upon Julius Cæsar, Tiberius, Claudius, Caligula, and Nero as the five who had passed away, and upon Domitian as the one who was then reigning. He passes over Augustus Vespasian and Titus, because they had died natural deaths, and Galba, Otho, and Vitellius on account of their insignificance. On the principle of delay, which is so essential to his scheme, he thinks that the coming of the seventh head might be delayed for

many centuries. We must leave our readers to judge whether this is fair interpretation of prophecy or reckless tampering with it. If we take the seven heads to mean forms of government, then Rome had passed through five; the sixth was the empire, the seventh would be the ten kingdoms, and the eighth would be Popery in one of its aspects. Or if we suppose that seven great empires are indicated, we get a reasonable interpretation, for, including Egypt and Assyria, five world-empires had passed away, and Rome, the sixth, was then existing; but we cannot enter into these points now. The author inclines to the opinion that Napoleon Buonaparte was the seventh head, but it should be clear that he never ruled the Roman empire at all. Did he ever conquer the West, or even touch the East, except during his short expedition to Egypt? He enters at large, however, into the Napoleonic theory, and shows how nearly the first Napoleon fulfilled the destiny of the last antichrist. The eighth head is to be one of the five who were dead before John's day—a lost spirit brought up from the bottomless pit; and Mr. Pember thinks that Nero is the most likely candidate for the office, and that he will be reincarnated in the body of some member of the Napoleon family! The difficulty that the last antichrist is to spring from one of the Greek kingdoms, is met by the supposed Greek origin of the Napoleons, the original name being Calameros, of which Buonaparte is the Italian equivalent. When antichrist comes he will probably be raised to the throne by a *plebiscite* of all Christendom; and he will dazzle the world with the inexhaustible brilliancy of his talents, and still more by continuous flashes of supernatural power. Satan will enable him to perform all signs and lying wonders; and there will most likely be some blasphemous imitation of the chariot of the cherubim produced by Satanic power. "Possibly the appearance of antichrist thus borne aloft by the agency of demons will finally determine the world to worship him as God" (p. 160). Another lost spirit—the false prophet—is also to be brought up from the bottomless pit, that he may cause men to worship the beast and his image; but the author does not give us any clue to his identification.

The author tells us that there are only two prophecies in the Bible that refer to the Christian age, namely, the seven parables in Matt. xiii., and the epistles to the seven churches. The two series correspond with each other, and give us a progressive view of the state of the Church from first to last. About one-third of the volume is taken up with these; but we cannot enter upon them. We take only the parable of the leaven hid in the three measures of meal as a specimen of the rest. The woman is the Babylonian harlot, and the leaven is the corruption which she introduced into the Christian Church till the whole was polluted; but we do not yet quite see how *the kingdom of heaven* is like unto this! In like

manner, the mustard tree was an abnormal and monstrous growth, and the birds lodging in the branches of it were demons! The author thinks it should never be used as a text for mission sermons.

In this book Calvinism and the premillennial advent of our Saviour reach their vanishing point. The one ends in a dreary fatalism; the other in a romance as wild, but we fear not so innocuous, as the "Arabian Nights." We have seldom read a professedly Christian book in which there is so little to commend. Occasionally we detect the glow of Christian love beneath the icy crust of fatalism; but the crust is never melted, and all mankind, except the elect few, are delivered over to destruction with eager haste and remorseless severity.

KUENEN'S HIBBERT LECTURES.

THE series of lectures recently delivered in Oxford and London by Professor Kuenen, under the auspices of the Hibbert endowment, will require more than the passing notice which is all we can at present give them. The lecturer is now well known as an expositor of that naturalistic theory which assumes that everything in Scripture must be traced to secondary causes. According to this view, the Bible is of no higher authority than the sacred books of Confucianism or Buddhism, except that it may contain an account of a higher religious development than they. Religion is "natural to man;" and the Bible simply contains a human account, not always to be accepted (as Dr. Kuenen distinctly says in his references to the history of Yahwehism), of a religious development which was purely human. Certainly, Dr. Kuenen, holding the Hegelian notion of "an organic process" by which Divine thought is expression in the forms of human thought, may yet plead that in some sense "he is in hearty agreement with the Christendom of all ages." But this being allowed, "his point of view is not that of the Church," as he admitted, even when addressing a distinguished audience in the library of the Oxford University Museum. He rejects the traditional theory of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, and the institutions peculiar to Judaism. He represents Judaism to have been a gradual formation which never arrived at completion until after the Jewish captivity. The traditional views of the origin of Hebrew literature must be entirely set aside, though they have been derived from the later Old Testament writers, and confirmed by our Lord and His apostles. The theory will, of course, excuse Jesus Christ and the men of the apostolic age from the charge of imposition, on the ground of ignorance; but Ezra must have known that Moses did not write all that he attributed to him, and the author of Deuteronomy must have been an accomplished

personator. When we come to the sacred archæology of Israel Professor Kuenen has equally pronounced opinions which are at variance with orthodoxy. Those sacrifices which the books of Leviticus and Exodus represent to have been divinely ordained by Moses, and to have been typical of the redemption of Christ, he holds to have belonged to the "national religion," or, in other words, to popular paganism. He says that the prophets before the Captivity protested against all sacrifice as unacceptable to Jehovah; and it was only after the Captivity that these priestly ceremonies were identified with prophetic religion. The following paragraphs from the report of his lectures will supply the principal points in this part of his theory.

"The belief that Yahweh was the only god sprang out of the ethical conception of his being. Monotheism was the gradual, not the sudden, result of this conception. Monotheism began to show itself with unmistakable clearness in the writings of the prophets of the eighth century, and was taught in explicit terms in the last quarter of the seventh century in Deuteronomy and Isaiah. . . . Hezekiah's attempted reforms were made abortive by his son and successor Manasseh; but they turned out to have been the prelude to the great events of the eighteenth year of Josiah, when Hilkiah's book of the law was brought to the king's knowledge, and, when confirmed by Huldah's prophetic authority, was put into practice by him. The Deuteronomist made no change in the sacrifices or feasts; but, penetrated by the conviction that the mingling of Yahwehism with the adoration of other gods could not be brought to an end so long as the high places were tolerated, he centralised the worship of Yahweh in Jerusalem. Josiah's death on the battlefield was a terrible blow to the reformers. Not one of his successors was thoroughly true to his principles. Jeremiah despaired of a gradual reformation of the existing state of things. To accomplish any true good Yahweh must begin again and make a new covenant with the house of Israel and Judah. Meanwhile, the train was completely laid for a great change. In Judea itself the priests had enjoyed growing influence since 536 B.C. (the exactness of the dates is very striking). In Babylonia the theory that corresponded to the subsequent practice had been elaborated in the first half of the Captivity by Ezekiel in his plan of the new Jewish state, with the temple for its central point. Finally, in B.C. 458, the conception seemed to be ripe, and Ezra returned to Judea at the head of a second band of returning exiles, armed with the law of his God. Some years later, when Nehemiah was governor, he saw that the moment was come for realising his plans. The priestly law was read aloud, and the whole people solemnly accepted it. Judaism was established. What the prophetic preaching had failed to accomplish, what Deuteronomy, the prophetic *thorah*, had only

half accomplished, was brought to pass by Judaism. In other words, the priests of Yahweh, from Ezekiel to Ezra, saw their attempt crowned with complete success."

These utterances show how far Dr. Kuenen has gone beyond all his rationalistic predecessors. He has left Ewald and Davidson far behind. One consolation arises even from the contemplation of this most extreme subversion of honoured theories. It is found in the consideration that the pantheistic and materialistic philosophy now in fashion cannot go any further in its attempts to overthrow the authority of the Old Testament. As Strauss and Renan have marked the limits beyond which unbelieving criticism cannot go in its treatment of the New Testament; so Kuenen and his sympathisers probably present the final phase of the modern assault upon these "Scriptures" which Jesus Christ has taught us to revere. And as the most effectual reply to Strauss and Renan is the New Testament itself, so "Moses in the law and the prophets" will furnish the most effectual testimony against the novel and incredible theories advanced in the last series of the Hibbert Lectures. At present, however, these speculations claim to belong to "the science of religion."

DR. PUNSHON'S SERMONS.

Sermons. By the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D. London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

MANY people in various sections of the Christian Church will rejoice in possessing the recently-published volume of Dr. Punshon's Sermons. While the modern press is prolific in its issue of sermonic literature, no apology is needed for the appearance of this volume. It has been truly said that the pulpit was Dr. Punshon's throne; and it is fitting that foremost amongst our memories of him should be those discourses which made him famous among his brethren, and eminently useful to his congregations.

The power and influence of Dr. Punshon as a preacher was unique. It is now nearly forty years since he burst forth with meteoric brilliance as a public speaker. Many and diverse were the opinions held of him. Some believed him to possess powers of such rare quality, that he would eventually attain to high distinction. Others thought his ability to be of that forced kind which sometimes mark the clever youth, but gives little promise of sustained power in manhood. His style of composition and manner of speech were so different from nearly everything which had gone before in Methodism, that while many rejoiced in the novelty, not a few were doubtful of its issues. But we who survive him, and who can remember the days of his rising reputation, bear

cheerful testimony to the simplicity, earnestness, fidelity, and success of his work from its early days until its close.

Dr. Punshon, from the first, evidently regarded his ability as given by Providence for a special purpose, and to the fulfilment of that purpose he gave himself with rare energy and unflagging devotion. To him it was not enough to get through a service in God's house with due regard to orthodox doctrine, faithful observance of order, and respectable attention to the sermon. No one could listen to him without receiving the impression that the service in which he was engaged was to him a matter of deepest importance. He specialised every engagement. To him the ordinary plan appointment was a subject for preparation as thorough and conscientious as if the sermon had to be preached before the Conference. Never content to give to the Lord's work that which cost him little, he was only satisfied when the choicest powers he had were fully pressed into the glorious office of ambassador for God. While fully appreciating the Divine order by which praise and prayer form principal parts in the worship of the sanctuary, he was never forgetful that "faith cometh by hearing," and that "he that winneth souls is wise;" and knowing how much depends upon the messenger for the success of the message, he gave life-long prominence to the sermon.

This has had the undoubted effect during the past quarter of a century of raising the tone of preaching in the Wesleyan Church. Dr. Punshon's success in attracting multitudes to hear the Gospel has nerved many to brave efforts to "quit" themselves "like men," and to "study to show" themselves "approved unto God," workmen that need "not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Had Dr. Punshon's life attained no other result, it would have been well spent as a defence of the Divine order of preaching, and as a manifestation of success attained by one who would press all his powers into its service.

Many will turn to the volume now published, which contains the latest corrections of the author, and seek again the secret of the preacher's power. Mr. Arthur says in a preface to the volume:—"To those who never heard Dr. Punshon, his printed sermons will convey as good an idea of what his preaching was, as is generally the case with ministers in whom were combined a striking individuality of style with a rare ascendancy of manner. Print cannot bring back again the orator, cannot make us thrill under his touch. . ."

This is indeed true, as all will testify who were privileged to hear Dr. Punshon, and who now turn to the silent page. It would be difficult for us to find any words so forceful in expression of this truth as his own in a sermon on "The Sanctuary" (p. 104); moreover, there is a persuasion in tones of tenderness, there is an

eloquence in fervent feeling, there is an urgency in forceful and pathetic exhortation which the Spirit has used mightily to convince the consciences of men. From "the pulpit it is the prerogative of a single man to make the truth bear with energy and effect upon the consciences of hundreds. The Spirit his helper, he enters upon his high vocation with a soul smitten with a love of the truth, and a mind fully fraught with the power of its arguments, and many and mighty have been the effects produced. He has taken an analysis of the human heart, and, while probing the deceitfulness of that den of iniquity, the sinner has quailed beneath his utterance. He has transfused his own feelings into the spirit of his hearers, and their eyes have sparkled, and their hearts have bounded when he has told them the tale of bleeding love; and if he has talked to them of the future, and the believer's recompense has occupied his thoughts, their countenances have glowed already with the glories of the heaven he has described. The man that speaks from the heart must speak *to* the heart, and the power of the living voice has been, in numberless instances, followed by the blessing of God."

No one who is well acquainted with the wondrous power of language rightly used can study Dr. Punshon's compositions without great pleasure. Gifted with a keen sense of poetry, many of his prose periods breathe the true poetic spirit, while his sentences maintain such a sense of rhythm that they almost form a poem. He had a mind delicately sensitive to the strength or weakness of words, and many of his paragraphs are models in the use of pure and nervous English. The style of the composition in this volume is chastened and restrained. There is no redundancy. The preacher puts into thirty minutes what many would fail to say in fifty. In days of pressure, from manifold causes, there is danger lest pulpit preparation should become fragmentary, and its style consequently diffuse. Any who wish to learn the art of verbal condensation will find many a hint in this volume. Sometimes a sentence speaks a paragraph. In passing we may note that the volume bears marks of careful pruning; compared with shorthand notes taken during actual delivery, the sermons show great compression.

Some, who had but partial knowledge of Dr. Punshon as a man and a preacher, have thought that his careful and laborious culture of style in composition was sometimes at the cost of simplicity of aim and directness of appeal. This volume will dispel such an opinion. Sermons like those on "Saul, the God-deserted Man," and "Deceived Sowers to the Flesh," reveal such intense earnestness, and such desire to "save a soul from death," that even to those who never heard his passionate pleadings, the "voice that is still" must more than suffice to prove that his greatest aim was the conversion of sinners. Those who knew him best most fully

realised this. In the height of his popularity he has been heard to say that nothing so humbled and gladdened him as to hear that any heart through his ministry had paid its "vows unto the Lord."

From the closing paragraph in his third sermon on the "Prodigal Son," we learn his own conviction on this subject (p. 186).

"God welcoming and blessing His erring but now penitent child! And is that sight—visible to the higher intelligences who in heaven throb with human sympathies and recognitions still—visible in this house of prayer? Oh, there can be no sight like that! Before it fade the most gorgeous things that start from canvas, or that speak from marble; nothing so rapturous and wonderful ever caught the poet's eye in the rolling of its finest frenzy. Day unto day uttereth no speech so eloquent; night unto night discovereth no secret of such glowing wonder; the deep sea hath no treasure of so rare a preciousness; the winged winds bear no such joyous tidings. It thrills through all the regions of the sentient and the happy. The wings of the seraphim unfold with a newer flutter of gladness. The Divine Son rejoices to 'see of the travail of His soul;' and the everlasting Father, attesting its eternal *fitness*, proclaims to the awed and silent heaven, 'It was meet that we should make merry and be glad,' for this my Son 'was dead and is alive again; and was lost and was found.'"

Although a man of wide sympathies, Dr. Punshon maintains throughout his ministry a sterling fidelity to the verities of Christianity as handed down from his fathers. "The faith once delivered to the saints" was not bartered by him for any theories, either ancient or modern, which did not bear the imprimatur of the Word of God. To him, speculation in theology as such seems to have had but little charm.

The doctrines of human sin, guilt, and depravity are never forgotten; while on the other hand he never wearies in preaching Jesus, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." To him, Christ was indeed "the first and the last,"—all in all. He says (p. 325), "It is manifest, then, that if in any ministry there be a cold or a scanty declaration of redemption—if Christ and Him crucified are not the theme and the glory—there is injury inflicted upon man, and there is dishonour done to the majesty of mercy on high."

He was an uncompromising opponent of recent crude ideas of the Divine character. He held the justice and righteousness of God to be as sacred as His mercy and compassion; and in showing forth the Divine attributes, each is made to appear the complement of all the rest. Ever true to the "glorious Gospel" as it brings glad tidings to the penitent sinner, he also taught that it

was a gospel of "reconciliation." His sermons give no uncertain sound upon the solemn and saddening teaching that unrepented sin involves unremitted penalty. We greatly wish we could quote a lengthy paragraph on this subject from the sermon on "The Believer's Sonship" (p. 70), which commences—"There are some who abuse this truth of God's universal fatherliness, to the ignoring of His punitive justice, and therefore to the dishonour of His name,"—but we have not space for more.

Perhaps one of the most admirable features of Dr. Punshon's ministry, is that in which we see him, even in the height of his popularity, unmoved from those foundation truths of Christianity, which in so many quarters are deemed too feeble for rational belief. He "kept the faith."

Throughout this volume there are marks of close acquaintance with the human heart in its strength and weakness, its sunshine and its sorrow. None can read the four sermons on the "Prodigal Son" without feeling that step by step the speaker tells of that he knows, and testifies that he has seen. Surely this was at once one of the inspirations of his eloquence, and one of the secrets of his success.

There is also a fearless fidelity in declaring "the whole counsel of God," which shows that the preacher never sacrificed conscience for effect, but that he sanctified the privilege of speaking to great masses of the people by bringing to their ears with unfaltering plainness the "whole duty of man."

It may possibly be said in criticism of this volume that the sermons are not sufficiently expository; or that to the seeker for original thoughts there is room for disappointment.

While Dr. Punshon's style of preaching was not distinctively expository, yet he gives us here and there glimpses of what he was *able* to do in that method. The sermons on "The Empty Sepulchre" and "Strength and Peace" stand out in this connection. And as to what is generally understood by "original thought," it is not many men who have the peculiar power in putting truth which was shown by Phillips, Brooks, or Bishop Huntington. Dr. Punshon's was another power. His endowments were specific. He learnt as a young man what he could *best* do to serve Christ's cause—and he did it. And whatever the variety of feeling of the hundreds who read these sermons, we feel sure that in closing the volume they will agree with us that here we have found, in rare combination, pure and elevated diction, conscience-searching appeal, withering exposure of sin, fearless advocacy of duty, forceful putting of truth, captivating presentation of argument, and sanctifying all, the evident determination of the preacher "not to know anything among" men, "save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

We heartily commend the volume to our readers.

TOWNSEND'S GREAT SCHOOLMEN.

The Great Schoolmen of the Middle Ages: An Account of their Lives, and the Services they rendered to the Church and the World. By W. J. Townsend. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1881.

It has long been the fashion to speak of the Schoolmen as mere dreamers who were lost in the cloudland of their own self-evolved and misty speculations. An able and not otherwise uncharitable writer of the present day has represented them as meeting together gravely to discuss the question whether a hundred thousand angels could dance at one moment upon the point of a needle; or whether two celestial intelligences could at one time occupy the same amount of space; or whether a celestial being could be present on one spot of earth at the same moment that he was present in another part of the world. Any tyro in Church history will know that this is an imperfect representation of the great mental and theological controversies in which these noted men were, as a rule, engaged. Such vain trivialities were but "as the occasional froth or bubbles on the surface of a reservoir of profound thought and learning." Mr. Townsend thinks that the time has come for a higher estimate of the "Great Schoolmen" to take possession of the public mind. He brings evidence to show that "as men they were devout, liberal, and earnest; that as writers and thinkers they were learned, subtle, penetrating, and logical; and that as contributors to the philosophical and theological thought of Christendom they aided enormously the cause of human progress. All this," he believes, "may be made to appear, and even more than this, without one word of defence being offered in behalf of the trivialities which mar the works of some of the inferior Schoolmen, or of the huge system of spiritual and intellectual despotism which environed them, and under which they were born and disciplined." It was Bishop Hampden's opinion that the scholastic system supplied the stock of principles of which the Reformation, both in its religious and intellectual aspects, availed itself. This accords not only with the comprehensive view of the well-known Church historian Ullman, who says that "the scholastic theology was, in its commencement, a truly scientific advance upon the past; in its entire course a great dialectic preparatory school of Christianity in the West; in its completion a grand and highly-finished production of the human mind;" but also with the inference of Sir James Mackintosh, that no other system of thought would have "so trained the European mind as to qualify it for that series of inventions, discoveries, and institutions which begins with the sixteenth century, and of

which no end can now be foreseen but the extinction of the race of man." It is quite clear, therefore, that the author has some ground for his conviction that justice has not been done to these great theologians and philosophers of the past; and that they have had a mightier influence, than many have been willing to acknowledge, on the development of man's reasoning powers, on the widening of ecclesiastical freedom, and on the formation of systems of theology and confessions of faith. That Mr. Townsend's book has a strong bearing on questions of the day will be evident from the closing chapters on "The Leaders of the School and their Work," "Considerations of Objections," and "The Rationale of Scholasticism." For example, Anselm, the founder of mediæval theology, in the eleventh century, framed what is known as the ontological argument for the existence of God. But, says the author, six hundred years afterwards it was announced independently by Descartes, defended by famous scholars on the Continent, and by Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Samuel Clarke in England; whilst "in the present century a philosopher so profound as Hegel has largely built his whole system upon it, and even so late a writer as Dr. Caird has placed it with striking clearness before the present generation." After similar illustrations with regard to modern discussions on Saving Faith, Predestination and Election, Theories of Moral Sentiments, Psychology, and Mental Philosophy, the author thinks there is abundant proof that the great leaders of the school, instead of exhausting their strength and learning in debating themes ridiculous in their littleness and unrelated to human sympathies, exercised their acuteness and erudition on questions which absorbed the magnificent genius of Plato and Aristotle in the golden age of Greek philosophy, and which the exalted talents of a Kant, a Schelling, a Hegel, and a Hamilton, have sought to grapple with in more recent times. Moreover, the Schoolmen were the first great reformers in Europe. "They were leaders on the side of a wronged humanity in that firm-set struggle which raged through long centuries against a gigantic ecclesiastical despotism, which aimed to be the sole arbiter of man's faith, which sought to reign over all the domains of intellectual research, and which would have locked up even the treasures of nature from the inquiring mind." They forged the key which has opened our way into the inner chambers of the palace of truth, even though they were somewhat restrained by their ecclesiastical bonds from using the key of liberty themselves.

We would invite the attention of our readers to Chapter XIX., in which the writer discusses the question of creeds in relation to liberty of thought. He argues strongly, though with sensible modifications, in favour of systematic forms of theology. His position is that man is a reasoning being, and that

the tendency to analyse and classify the knowledge he obtains is a radical and inalienable part of his constitution. "Give men a multitude of facts in any domain of knowledge, and they will begin to analyse their nature and qualities, to arrange them in classes, to frame theories and draw conclusions concerning them all, tending to systematisation and simplicity." If this faculty of order be applied to science and philosophy, why not to religion? The Bible contains all the elements of a full, clear, systematic theology. Is it not in harmony with the nature of the human mind and with Divine requirement that man should so classify the facts and doctrines of revelation as to be able to present to his mind an orderly array of the articles of his faith, and the subjects of Divine teaching? By comparing part with part, by tracing the connection of one doctrine with another, and by observing their mutual interdependence, he is able more firmly to grasp, and more clearly and more comprehensively to express to himself and to others, the truths of Divine revelation. Not that the living words of God, says the writer, can be cast into human types or moulds of human arrangement, so as to express the plenitude of truth; no creed of Church or Council can exhaust the infinite fulness of Divine doctrine; but the symbols of Churches and Councils, and the systems of theology, have been great helps in realising to Christians what an inheritance of spiritual treasures they have in the Gospel, in preserving believers from being led away by dangerous errors, in enabling missionaries to teach more definitely the glad tidings they had to communicate to civilised or barbarous tribes, and in crystallising for the guidance of future ages the measure of Christian truth already mastered by the Church. It is on these and other grounds that the efforts of the Schoolmen to systematise religious doctrine are justified, even whilst the frank acknowledgment is made that "the wine of the Divine kingdom has sometimes burst the bottles of logical method in which the theologians of former ages have sought to preserve it," and that we ought to avoid the not uncommon error of caring more for the bottles of mere form than for the living sparkling truth itself. This bare outline of the author's views will show that he does not shirk the bearing of his subject on modern controversies; and that whilst he takes us back into the dim and misty past, his book has a present-day interest, and tends to show how the present has grown out of the past. Those who read it will not only see that considerable light is thrown upon the way in which creeds and systems of thought have been formulated; but they will be able to form a more comprehensive and intelligent conviction upon the great question whether theological opinion should be absolutely open and free, or set in a positive creed; in other words, whether, like a diffused chemical element, it should

be kept in a state of continual solution, or precipitated in a definite crystallised form which will enable us to see it more clearly and handle it for more practical use. That there is a strong modern reaction against all systems of theology and confessions of faith there can be no doubt, but it is an equally undoubted fact that all the precise results of human thought have been ever tending to become fixed in the rigid and determinate outlines of creed and theory. To this the whole history of intellectual investigations and human progress clearly testifies; and the book before us lends confirmation to this view. It is also important to remember that whilst the modern reaction against the formal methods of theology is one result of what is called the free, inquiring, philosophic spirit of the age, it is not always sufficiently observed that this very spirit of inquiry received its first great impulse and development from those foremost leaders and systematisers of human thought, who were the main instruments in giving form and definiteness to the doctrines of the Christian Church.

The greater part of the volume before us consists of chapters on John Scotus Erigena, the harbinger of dawn after the dark ages, one of the acutest metaphysicians of any age or country, and a forerunner of German philosophers of this century in many of their speculations; on Pope Gerbert, Sylvester II., who, strictly speaking, was not a schoolman, but by his encouragement of learning fostered those yearnings for the light which rose in the human breast in the period between Erigena and the famous Anselm, the Augustine of the Middle Ages, and the expositor of that view of the Atonement which has had such great influence in both ancient and modern controversies on this fundamental theme; on Peter Abelard, who, according to Mr. Townsend's classification, symbolises the struggle of rationalism, and whose ill-fated love for Heloise gives a touch of romance to his life of which the author skilfully avails himself; on the Monks of St. Victor and their sweet song of Mysticism; on Peter the Lombard, whose "Book of Sentences" was a masterly collection of church opinions on all the great questions of that day, and exerted a powerful influence on the theological discussions then in vogue; on the Grecian Doctor, or the advance of that Aristotelianism whose logical methods so directly guided all the future investigations of philosophising theologians of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries; on Albertus Magnus, the Universal Doctor, "first of the Schoolmen who reproduced the Aristotelian philosophy on a systematic basis, and so shaped it as to meet the requirements of the Church in reference to dogma"; on Thomas Aquinas, the Angelical Doctor, whose opinions on the existence and nature of God, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Fall of Man, Redemption, the Sacraments, Eschatology, and

Ethics are clearly and concisely given; on Duns Scotus, the Subtle Doctor, and on other leaders of thought with equally characteristic and distinguished titles. The author shows that the scholastics were men not only of blameless repute, but of unsurpassed holiness of life; that they were not "gloomy monks, of recluse habits, shut up in the cell or the quadrangle, dreaming and weaving metaphysical cobwebs down the long years of their lives," but men familiar with royal courts and cabinets, who filled high ecclesiastical offices, fully abreast with the national and continental movements of their times, drawn into fellowship and counsel with the great makers of history, and called to assume great responsibilities in council, in controversies on questions of imperial magnitude, and having the highest honours of the Church and the Universities crowded upon them. He considers that they were among the first to vindicate the right of human reason to judge for itself on matters of conscience and faith, and that "although they wore the livery of the Church of Rome, and bowed in submission before its assumption of absolute authority, they were yet imparting, often unconsciously, that very principle already described, which in its full development produced the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and which must ever be the broadstone of all intellectual and religious freedom."

"They did not succeed in obtaining for the world the full blessing of liberty of conscience, or freedom of thought and speech, or a perfect system of spiritual truth, or independence of an ecclesiastical despotism; but they were a powerful force in preparing for the battle which lay in the future; they sowed the seeds of political, moral, metaphysical, and religious truth; they kept the intellect of Christendom in healthful agitation by the depth and keenness of their controversies; and they succeeded in evoking a love of wisdom and a spirit of inquiry which could not and would not be restrained. Then their work was done; their weapons became rusty and worn out: they themselves lost the martial energy of early days; the garrulousness of old age began to characterise them; the forward glance of youth changed into the backward lingering gaze of second childhood; and they were left behind by new generations who, without one acknowledgment of the services, or tender gratitude for the sacrifices of their predecessors, swept into the full tide of battle, and were borne on to a magnificent and enduring triumph: meantime, those who had done so much to make the triumph possible were left to neglect and contumely, until in the far distant future the morning should dawn when their services should have recognition, and their reputations a bright resurrection."

It would be easy to give many other extracts suggestive of the general interest and scope of the book. But we have already sufficiently indicated its contents. It is the only work which, in

so compact and consecutive a form, treats on the Great Schoolmen and the important services they have rendered to the Church and the world. It is admirably printed and handsomely bound; its chapters are prefaced with short pithy quotations in prose and verse which suggest the deeper meaning of what follows; there is a useful list of the editions of books quoted from by the author, and suitable for reference by other students; and the entire work is written in a clear, vigorous, and vivacious style, at times in flowing eloquence, by one who is evidently an enthusiastic admirer of the Schoolmen, a diligent reader in church histories, and not only true to the Evangelical faith, but an intelligent sympathiser with all that is vitally good in the spirit of modern progress and freedom.

WESTCOTT'S REVELATION OF THE RISEN LORD.

The Revelation of the Risen Lord. By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge, Canon of Peterborough, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

CANON WESTCOTT'S *Gospel of the Resurrection* has deservedly reached a fourth edition. This book may be regarded as a supplement to it. It aims at representing with distinctness "the characteristic teaching of each manifestation of the risen Christ, both in relation to the first disciples and in relation to ourselves," and thereby at enabling us to "understand historically how the Apostles, starting from the views of the person and work of Christ, which they had gained while they followed His earthly ministry, checked for a brief space by the unexpected blow of the Passion, had their conceptions transfigured; and how the Christian Church was founded on the belief in the Ascended Lord." In other words, it is a series of studies of the different appearances of Christ, in which the incidents of each are traced, with the fulfilment of its immediate object in the case of those to whom it was granted, and its permanent bearing upon the Church and the individual Christian. The treatment is historical and practical rather than doctrinal, although the light is not overlooked which is thrown by the significance of the resurrection upon certain problems that are beginning to press clamorously for solution. And any suspicion of sketchiness that might seem to be a necessary accompaniment of the author's method is avoided by his attempt, repeated once and again, to knit each appearance with the others, and to fit the purpose of each into a wider purpose that runs through all. Each separate study has in consequence a completeness of its own, whilst each has at the same time an integral

connection both with that which precedes and with that which follows.

Omitting rightly the visions of Stephen and John, as being of a wholly different order, Canon Westcott separates the manifestations into two groups, those of the first Easter day and those of the days which followed. The former were directed chiefly to the creation of a present belief, and the latter to the establishment of a belief in Christ's future and abiding presence. Particularising further, the appearance to Mary was the elevation of personal devotion in the heart, that on the way to Emmaus the confirmation of social hope in the quickened understanding, and that on the Easter evening the revelation of the true humanity of the heavenly King and of the Divine power of His visible kingdom. Thomas is taught the inadequacy of all outward tests and the constant spiritual presence of the Master, which latter truth again receives threefold illustration "on the beach" of the Sea of Tiberias. And, finally, the close of Christ's earthly relationship with His disciples is marked as the commencement of a new relationship to be fulfilled through the Spirit, whilst to St. Paul is granted the crowning revelation in which Christ is made known in his Divine being, with the blessed addition that for all time believers are in Him and He in them. It will be obvious what scope is afforded by our author's method for dealing with some modern difficulties of thought and with many perplexing and depressing moods; and it would be easy to quote passage after passage charged with satisfaction for a reverent mind or relief for a burdened spirit. The accuracy and breadth of Canon Westcott's Biblical scholarship are not unknown to the world, and this latest book of his exhibits an equally profound sympathy with human griefs and fears, and an expert's skill in lightening them. No advice, for example, could be better than that which he gives and enlarges on, though all too briefly, to such as suffer from real doubts, to turn their eyes steadily towards the light, for "Christianity shrinks from no test, while it transcends all." And only a master in Israel could have written the beautiful exposition of the three "Feeds" in St. John's Gospel.

The only fault we have to find with this book, if fault it be, is its brevity. That condensation which, if it were practised by many of our writers, would win for them much gratitude, is too freely practised at times by our author. Occasionally it leads, if not to obscurity, at least to the unduly high specific gravity of his sentences, and in other instances to the absence of sufficiently keen and direct enforcement of spiritual duty. It is, however, at the present day perhaps the most readily condonable of all literary faults. Still, a few more words would not have been wasted upon John xx. 22 and 23, our author's remarks upon which are a deduction rather than an exposition. To explain it as

denoting the application to each man of "the glad tidings of sin conquered," is seemingly to undervalue its positive, and, for the time, final tone, and not in harmony with a previous remark that "now as Conqueror He added the authority to deal with sins." And, again, the question, "Dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" is interpreted, contrarily to a prevailing opinion, as the utterance, not of ambition or of a false view of the Christian society, but of a "noble unselfishness." For, even if it was mere curiosity that prompted the question, as our Saviour's reply seems to indicate, it was at least an unselfish curiosity, and so far noble. The effect that must have been produced in the minds of the disciples during the forty days has been too frequently overlooked by commentators upon that verse.

One sentence of Canon Westcott's is so wise and true that it can hardly be too widely circulated. "At the present stage," he writes, "in the progress of religious thought we seem to need, above all things, to enter with a living sympathy into the whole teaching of the Bible in its many facts and many forms, to realise with a historical, no less than with a spiritual insight, what lessons it contains and in what shape, in order that so we may be trained to recognise and to interpret the fresh lessons which the one Spirit is offering to us in other ways." No better guide than Canon Westcott can be desired into the whole teaching of the several paragraphs which narrate the appearance of the risen Lord.

TYSON'S LECTURES ON ROMANS.

Expository Lectures on the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans. By the Rev. William Tyson. London: Published for the Author at the Wesleyan-Methodist Book-Room. 1882.

THIS volume must be regarded rather as a collection of sermons than as a commentary. Not only is much more space given to the rhetorical and homiletical elements than to the exegetical, but the author is obviously more at home in the pulpit than in the lecture-hall. Of minute criticism there is practically none, whilst of application, illustration, and appeal there is plenty. A reader who is wishful to see how the more general teaching of this Epistle bears upon current difficulties or upon the permanent wants of the soul, will be instructed and profited by this book. He will find it thoroughly evangelical, full of interest and force, perhaps a little too exuberant in rhetoric, but pleasant and easy reading all through. The principal object, indeed, which Mr. Tyson set before himself seems to have been personal edification, and with that object and with his endeavour to reach it few will fail to sympathise.

But not all of his interpretations and hypotheses will command general acceptance. In his introduction he adopts the conclusion that the Church at Rome, before the date of the Epistle, was organised with prophets as its chief officials, although in another place he writes, "They probably had not amongst their teachers any inspired prophet who could set forth the word and the will of God with undeniable authority." It is much more likely that the evangelical teachers, who were the instruments of the conversion of the different Christians in the capital, were themselves the centre of whatever organisation existed. And if there was a distinct order of prophets in the early Church, as the Ephesian Epistle alone suggests, their function can hardly have been more than that of authoritative teaching, and does not seem to have embraced any legislative or executive duties. Mr. Tyson's analysis of the Epistle is concise and satisfactory, but i. 16 is not so much the closing phrase of the introductory paragraph as a part of the statement of the great doctrinal theme that is to be discussed in the Epistle. Few verses in the whole Epistle have tested the powers of commentators more than the fourth of this opening paragraph. The main difficulty in it is dismissed by Mr. Tyson in a single sentence: "He had also a higher nature, here distinguished as 'the Spirit of holiness,' in respect to which He was not made, not born, but designated and instated with power in His proper glory as the Son of God, by His 'resurrection from the dead.'" Such an interpretation, even though it be correct in the main, requires at least to be defended. It cannot be said to be the evident meaning of the passage, and it is contrary to explanations that may be found in many of the best commentaries. Mr. Tyson's method of writing "the Spirit of holiness" is moreover at least misleading. The use of no capitals, or better still of two, would have been more appropriate. Lecturers that profess to be expository, however popular their aim, ought not only to state the supposed meaning of a passage, but also, whenever it is at all doubtful, to deal with all its difficulties.

The next paragraph in the Epistle supplies an instance where Mr. Tyson seems to err, and not through omission. He discusses with considerable ability and fulness the various expositions of "the righteousness of God" in the seventeenth verse, and, rejecting them all, announces his own as "that one righteousness of the Second Man, the Lord from heaven, which He effected for us in His obedience unto death." It cannot be said that his definition is free from obscurity, but it would certainly require the Greek article, the omission of which in this passage Mr. Tyson appears to have overlooked. His exposition, moreover, does not harmonise with the parallel expression, "the wrath of God," in the following verse, or with St. Paul's own amplification of his present statement in a subsequent passage (iii. 21 and 22). And

it is more consistent with the Apostle's general phraseology to take the genitive as one of origin, "the righteousness which God gives or bestows," or even according to Luther's well-known interpretation.

Such examples as the above will show at once of what character this book is. The author generally omits the minuter matters of exposition, and when he does not omit them, he sometimes fails to carry his readers with him. But, on the other hand, he is never dull or feeble. A student in search of the exact interpretation of this Epistle will often be aided by Mr. Tyson, and will learn from him how the Epistle can be turned to homiletical and hortatory purposes, and used to advantage in the congregation. Mr. Tyson will often make him think, and will never fail to refresh or stir his spirit; and we welcome this commentary, not as a rival to its predecessors, but as an earnest, careful, and reverent attempt to do what none of them have done, and bring the great master-truths of St. Paul home to the conscience.

CAMPBELL'S SERMONS AT BALMORAL.

Sermons Preached before the Queen at Balmoral. By the Rev. A. A. Campbell, Minister of Crathie. Published by Command of Her Majesty. London: W. Blackwood and Sons.

ALL who are curious to know the kind of religious teaching to which Her Majesty is accustomed in her Highland home, will find their curiosity gratified in this small volume to the fullest extent. The sermons, eight in number, all bear on Christian practice, and are as simple and unaffected in style as they are thoughtful and suggestive of thought in matter. The titles will show that they are mostly set in a minor key:—"The Burdens of Life," "The Father's House," "The Uses of Adversity," "Self-Renunciation," "The Service of Patience," "Love the Fulfilling of the Law," "Uniformity not Essential to Unity," "Self-Control." One refers to the death of a minister of the Royal household; another to the death of a grandchild of the Queen. In each case the preacher has something to say, some thought to work out or lesson to enforce, and he performs his task like a faithful workman. Here and there the words glow with the intensity that is born of perfect sincerity. The character of the sermons is as honourable to the minister of Crathie, as the command to publish them is to "our gracious Queen."

II. MISCELLANEOUS.

SONNETS OF THREE CENTURIES.

Sonnets of Three Centuries: A Selection including many Examples hitherto Unpublished. Edited by T. Hall Caine. London. Elliot Stock. 1882.

WHY should sonnets be so popular just at present? The question is one that affords curious matter for speculation. Of the fact itself we imagine there can be no manner of doubt. Probably as many sonnets have been written in England during the last twenty years as during the whole antecedent past of English literature. Except Mr. Browning, who has expressed some contempt for the sonnet as a "key" to the human heart, and Mr. William Morris, whose muse would scarcely confine herself to so "scanty a plot of ground," we do not call to mind any recent poet of note who has not, at some time or another, made use of this special form of verse. Nor is the time memorable only for its sonnet production. There have been published collections of sonnets not a few, and several disquisitions on the subject, more or less profound. A whole sonnet literature has sprung up. How, we ask again, is this sudden popularity to be accounted for? Let us grant, if pressed for the admission, that there may be such a thing as fashion even in poetics. Yet fashion is no explanation. It only moves the question a step further back. Why the fashion? There must be some sort of reason even in unreason.

At the risk of grieving the many lovers of the sonnet,—and none can be more ardent in their love than ourselves,—at the risk, too, of seeming paradoxical, we answer that the sonnet is so popular at present because it is one of the forms of poetry best adapted to those who have the poetic gift in some small measure, but not in any superb or overwhelming degree. This is, of course, far from meaning that it is a form which no supreme poet would be likely to use, or, using, to excel in. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, to say nothing of Dante, and other mighty foreigners, would warn us from such dangerous ground, even if we felt the slightest inclination to stray thither. Our meaning is quite different. We wish to convey that a singer of comparatively small aptitude, though not, it goes without saying, altogether voiceless, will find a natural attraction in a form of poetry which requires no long and sustained flight, makes no demands for lyrical variety

of metre, embodies most readily some one thought or mood of mind, and is technically intricate and difficult. "What," we imagine some reader asking here, "is difficulty to stand to the weakling for strength?" Even so, O reader. In the very wrestling with the difficulty, the stress and fierceness of the struggle, will be generated a fervour and glow of thought and imagination. Figures and words will flow forth hot, incandescent, molten, and he whose blank verse, or ballad metre, might have been comparatively worthless, will achieve perchance a work of art. Listen to what Mr. Caine says, and says truly, on this subject: "In this connection arises the reflection that poets who (above the degree of minor poets) have never ranked with the highest, have written certain of the noblest poems in this form. It may be that the arbitrament of rigid structure, while it acts as a trammel upon poetic temperaments so fervent as to crave license to outride it, serves as a spur to the invention of less imaginative minds."

As to the difficulty itself, there is scarcely room for two opinions. We were incautiously going to say that every one knows what a sonnet is—but probably it would be more correct to assert that no one is possessed of that knowledge in any very accurate degree. Even experts differ on the matter materially. Directly we get off the pretty firm ground that a sonnet should consist of fourteen lines of ten syllables each, we find no certain footing. Within that limit every variety of rhyme arrangement is so far admissible that every respectable authority can be quoted in support of it. For ourselves, we hold that the most legitimate form, and the most beautiful, is that adopted by Milton—which is built on four rhymes, the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines rhyming together, and the second, third, sixth, and seventh, while the last six lines may be arranged in almost any sequence of rhyme, so only that no more than three lines rhyme together, the best arrangement being that in which the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth lines rhyme, and the tenth, twelfth, and fourteenth. Take, for example, Mrs. Browning's "Tears"—though reader, if your heart be as our heart, you will probably have forgotten all questions of rhyme sequence before you get to the end of the fourteen following lines, and be carried away into different regions of thought on the great woman-poet's soul-wings:

"Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving! lighter none befell
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot,
Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing; at her marriage bell
The bride weeps, and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills the poet has forgot
Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace

Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,
 Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place
 And touch but tombs;—look up! those tears will run
 Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
 And leave the vision clear for stars and sun."

To the above rhyme arrangement some purists would add, as an essential condition of perfectness, that there should be a break at the end of the eighth line. This, according to Mr. Hall Caine, is the "characteristic excellence" of what he regards as the "contemporary type," though he admits that, "in the main," it "constitutes a return to the Petrarchian pattern." And he adds that "its merit and promise of enduring popularity consist in its being grounded in a fixed law of nature. The phenomenon it reproduces is the familiar one of the flow and ebb of a wave of the sea"—that is, as explained in an ingenious sonnet by a peculiarly competent critic, Mr. Theodore Watts, the first eight lines represent the advancing on-rushing billow, and the last six the same billow broken and in retreat.

This, as we have just said, is ingenious and pretty, perhaps a trifle too pretty for general application. There is room, even among contemporary examples, for sonnets that do not at all figure an advancing and retreating wave. But here we need scarcely insist. Mr. Caine knows it as well, better than we do; though in some sense a purist, he is no bigot. He recognises quite fully not only that a good sonnet may exist without the break—the pause between flow and ebb*—but also that the type of sonnet which we have regarded as the best is by no means exclusively good. Not more than ourselves would he, in rigid orthodoxy, anathematise the other types which he has classified in metrical groups, as "Sonnets of Shakespearian Structure," "Sonnets of Miltonic Structure," and "Sonnets of Miscellaneous Structure." Not more than ourselves does he turn pharisaically aside from such a sonnet as the following, in some ways irregular, written by Drayton three hundred years ago, and yet as modern as if it had appeared in Dante Rossetti's latest volume of verse:

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
 Nay I have done, you get no more of me;
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
 Shake hands—for ever cancel all our vows—
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.

* Milton's sonnets, otherwise perfect in form, as they are of course unsurpassed in power and majesty, have not the break. Mr. Caine says of them, "The conspicuous beauty of the Miltonic form has been well described by Sir Henry Taylor as the absence of point in the evolution of the idea, whose peculiar charm lay in its being thrown off like a rocket, breaking into light and falling in a soft shower of brightness."

"Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,—
 Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover."

But the point from which we started, and on which we wish rather to insist, is the difficulty of the sonnet ;—and it will probably be conceded to us that a poem that must consist of exactly fourteen lines, and be built on very few rhymes, and those arranged according to a constant and intricate sequence, cannot be easy of production.

Now this very difficulty, as we have already said, is in itself, under certain conditions, a spur to success. It may also very readily, where the poetic gift is not sufficiently strong to answer to the spur or too indolent, lead to failure.

And the failure may be of several kinds. One of its forms is artificiality. Directly we get an impression that the sonnet has not come forth spontaneously, but has been pieced together like joiner's work, then, however ingenious the workmanship, all charm departs. Nor will we assert that even in this dainty cabinet of Mr. Hall Caine's, with its admirably selected specimens, some few pieces of "art manufacture" may not have found a place. Here, for instance, though we feel particularisation to be invidious, and only quote to show clearly what we mean, is a sonnet which strikes us as made,—as not having freely grown and blossomed. It is entitled "A Vision of Pain :"

"Fraught with sad benediction, as the leaves
 Of night-fed Upas in the midmost climes,
 Each morning's blessings may dispense betimes,—
 His palsied fingers span the crowd that heaves
 Beneath, and madly restless, idly grieves
 Because its joys are lesser than its crimes ;
 His speech is rhythmic with a strange sea's chimes,
 And all his tropes are soul-incantatives,
 O mystery of kingship that he wears
 On throne of sacrifice, to right the wrong !
 For love of him the poet takes his cares,
 And with baptismal sacrament calls them song,
 And yearningly saints kiss his sceptral rod,
 At sight of eyes that shine like tears of God."

Another and a kindred form of failure is the absence of any unity of impression. That sonnet we conceive to be imperfect which does not leave on the reader's mind a distinct thought or image, but only a blur of fancy and colour. Our fourteen lines must tell us some one thing, definitely. Their perfection of form should be all the daintier that they cover so little space. Nor does Shakespeare's crowding of image and compression of thought affect this view of ours one tittle—for he crowded and compressed to perfect purpose.

Again, if unity of impression be essential, so is it also essential that the one thing enshrined should be worth the enshrining. This is a point on which it is rather necessary to insist now that verse mechanism has been pushed to such perfection, and genuine inspiration is, perhaps, a little more rare. A sonnet, like all other forms of verse, must be born *interesting*, on one ground or another, in order to have any chance of life, and interest *in vacuo* we take to be impossible. Mr. Philip Bourke Marston may serve to illustrate our meaning. Few write such beautiful sonnets as he—when he has anything to say. But sometimes he has not very much to say, and yet writes a sonnet to say it. And then his admirers, among whom we are, feel grieved.

One further difficulty which the sonnet writer has to face is the necessity of being tuneful. Through all the intricacies of his rhyme arrangement he must retain a flow of melody. Does that seem so easy? If it were, think you Mr. Matthew Arnold would have concluded his sonnet on "East London" with such a line as the following?—

"Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home."

But we must distinctly guard against its being supposed that the beautiful volume before us—beautiful in typographical body as well as poetic soul—is more than very incidentally illustrative of difficulties that have not been overcome. In truth it contains an admirable selection. No doubt individual taste would suggest an addition here, a deduction there. That is inevitable. Doubtless, too, there are passages of criticism in Mr. Caine's preface, and in the interesting "notes," from which, in all candour, we would venture to dissent; as, for example, where he classes Mr. Tennyson's "Montenegro"—Mr. Tennyson is by no means at his happiest in his sonnets—as being "among the five or six greatest of all English sonnets." Such differences, we say, are inevitable. They are an almost essential condition of critical life. They in no wise detract from our admiration for the book.

And here, perhaps, a description of the volume's contents may not be out of place. They consist, to begin with, of a preface of some twenty-four pages on the sonnet generally, and on the claim of England to regard her sonnet literature as indigenous, and not merely an acclimatised Italian genus. Then we have some forty-five sonnets belonging to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, some three or four to the eighteenth, and some two hundred and forty to what may be regarded as our own age, commencing with Wordsworth's sonnets—our actual contemporaries being in much the fullest force. And lastly come about fifty pages of critical notes. Truly to the fit guest a goodly feast, poetical and critical.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.

English Men of Letters. "Bentley." By R. C. Jebb.
 "Charles Lamb." By Alfred Ainger. Macmillan & Co.

BENTLEY was a pioneer—what the Germans call a *Bahnbrecher*—in the field in which Mr. Jebb is an accomplished master. Hence, no work in the series shows more perfect sympathy between the biographer and his subject than the present one, and none bears more evident marks of care and thoroughness. A "Late Fellow of Trinity" erects a worthy monument to a former Master of Trinity. To most readers Bentley is little more than a name. The reasons of his great fame have hitherto only been known to the initiated few. Here they are made as clear as perfect knowledge and skill can make them. The result is to heighten our opinion of Bentley's prodigious ability and erudition in his particular sphere, but by no means to increase our respect for his personal character. Whatever respect we feel for the critic of the Letters of Phalaris, of the text of Horace and Greek Fragments, and the author of the proposal for a new text of the Greek New Testament, we can feel none for the Master of Trinity. Nearly his whole term of office was spent in broils with the Fellows. Condemned in court, deprived of his degrees, deposed from his mastership, he retained his place and foiled his opponents by sheer pertinacity and skill in fence. Mr. Jebb's verdict on this part of his life is: "Legally, the college had been right and Bentley wrong. Morally, there had been faults on both parts; but it was Bentley's intolerable behaviour which first, and after long forbearance, forced the Fellows into an active defence of the common interests." Mr. Jebb somewhat ingeniously explains his arbitrary government by habits contracted in critical studies. "He grew less and less fit to deal with men on a basis of equal rights, because he too often carried into official or social intercourse the temper formed in his library by intellectual despotism over the blunders of the absent or dead. He was rather too apt to treat those who differed from him as if they were various readings that had cropped up from 'scrub manuscripts' or 'scoundrel copies,' as he has it in reply to Middleton." His roughness was not unrelieved by gleams of humour. "A certain Fellow was accused of atheism. On seeing the accused—a puny person—the Master of Trinity observed, 'What, is that the atheist? I expected to have seen a man as big as Burrough, the beadle.'"

Mr. Ainger's life of Charles Lamb also is marked by perfect taste and sympathy. It hits the happy mean between too much and too little. The good points in the charming essayist are duly emphasised, the weak points gently hinted. The society to which we are introduced—including Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth

—would be enough alone to lend interest to the story. But, after all, these are the mere setting: Lamb remains the central figure. The touching picture of his sister, his affection for the very stones of London streets, the analysis and criticism of his works, are all skilfully dealt with. In reference to one of his numerous changes of abode he says: "By my plan I shall be as airy up four pair of stairs as in the country, and in a garden in the midst of enchanting London, whose dirtiest alley, and her lowest-bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn. O, her lamps of a night, her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toy-shops, mercers, hardware men, pastry-cooks, St. Paul's Churchyard, the Strand, Exeter Change, Charing Cross, with the man *upon* a black horse!" On the same subject he says to Wordsworth, "The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life." What would he have said of modern London? On removing to Covent Garden he writes, "We are in the individual spot I like best in this great city. The theatres with all their noises; Covent Garden dearer to me than any gardens of Alcinous, where we are morally sure of the earliest peas and asparagus. Bow-street, where the thieves are examined within a few yards of us. Mary had not been here four-and-twenty hours before she saw a thief. She sits at the window working; and casually throwing out her eyes, she sees a concourse of people coming this way, with a constable to conduct the solemnity. These little incidents agreeably diversify a female life." Of Lamb's style Mr. Ainger says, "It evades analysis. One might as well seek to account for the perfume of lavender or the flavour of quince. It is in truth an essence, prepared from flowers and herbs gathered in fields, where the ordinary reader does not often range. And the nature of the writer—the alembic in which these various simples were distilled—was as rare for sweetness and purity as the best of those enshrined in old folios—his 'midnight darlings.'"

ELTON AND GREEN ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

Origins of English History. By Charles Elton, sometime Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law; Author of "The Tenures of Kent," "The Law of Commons and Waste Lands," "Norway," "The Road and the Fell," &c. London: Bernard Quaritch.

The Making of England. By John Richard Green, M.A., LL.D., Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. With Maps. Macmillan.

We place these two books together, though in form and arrange-

ment they are very different. Mr. Elton's sumptuous volume, of more than 450 pp., almost attains the dignity of a quarto. Mr. Green has added another to a series already known and valued; and it is, we hope, only the first instalment of that History of England up to the Norman Conquest which was interrupted by the preparation of his *Short History*.

Mr. Elton has, *con amore*, taken up the fascinating subject of the trade and travel of the Greeks, devoting a whole chapter to Pytheas's visit to England and another to Pytheas in Germany. This leads him on to the Greek romances about Britain, and then to the vexed question of pre-Celtic ethnology. He believes that underlying the Celts and Teutons, who are, of course, only branches of the same race, there are throughout Western Europe remnants of the neolithic race; indeed, it is with some misgivings that he admits the impossibility of identifying the palæolithic folk who roamed round the edge of the "glacier cloak" in the great ice age, and lived as miserably as those Feuni whom Tacitus writes about, with any race now surviving in Europe. The short, dark, long-headed people so common in Western Ireland, the Highlands, Cornwall, and South Wales, are the descendants of the men of the later stone age; and recent observers, Dr. Beddoe, for instance, and Professor Phillips, have noticed how this type abounds in Derbyshire and other wholly unexpected places, the possible aborigine asserting himself by swamping the more recent arrivals. The racial difference between these dark tribes and "the Celt" is constantly dwelt on in early Irish literature. There (as in classical writers) "the Celt" is light-haired and grey-eyed; the characteristics of the aborigine are nearly as uncomplimentary as those which the Aryan Hindoo applied to the dark race whom he subdued: "Every one who is black-haired and a tattler, guileful, tale-telling, noisy, and contemptible, every strolling, unsteady, harsh, inhospitable person, every slave, and every mean thief, these are the men of the Firbolg" (see Skane, *Celtic Scotland*). Upon the evidence of barrows, which vary in shape according to the race of the builders, and of skulls, which differ in the different kinds of barrows, he bases his belief that the short, long-skulled neolithic men were immediately followed by a tall round-headed race, probably Finnish, the vestiges of which, on the East Yorkshire coast especially, have been so admirably studied by Canon Greenwell and the late Professor Rolleston. But the main ground on which Mr. Elton rests his faith in these pre-Celtic races are the customs of inheritance and family relation, on which he has a most interesting chapter. Borough English, traceable in various forms in Wales and Shetland, Cornwall and Brittany, is an anomalous custom foreign to Celtic and Teutonic usage, and yet existing in such thoroughly Teutonised countries as Friesland. But there are other customs, the long

persistence of which among us goes far to prove Mr. Elton's view that "there is a great Gaelic strain in us;" though he admits that the Gauls, the later Celtic emigrants (Belgic most writers call them), who, before Cæsar's time, had possessed themselves of a good part of south-eastern Britain, raising against the tribes whom they dispossessed that British "Great Wall" the Wansdyke, were pretty thoroughly extirpated. To this Gaelic element he attributes the romantic character of our literature; but that is a wide subject, on which we will only remark that both the old Welsh and Irish historians are desperately matter of fact, finding a local habitation and a date for all the wild confusions of triad and legend. Certain it is that the Celtic deities became lords and ladies in the mediæval romances, just as the Druids, in fact and also in legends, degenerated into mere wizards, except where they were (as in a large part of Gaul) absorbed into the official priesthood.

Were Gael and Cymri near relations, both of them differing from the Gauls of the Continent and of South-Eastern Britain? That is one of Mr. Elton's queries. All we can say is that the Gaul, with his moustache dyed red through using the strong alkaline "Gallic soap" wherewith the Roman ladies turned their hair to the fashionable tint, must have been strongly unlike the modern Frenchman. So, too, there is little in common between the Frenchwoman of to-day and the Gaulish woman who (says Ammianus Marcellinus) "throws herself into the fight like a fury with streaming hair, and strikes out with her huge snowy arms, or kicks with the force of a catapult." The wretchedest inhabitants of historic Britain seem to have been the Grampian folk, who with pointed sticks dabbled about for pig nuts: these were probably the *Strachans* and *Gruagachs* of Gaelic legend, whom the Ossianic heroes treat much as the Norsemen did the "Skrælings." It may help us, by the way, in limiting the age of the "holed stones" so common in Cornwall, to learn that the Teutons sacrificed strangers to Woden, first making them *crawl through the altar-hole*. This custom, says Keysler, lasted in Drenthe till late in the middle ages.

Mr. Elton makes one very startling geographical change. Vectis (or Mictis, as he prefers to spell it) is (he argues) not the Isle of Wight, but Thanet. The latter fulfils the requirement that the island in question should be at low water accessible from the land. This has led some to insist that St. Michael's Mount was Vectis; but in the way of this identification there are insuperable difficulties. We may remark that in olden time, the present Wantsum was a broad shallow estuary.

Of Mr. Elton's style, the following, the truth of which will commend itself to every reader, is a fair sample:

"There is something at once mean and tragical about the story of the Roman Conquest. Begun as the pastime of a foolish

despot, and carried on under a false expectation of riches, its issue was certain from the beginning. Ill-armed country folk were matched against disciplined legions and an infinite levy of auxiliaries. Vain heroism and a reckless love of liberty were crushed in tedious and unprofitable wars. On the one side stand the petty tribes, prosperous nations in miniature, already enriched by commerce and rising to a homely culture; on the other the terrible Romans, strong in their tyranny and an avarice which could never be appeased. 'If their enemy was rich, they were ravenous; if poor, they lusted for dominion; and not the east nor the west could satisfy them.' They gained a province to ruin it by slow decay. The conscription and the grinding taxes, the slavery of the many in the fields and mines, must be set against the comfort of the few and the glory of belonging to the Empire. Civilisation was in one sense advanced, but all manliness had been sapped; and freedom had vanished from the province long before it fell an easy prey to the great earls and 'mighty war-smiths,' the Angles and Saxons who founded the English kingdom."

Here is a companion picture, vivid enough, and not without special interest at the present time. From what we quote, no less than from our remarks on the work in general, it will be seen that the book ought to be in every free library. The fascinating subject of ethnology only needs to be recommended to the working man in order to be taken up as zealously as Manchester mill hands have before now taken up botany or London clerks entomology.

"Tacitus, or perhaps Agricola, who was fond of discussing with him the projects for the conquest of Ireland, thought that the Brigantes were very like the Irish in their character and habits of life. Solinus has left a sketch of an Irish home which will enable us to understand what Tacitus intended. 'It is,' he said, 'a surly and a savage race. The soldier in the moment of victory takes a draught of his enemy's blood and smears his face with the gore. The mother puts her boy's first food for luck on the end of her husband's sword and lightly pushes it into the infant's mouth with a prayer to the gods of her tribe that her son may have a soldier's death. The men who care for their appearance deck the hilts of their swords with the tusks of sea beasts, which they polish to the brightness of ivory; for the glory of the warrior consists in the splendour of his weapons. We seem to see the Brigantian soldier with his brightly-painted shield, his pair of javelins and his sword-hilt, 'as white as the whale's-bone;' his matted hair supplied the want of a helmet, and a leather jerkin served as a cuirass. When the line of battle was formed the champions ran out to insult and provoke the foe; the chiefs rode up and down on their white chargers, shining in golden breast-

plates. Others drove the war-chariots along the front, with soldiers leaning out before their captain to cast their spears and hand-stones; the ground shook with the prancing of horses and the noise of the chariot wheels. We are recalled to the scenes of old Irish life which so strangely reproduce the world of the Greek heroes and the war upon the plains of Troy. We see the hunters following the cry of the hounds through green plains and sloping glens; the ladies at the feast in the woods, the game roasting on the hazel-spits, 'fish and the flesh of boar and badger,' and the great bronze cauldrons at the fireplace in the cave. The hero Cúchulain passes in his chariot brandishing the heads of the slain: he speaks with his horses, the grey and the 'dewy-red,' like Achilles on the banks of Scamander. The horses, in Homeric fashion, weep tears of blood and fight by their master's side: his sword shines redly in his hand, the 'light of valour' hovers round him, and a goddess takes an earthly form to be near him and to help him in the fray."

We do hope this very interesting book will come in the way of a class of readers who have hitherto been left outside in all our archæological research. It is not by publishing a cheap edition of such a work, but by getting it into free libraries, and inducing local archæologists to give a set of familiar lectures on it, that it may be made as popular as it deserves to be. The title is to many unattractive; but when one finds the book full of indisputable proofs that we English are not pure Angles, but a very mixed race; full, moreover, of tales about the worship, the habits, the tone of mind of the pre-Anglian dwellers in Briton; full, too, of hints about the purpose of those puzzling stone monuments which are scattered all through the land from Kits Coity House to the Stennis Stanes; when, again, one comes at almost every page upon unexpected facts, such as the existence of beavers in Cardigan during the time of the first crusade, of reindeer in the Highlands in the twelfth century, and of the wolves in Scotland (they lasted in South Britain till after Edward I.'s day) till 1697. On the state of Roman Britain—how under Diocletian the island had sunk to be a mere dependency of Treves, while the heavy taxation had caused general bankruptcy—Mr. Elton has some valuable notes. He also gives dates for the British migration to Brittany, of which most of us have a more or less vague notion.

Of Mr. Green it will not be necessary for us to say so much. In this volume he has outdone himself. Few historians have ever so thoroughly combined minute detail with brilliancy of style. Whether he is describing Roman London and its early importance, or carefully pointing out and illustrating with small maps the different divisions of the island, and how they successively fell under the invader; or whether he treats of the religion of the English, as we gather it from *Beowulf*, and from such memories as

are preserved in words like Aylesbury (named from the sun-archer Ægil), Wanborough (Woden's burrow), Polstead (Balder's-stead), &c., or of the influence which the past history of the island (despite the total wreck of Roman life) had on the new settlers, he always writes so that it is a pleasure to read him. One sometimes wishes he were duller; for then objections (and there are things even in Mr. Green to which we object) would have a better chance of being listened to. His account of the Saxon or Angle warrior settling down into the farmer, of the home of the ceorl rising beside the goblin-haunted heap of stones that marked the villa he had burned, is as pictorial as his history of Cædmon. We read on and on; and not until the book has been laid down does the reflection force itself on us that these invaders were very savage fellows indeed, in spite of all the good qualities which Mr. Green and his school attribute to them. One thing is certain, nobody, not even Mr. Freeman, had hitherto succeeded in giving interest to "the combats of kites and crows" during what we call the Heptarchy. In his pages "the strife of the conquerors" is not only readable but interesting; we need only instance his story of the battle of Heaven-field, where the Britons, for the last time, made a grand effort against the English, and Cadwallon fell fighting against Oswald of Northumbria. But the whole of this strife is carefully detailed by Mr. Green; and, somehow, life is put into every detail. Here again his maps of Britain as it was at successive intervals of twenty years are very useful. Penda and Oswiu and Wulfhere gave by their conquests such a different shape to the political divisions that the same map would be a very poor guide through the whole period. Of Ireland he has to say something, because of the great and very generally unsuspected influence of the Irish Church in the conversion of England. Here, we think, he ought to have said more; Mr. Haddan has shown that not only was Northumbria converted by Scotie (*i.e.*, Irish) missionaries, but that they came down even into Essex, supplementing everywhere the shortcomings of Augustine and his helpers, who very soon tired of hard work among an ungenial people. Mr. Green explains in a few lucid sentences the reason why Ireland remained so long the seat of old Aryan customs which had passed away elsewhere. The climate and the physical geography made it a huge grazing ground; there were few natural features which could isolate one tribe from another, and, by fixing it to one spot, make land rather than kinship the basis of society. Hence "the structure of the nation remained purely tribal to the last days of its independence." The chapter on "The Church and the Kingdoms" is naturally very interesting; but not less so is the final chapter, in which are traced the revival of Wessex, the fall of Northumbria, the relations between Offa and the Continent, and the strangely quiet way in which, after the struggles

of two centuries, Egbert suddenly succeeded to the overlordship of the whole island. We quite go along with Mr. Green when he says that doubtless in the mind of Charles the Great was present the idea of bringing back Britain, lost to the Empire for so many centuries, to its old position in relation to Rome.

Following along the lines of his great master Macaulay, Mr. Green makes, as we have just seen him doing in the case of Ireland, physical geography the handmaid of history. He points out, for instance, how in the sixth century Lindsey was really an island, the Wash being greatly larger than it now is on the south and south-east, and on the north-west stretching almost up to Lincoln, while across the Hull men hunted the beaver (hence the name Beverley) in marshy river channels and desolate mud-flats. But perhaps the most remarkable instance of working up a picture from a few scratches left by time's tooth is the account outlined indeed in Boyd-Dawkins's *Cave-hunting*, but coloured by our author's pencil, of how the Romano-British fugitives from the great towns in the Ouse valley lived in caves like King's Scaur, beside Settle, for instance. Here in the layer of mud on the cave floor, overlying the layers which contain stone adzes and stone harpoons, and which are themselves superposed on the stratum which is full of mammoth and hyæna and other bones, are found dainty sword hilts of ivory and bronze, brooches of parti-coloured enamel, the peculiar workmanship of Celtic Britain; and here, year by year, the fugitives lost the memory of their civilisation, coming, for instance, to boil their pots by dropping in heated stones, because the vessels which they made were too weak to stand fire. The struggle was very different in different districts. The towns seem to have fallen, despite their fortifications, despite the leagues in which they were banded together. Possibly the wilder Britons, never friends of their Romanised brethren, may have looked on calmly at their fall. It was the broad belt of woodland, of which small remnants remain in Epping and Hainault and Arden and elsewhere, that kept back the East Angles and long thwarted the West Saxons, as it isolated the South Saxons so completely that they remained heathen after the rest of the island had been converted.

Next to the able use that he makes of physical geography, we note Mr. Green's faculty of sketching to the life the features of the chiefs who had most to do with this "making of England." Oswald and Oswiu and other Northumbrians he paints in pleasing colours; but his real hero is Penda, of whom he says: "He fought not for heathendom but for independence. If he struck down Eadwine and Oswald, it was not because their missionaries spread along the eastern coast, but because their lordship spread with their missionaries." How many an African chief might say the same of the English. We close our notice of these two most

interesting books with an extract from the passage in which Mr. Green sums up the general character of the conquerors of Britain, showing that, while their religion sat very lightly on them, they had a soul and knew it, and therefore took a high and noble view of things :

" Among the scanty relics of our early poetry we still find a few pieces which date from a time before the conquest of Britain. Most of them are mere fragments, but even in these we find the two distinguishing features of our later verse—a tendency to melancholy and pathos, and a keen enjoyment and realisation of outer nature. The one large and complete work which remains, the song of *Beowulf*, is the story of that hero's deeds ; how alone at night-fall, in King *Hrothgar's* hall, he met the fiend *Grendel*, who for twelve years had carried off the king's warriors, to devour them in his den ; how, to complete his victory, he plunged into the dreadful lake where *Grendel* and *Grendel's* mother made their dwelling, and brought back their heads to *Hrothgar* ; how, himself become a king, he is called in old age to meet a dragon that assails his people, forsaken by his comrades, and, though victorious, drained of his life-blood by the wounds he receives in the terrible grapple. The song, as we have it now, is a poem of the eighth century—the work, it may be, of some English missionary of the days of *Bæda* and *Boniface*, who gathered in the homeland of his race the legends of its earlier prime.

" But the thin veil of Christianity which he has flung over it fades away as we follow the hero-legend of our fathers ; and the secret of their moral temper, of their conception of life, breathes through every line. Life was built with them, not on the hope of a hereafter, but on the proud self-consciousness of noble souls. ' I have this folk ruled these fifty winters,' sings the hero-king as he sits death-smitten beside the dragon's mound. ' Time's change and chances I have abided, held my own fairly, sought not to snare men ; oath never sware I falsely against right. So for all this may I be glad at heart now, sick though I sit here, wounded with death-wounds !' "

This extract is enough to show that Mr. Green writes with his usual clearness, and with that charm of diction which in his former works at once secured the sympathy of educated and uneducated readers alike. If we do not, as we have done in Mr. *Elton's* case, insist on the desirableness of his book being found in all free libraries, it is because his well-known name is pretty sure of itself to secure it a lasting popularity.

RUSSIA AS IT IS.

A Summer Tour in Russia. By Antonio Gallenga, Author of "South America," &c. Chapman and Hall.

The Russian Empire, its Origin and Development. By S. B. Boulton, Vol. XV. of Cassell's Popular Library. Cassell and Co.

M. GALLENGA rightly assumes that our interest in Russia quite warrants him in adding another to the many recent books on the subject. Mr. Wallace's great work has only been published some few years, but it was the result of six years' research ; and even during the last year there has been a momentous crisis in Russian affairs. Nihilism and Jew-baiting are, moreover, interesting, and though a traveller may have little to add to the newspaper reports, one likes to follow up a subject in company with one who has seen all that is to be seen, and has heard on the spot the reports of eye-witnesses.

M. Gallenga was in Moscow last July on the very day when the Emperor paid the old capital his hide-and-seek visit. At the very moment when the Imperial *cortège* was leaving Moscow for Yaroslav, pressing orders were sent to the Crimea to have the palace ready, while at the same time telegrams came to Kiev about airing the state apartments as his Majesty was going to Warsaw ; in fact, his real destination was not made known till a day after he had left. Our traveller suffered from the Nihilist scare ; he and his friends had an order to see the grand new votive church of the Saviour, but (though the Emperor had gone) they were refused admission, the order to close the church during his stay not having been rescinded. About Nihilism itself he has nothing new to tell us ; nor can Mr. Boulton add aught to the trite assurances that its votaries are a very small but very well organised body with command of unlimited money, and that they are utterly hated by the mass of the people. At Moscow M. Gallenga saw a well-dressed woman, between forty and fifty years old, marched along by the police. All at once she stopped, stamped her foot, and cried, "I'm tired ; I must have a droski." One was called, and she took her seat. "Who is to pay ?" asked the driver. The police looked to her, but she shook her head. She had to get out and hobble on as best she could. Here M. Gallenga's gallantry came into play. "Hang it," he said, in language more terse than choice, "she shall have her drive, if a few kopeks can help her." But his friend interposed, and pointed out that if he paid for her he too would come under the suspicion of Nihilism. That the peasantry in general hate the Nihilists is not due to their being contented with things as they are. On the contrary, many who think the means adopted by the Nihilists execrable, would welcome

a change even brought about in such a hateful way. The discontent of the peasants is due to emancipation not having worked miracles. They are disappointed, and think only half was gained, because they did not at once enter on unencumbered estates. Here is Mr. Boulton's very clear statement of the case :

"The work was enormous, and the risk considerable. Scattered as they were over a vast area, it was necessary not merely to decree the freedom of this vast mass of human beings, but also to ensure them means of subsistence, and to establish a *modus vivendi* between them and the lords of the soil without obliterating the rights of property.

"In the first place, it was decreed that the domestic serfs should serve their masters for two years from the date of the edict, after which they would become absolutely free. The agricultural serfs were liberated at once, and a certain quantity of land on each estate, together with their houses and gardens, was handed over to each serf village, subject to a fixed rental, payable to the former proprietor. The rental, either in money or in labour, sometimes partly in both, was fixed by assessors appointed by the Government, who at the same time made a fixed valuation of the fee-simple of the land. Upon the basis of this last valuation, the peasants were decreed a pre-emptive right of purchase, a right to redeem themselves and their lands for ever from all rent or *corvée* to the seigneur. The seigneur, on his side, had a right to demand that this redemption should take place ; but if the demand came from him, and not from the peasants, he was to receive only four-fifths of the stipulated value. In either case the Government provides the means for the redemption. It pays the seigneur for the land, in bonds, at fifteen years' date, bearing five per cent. interest ; and it recoups itself by an amortisement rent charged to the peasants, payable during forty-five years, at six per cent. upon the purchase money."

The whole matter is deeply interesting in view of what has been done and of what still may be done in Ireland. Everybody knows that serfdom is a late introduction into Russia ; it was adopted as a check on the vagrant tendencies of the peasants, in whom M. Gallenga assures us there is a great deal of the Tartar. At present they are held together by the need of paying their contribution (Mr. Boulton's amortisement rent) to the State. When this is paid off, they will (he thinks) relapse into nomadic life. This is how he explains the action of the commune in holding together these loose atoms :

"The freedom of the peasant, however, and his ownership of the land, are incomplete, and indeed illusory ; for he is still bound to the village or commune of which his land compels him to be a member ; and of this land—with the exception of his cottage and strip of garden, which are his in perpetuity—he has

not the free and permanent possession, but merely the temporary and heavily taxed usufruct. A village in Russia is the beau ideal of an autonomous association, governing itself on the basis of ultra-democratic equality and universal suffrage. Possibly the majority in such a community does not very frequently abuse its power, but it is certainly not submitted to any legal or social control; for the Government never meddles with it, unless the general Imperial interests are at stake; and there is neither press nor any organised opinion to protect the rights or to redress the wrongs of the minority. Nothing can be more conclusive as to the good temper and amiable disposition of the Russian peasantry than their submission to the *Mir* or village government—a system enforcing a surrender of all individual rights, either in person or in property. This indeed is the price that the serfs have to pay for their emancipation. For the compensation due to their former owners, or to the State which advanced the ransom money, the commune is responsible; and it is, therefore, empowered to levy on each and all of its members whatever money is needed, taking care that the share which each has to bear of the common burdens should be proportionate to his share of the common property.

"The system is specious, and could only work plausibly if the population of a village remained stationary; if every lot were sufficient for the wants of each family; if every family, and every member of it, were equally sober, industrious, and thrifty; and if the triennial redistribution of the lots were always made on fair and equitable terms; in other words, if every man were perfect, and if the majority never abused its unlimited power."

We have not scrupled to make these long extracts, because the subject of peasant tenancy under the State as landlord is being brought so prominently forward in the case of Ireland. In other respects M. Gallenga is, as those who have read his *South America* know, a keen observer with a good deal of descriptive power. He spent a very pleasant four months in Russia; and he tells us about Esthonia, where he was the guest of a count of old Swedish family, the avenue to whose mansion was six miles long; about Nizni Novgorod, where the Tartars, whose forefathers had their foot on the neck of the Russ, are now glad to do the most menial work; about Yalta, a hitherto unknown paradise in that "southern coast" which lies to the east of the Baidar gate, and is one of the loveliest regions on earth; about Kertch too, and Odessa, "where Italian is dying out as in the Levant, Italy losing as an united nation such hold as she had as a mere nameless cluster of divided states," and where, moreover, he had full opportunity of studying the Jew question (in Odessa the Jews form more than a third of the whole population). His verdict is that the outrages were greatly exaggerated—those to women he is disposed to deny *in toto*—

but that the Government showed the most culpable remissness, and that its rescript did great harm, embittering the feelings of those who had hitherto lived peacefully together. Not the poor only but the rich people have their grievance against the Jews, who have almost wholly ousted the spendthrift Polish nobles of the huge Black earth estates. A greater danger than that of the Jew money-lender he finds in the fact that America is underselling Russia, even though the latter has in this "black earth" a soil unequalled in Europe, save by parts of the old Campania and some few patches in Lombardy. Russian farmers will, like their English brethren, have to take care. Of course the farming is slovenly; but land is so cheap that instead of bringing in two and a half per cent., as it used to among us before the depression began, a noble thinks he is badly used if he does not net ten per cent. The radical defect of the Serfs' Emancipation Act was that it fixed the peasants in their old holdings, often in the very midst of the estate. This was done to spite the landlords, who had opposed the Act in every possible way. The landlords offered larger and better plots elsewhere; but the peasants mostly preferred to stay on and make themselves generally disagreeable. One is sorry to find, from both our authors, that the seemingly inexhaustible forests are yielding to the demands of the steam engine. A squirrel could no longer make his way from Moscow to St. Petersburg without coming down to the ground. It only remains to add that Mr. Boulton's book, like every number hitherto published in the series to which it belongs, is really a wonderful shilling's worth.

MAGYARLAND.

Magyarland; Being the Narrative of our Travels through the Highlands and Woodlands of Hungary. By a Fellow of the Carpathian Society. Author of "The Indian Alps." Two Vols., with Illustrations. Sampson Low and Co.

THIS is a delightful book. The illustrations—the most enjoyable of them being quaint little sketches, which evidently owe very little to after "touching-up"—are in themselves enough to make the dulllest volume attractive; and the letterpress is so good that it might well stand alone without the help of illustration.

Hungary has so many attractions that it is wonderful how few English make their way into it. Its struggles against absorption, and its having kept almost unchanged the old freedom which in every other continental country was lost with the introduction of standing armies, commend it to the politician. Its strange chaos of races should make it quite a "happy hunting ground" for the ethnologist. And while there is in and about the Carpathians some of the most wildly beautiful scenery in

Europe, the "great Alföld," the *puszta*, or miniature prairie, and the broad river, very American in some portions of its course, have a grandeur about them which is far more enthralling than mere picturesqueness.

Our authoress had been in Hungary before by the usual route, and therefore, for a change, she and her husband elected to try the route from Venice, *viâ* Nabisina and Cormöns. There was some difficulty in getting information; no one, the Venetian railway officials said, had ever gone that way before, and the *inspettore* characterised the Hungarian climate as *una clima de Diavolo*; but the route led by Pragerhof, right into the midst of the *puszta* with its marshes (where you may ever find a pelican), its sandy wastes, and its pastures, over which vast herds of horses and cattle roam unfettered, and where villages are so far between that it often takes a whole day's journey in the primitive *leiterwager* to get from one to the other. Our authors have seen the *puszta* at all seasons, and describe it both in the glory of spring and under its winter snow-shroud. But summer is the time to enjoy it, where the lonely shepherd, living night and day with his flock, sees glories not seen in any other European land. These are well described in the following paragraph: "We had wandered fully two miles across the vast and trackless plains, yet lingered till the sun began to sink below the horizon, and the chill of evening warned us to return. It is in regions like these that the wonderful phenomenon of the after-glow is best seen. As the sun leaves the earth which it has gladdened with its smiles, and the last crimson streak fades slowly in the west, twilight's shadows gather over the warm bosom of the plains, and a cold white vapour begins to rise from the marshes; the shadow lingers for a while, till suddenly, as if by the agency of a magician's wand, there comes a wondrous flush of glory—*whence* none can tell—that once more bathes both earth and heaven in a flood of gold and amber. But soon, fainter grow the colours in the west, colder and more tangible the snake-like vapours ascending from the hollows, deeper the transparent arc above, till evening at length sinks into the embrace of night. As we turn our faces homewards all sound is hushed; the wild fowl have sought their nests in the thick sedges which border the marshes, the marmots their holes in the warm sand, and the shepherd, weary with his day's watch, wrapped in his *bunda*, lies stretched on the darkling ground fast asleep, beside him his faithful dog, whose paws twitch spasmodically in an imaginary race after some erratic sheep that has doubtless disturbed his equanimity during the hours of the day, and which he now chases in his dreams. From the distant camp the smoke curls idly upwards in graceful wreaths above the ruddy fire; in the foreground a group of oxen chew the cud, and everything is suggestive of repose."

Hungarian trains are proverbially slow ; peat is burned in the engine, so that it is impossible to get up much speed. A peasant being asked why he didn't take the train to market said, "I've no time to-day ; I must walk, or I shall get there too late." But there is plenty to see along the line. Every country cart brings a freight of strange faces and strange costumes, and the more than half-Eastern look of the people and their surroundings makes delay very endurable. Then Hungary is the land of beautiful women, and this is a great help towards enjoying the scenery. Besides, it is inspiring to have to talk Latin to your fellow-traveller, and to be told that the surly looks and muttered threats of a group of peasants at the last station was all owing to your "pork-pie hat," which made them mistake you for a Russian. Above all, the wonderful gipsy music gives zest to the journey ; and it is met with everywhere, the gipsies being the musician-caste throughout the length and breadth of Magyarland. At Füred, on the Balaton lake, where only and in the Nile is found that splendid fish the *fogas*, our travellers were met by their guide, a servant detached for that purpose by the friend to whom they had introductions, and the little sketch of him in his hussar jacket and wide-fringed *galya* (trousers) is delicious, and prepares us to find András a typical Hungarian, who is always getting his charge into dilemmas by extolling their magnificence and acting on the native proverb *Sallangos a Magyar* (Magyars are fond of trappings). Those who mean to go to Hungary, by the way, should go soon, for there, as elsewhere, the national costumes are dying out, and (though Slovacks still wear hats with brims four feet wide, and Slovene maidens blush in the brightest of red bodices) Magyars, male and female, are getting to dress much like other people, unless they wish to make a political demonstration, when the glory of plume, embroidered sash, and kingly mantle, causes the streets of Pesth to look like scenes from an opera. Brigandage, however, still goes on ; the "poor lads" (runaways from conscription) league with the robbers, and make the Alföld unsafe for merchant-folk, though a noble may travel night or day in perfect safety in his own carriage, such is the veneration these discriminating robbers have for those whom they believe to be of pure blood.

But this book is by no means confined to the levels in which the Magyars, those non-Aryan Finns, with a dash of Hunnish blood, chiefly live. Leaving Pesth, after an enthusiastic sketch of the lovely damsels in the Volksgarten, our author rushes off to Galicia and its mines and ice-caves, and its fraternising with Rusniaks, and eating black bread seasoned with carraways. We wish we could follow her through the Carpathians to the grandly picturesque Kronenberg, and the neighbouring range of volcanic hills, topped with the red convent. Here she is in Poland, and

becomes pathetic, and by-and-by tells us how, when she was going, it was impossible to persuade her peasant hosts to take any gratuity; even a trinket from her watch-chain was only accepted as a keepsake. The hatred of Jews, which has been showing itself out in Russia only, is explained by the fact that in many parts of Eastern Europe the Jews are the innkeepers, and encourage the peasants to drink, never taking ready money, but securing the debt on the patch of land, which thus inevitably, sooner or later, falls into the wily Hebrew's possession, who thus often (to the confusion of the advocates of peasant proprietorship) becomes lord of a whole village. It is sad that in these glorious Carpathians, where the Swiss *edelweiss* grows, and the chamois abounds, the trees are being ruthlessly cut down, and there is no law (as in some Swiss Cantons) to insist that he who cuts down one tree shall plant five. Here is a pretty custom, to the existence of which in Hungary, as well as in Gallicia, we ourselves can bear witness: "Emerging from the gorge at its northern outlet, we reached the village of Unter-Seyavnicza. It is the custom at this spot for young Polish girls to await the arrival of the rafts, and hold bows and flower-garlands over the heads of the visitors as they step on shore. Most gladly would we have dispensed with this 'function' had it been possible, but they had completely taken possession of us, and accompanying us across the white and pebbly shore of the river—which at this point takes a sharp bend to the right—they helped us to climb its steep banks to the village, laughing merrily all the while and chattering together their (to us) hopelessly unintelligible Slav dialect. I never beheld such a group of merry, light-hearted sirens, as, having been rewarded by a 'consideration,' they went scrambling back over the loose pebbles with their naked feet, in the hope of crowning with unearned laurels some other unsuspecting hero of the gorge."

One thing is remarkable through all these travels—the good behaviour of the peasants. At little roadside inns the outer room is often full of wild-looking Slovaks, in their slouching hats, long hair, and broad brass-bound girdles, drinking their small glasses of spirits after the day's work. In the dark the singularly mild expression of their features cannot be seen, and so the sight is always a little alarming. But there is perfect order, none of the noise or ribaldry usually found in country inns under such circumstances.

What with eatable fungi, Schemnitz gold-mines, so unhealthy that the miners can only work for fourteen days at a time; Debreczin students, who could speak neither German, French, Italian, Latin, nor Greek, and so outdid the Greek Church priest, whose Latin was limited to *non intelligo*; Lutheran Saxons of Transylvania amid the wild Wallachs, the book is as pleasant as

it is instructive. It contains fresh and lively pictures of scenes very little traversed, our author tells us, by tourists; but she did meet one extraordinary sample of John Bull (*Buval Janks* in Magyar), a Quaker travelling for a firm, in costume which reminded her of the Arab's cry when he saw an Englishman wearing his native costume in the desert: "Here's Satan with a saucepan on his head, and his tail split in two." What strikes us most is the pathos of some of her descriptions. We close with an extract, one of many, which prove that we are right in admiring this: "In the corner of the guest-room, near the window, stands a spinning wheel, by the side of which are two small high-heeled shoes; what expression there is in a well-worn shoe, and how it seems to partake of the individuality of the wearer! Hanging to a nail just over them is a baby's cap, which has retained the shape of the little round head. The picture is complete, and we feel we have made the acquaintance of the possessors already. An hour later we hear the loud, harsh tones of a woman's voice in the kitchen, and those of the landlord expostulating mildly. The woman is evidently his mother from the words that pass between them. We cannot help overhearing through the thin, wooden partition, and my thoughts fly pityingly to the owner of the fat little shoes in the corner. 'She has the key of the Schrank, and how can the linen be got at? There are strangers here, and no one to wait on them. It is not acting as I did when I was a young wife. She ought to have been home before.' 'It is a long way, the road is heavy after the rain, and the old horse sometimes gets the Schwindel. She will be back before nightfall; there will have been a little merrymaking over the baby; that is what is keeping her so long.' 'Merrymaking indeed! what does she want more than her husband and her home, such as she had by birth no right to? She brought nothing with her to speak of, not twenty yards of house-linen, nothing but a pretty face. Pfui!' exclaimed she, snappishly, turning away, 'es ist immer so.'"

BROWNE'S STATE TRIALS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Narratives of State Trials in the Nineteenth Century. First Period, from the Union with Ireland to the Death of George IV., 1801-1830. By G. L. Browne, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Two Vols. Sampson Low and Co.

THE period which Mr. Browne has chosen was peculiarly rich in State trials, the interest in many of which is more than temporary. Some of those which he has selected are political; others we may call social; and both afford striking contrasts to the usages of our

day. This is seen by comparing such a case as the trial of Pictou for his high-handed proceedings as governor of Trinidad, with the trial of Governor Eyre. Indeed, to most of Mr. Browne's cases it is possible to find a parallel, showing how differently we think and act in this last quarter of the nineteenth century from what we did at its beginning. Whether we have "sweeter manners" or not, our laws are undoubtedly improved. Above all, the scandals connected with royalty which fill so large a part of these volumes are wholly absent. Not to speak of the "delicate investigation" about the unhappy Queen Caroline, the opening of the century saw the Duke of York mixed up, through Mrs. Clarke, with abuses almost as flagrant as those that disgraced the mistress-ridden court of Louis XV. Then there are the great Melville and Davison cases, to which something similar on a small scale has occurred in the lifetime of many of us; and there are a number of Irish cases which will be read with interest by those who care to trace the history of Captain Moonlight.

The first trial given by Mr. Browne is that of Governor Wall, of Goree. The place was so unhealthy, that its garrison mainly consisted of military convicts exchanging part of their punishment for this deadly service. Hence the discipline was necessarily of the severest, and the eight hundred lashes inflicted on Armstrong, for what the governor called mutiny, was hardly an unusual punishment. The man died; and soon after his return to England Wall was arrested at Bath. On the way to London he escaped, and lived abroad for eighteen years. At the end of this time he offered himself for trial, only one officer who had been present at the so-called mutiny being alive. Clear evidence was brought forward in Wall's favour; Mrs. Lacy, widow of his second in command, testified that the men were riotous, and another witness asserted that they threatened Wall's life. The cat had been destroyed; and for days previously Armstrong and another had been on a drinking bout. But the judge, Lowe, son of the Bishop of Carlisle, was proverbially harsh; and as the mutinous sailors at Portsmouth had just been executed, the Government sacrificed poor Wall to avoid popular clamour. The scene at his execution was painful in the extreme, the crowd hailing him with three cheers, and the hangman lengthening his sufferings by mismanagement. Peltier's trial for libelling Napoleon is one of the most curious in these volumes. Peltier was found guilty, despite Mackintosh's brilliant speech for the defence; but war with Napoleon so soon followed, that he was never called up for judgment, and went on publishing the *Antique* as fearlessly as ever. Of all pitiable attempts at rebellion, that of Emmet was perhaps the most foolish, its folly being only outdone by the culpable supineness of the authorities, who, with a full knowledge of what was going on, either through negligence,

or from a desire to "bring matters to a head," took no measures to prevent the outbreak. Their conduct was bitterly attacked by Cobbett, who had just had his "Address on the Prospect of Invasion" printed at Government cost, and sent to the clergy for distribution among their flocks. He opened his *Political Register* to letters from Irish judges and others, denouncing the folly which had sacrificed Lord Kilwarden's life, and left the Irish capital at the mercy of a mob. Lord Melville's fault seems to have been simply gross carelessness in money matters; it had been customary for public officers to use the uncalled-for balances for their own transactions, trusting to make up in case of need. This they could not always do. Lord Holland, for instance, in 1778, went out of office owing some £480,000; and Lord Melville, it was urged, had done no worse than others. The whole case, as well as several others in the volumes, shows the strangely slipshod way in which, till quite the other day, our public revenue was handled. Whitbread conducted the prosecution, and by his oratorical mistakes gave abundant room for Canning's satire. Very similar is the case of Davison, prosecuted for great commissariat frauds, which chiefly resolved themselves into using for his own ends the unemployed balances, which, by drawing on the Treasury in advance of the real wants of the department, he took care should be very large. Picton's case resolves itself into a personal quarrel between him and Colonel Fullerton. The strange part of it is the delay, during which Picton was allowed to take his part in the Walcheren expedition; indeed, the court was still deliberating at the time of his death on the field of Waterloo. His conduct during the trial was very noble; though sorely pressed by the cost of litigation, he refused the Duke of Queensborough's offer of £10,000, and sent back the £4,000 which the inhabitants of Trinidad had given him, as soon as he heard that their chief town had been burnt to the ground. The trial of Cobbett, Leigh Hunt, and others, for comments on flogging in the army, are interesting as showing how freedom of speech has grown among us; the sentences, not seldom amounting to a thousand lashes, make us feel that Governor Wall's was a very hard case indeed.

Mr. Browne's second volume contains, amongst other matter, the Luddite trials, those of the Nottingham riots, and those which followed Peterloo, as well as the trial of Lord Cochrane for complicity in the De Berenger Stock Exchange frauds. Mr. Browne thinks that Lord Cochrane sacrificed himself to save his uncle, Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, who was undoubtedly mixed up in the plot; but the way in which he was dealt with is a deep slur on Lord Ellenborough's character. The spite which prompted him to sentence Lord Cochrane to the pillory, led, doubtless, to the abolition of that good old mode of punishment. Indeed, these very interesting volumes prove that, besides a change

for the better in our laws and manners, we can also boast that our judges are far freer from personal feeling than they were during the Georgian epoch. Though not pilloried, Lord Cochrane suffered indignities enough; his armorial bearings were torn down from their place in Henry VII.'s Chapel among the Knights of the Bath, and his banner kicked down the steps, by order of Lord Sidmouth.

CRIS IN A CRISIS.

Cries in a Crisis, for Statesmanship, Popular and Patriotic, to Test and Contest Free Trade in Manufactures Shammed in Concessive Treaties, Shackled with Repressive Duties, and Shattered by Aggressive Bounties, through which Deviations from le Libre Travail et la Libre Echange British Aids are unduly promoting Foreign Aims upon our Industries and Shipping: and to Constitutionally Preserve and Adjust the Empire and Emigration, Parliament and its Procedure, Warily and Warmly Recognising the Imperial Development and Imperative Demands of the Time. With an Appendix, containing the French Treaty, the French Shipping Bounty Scheme, and many Illustrative Extracts. Compiled by R. A. Macfie, of Dreghorn. London: Edward Stanford.

WE have quoted the whole of the title-page as the best means by which to give an idea of this collection of extracts, statistics, and comments. The publication seems to be in the interest of Fair Trade so called, which the compiler, although a Liberal and apparently a Free Trader in principle, advocates on the ground of retaliation or self-defence. It is not for us to enter into such a controversy. We only make two remarks. The excellent doctrine earnestly advocated on p. 18, "The good of the nation should be supreme," seems inconsistent with the author's argument. Surely the good of the nation means the good of the majority; and the overwhelming majority are the consumers, who, on the system of Fair Trade, would have to pay more for everything in the temporary interest of the minority. Again, while a Protectionist may advocate Fair Trade consistently enough, a Free Trader cannot. How can any one who believes that a Protectionist policy is folly for America or France advocate it for England?

WILSON'S NATIONAL BUDGET.


The National Budget, National Debt, Taxes and Rates. By A. J. Wilson. Macmillan.

OF all the numerous series which are quite a feature in the

book-making of the day, none deserves more praise than "The English Citizen." It deals with matters not readily accessible. Of biographies, if well written, we can scarcely have too many; but still the materials for them are within everybody's reach; and the lives given in the little brown or green volumes that begin to fill our shelves, have in nearly every case been written at least once before. But subjects like the Poor Law, the Electorate and the Legislature, the State and the Land, &c., are to a great extent outside the reading of most of us. The authorities on which they are based, blue-books, parliamentary returns, &c., are not favourite reading, and the consequence is that the cultured Englishman is too generally very ignorant of how he is governed, and how the Government has grown to be what it is. Even those who are keenly alive to the politics of the day have seldom time or taste enough to study those of bygone times. We are very thankful, therefore, for a set of little books in which such matters are calmly discussed. It is a very different thing to have a socio-political question viewed from every side with the intention of tracing its development, from what it is to have it presented by a partisan newspaper, or dilated on in a party harangue. The series aims at setting forth the details of the machinery whereby our Constitution works, and the broad lines upon which it has been constructed. The volume before us, for instance, gives a brief sketch of our earlier financial history, and then, from the Revolution downwards, draws from parliamentary returns the facts and figures of each successive period. Mr. Wilson also relies on Sir John Sinclair's *History of the Revenue*, a book which those who find his historical introduction meagre, will do well to consult. It is curious to find that as early as Richard II. a graduated income-tax was laid on, "to save the poor and make the rich sustain the State burden." Dukes paid ten marks, earls four pounds, barons forty shillings, &c. But this was violently resisted by the wealthier classes, who had influence enough to repeal it, and to substitute for it the poll-tax which caused Wat Tyler's rebellion. Notable also is the fact that the Post Office was a paying service so long as Charles II.'s time. He settled it on his brother, and when James II. ran away, it was bringing him in £65,000 a year. The Civil War had not hindered the growth of national wealth, any more than the Wars of the Roses had done at an earlier period. When James I. came to the throne the crown revenue was less than half a million; in James II.'s time it was more than two millions, the increase being partly due to improved modes of raising the revenue, but mainly to the increasing wealth of the country.

The different corn-laws which checked importation, and also stimulated exportation by bounties when the harvest was good, are discussed in detail; and so are the various forms of land-tax, that iniquitous device of the aristocracy for shirking their

feudal burdens. Land was held on condition of doing suit and service, and undertaking other duties. It was, as strictly as a clerical cure, a *beneficium*, not necessarily hereditary. How the landed proprietors, having established the principle of heredity, commuted all this for a ridiculously small money payment, Mr. Wilson tells well, but unfortunately he does not tell it all in one place. We have to make out the successive enactments in chapter after chapter, and the want of an index makes this trying work. The fact that land-tax is now paid on the valuation of 1692, and that if it was paid on the present value it would yield some twenty millions, is enough to show what a monstrous piece of class legislation it is. Mr. Wilson naturally notes the increase in local rates, which makes so many anxious for the establishment of county boards. He also points out how much of our income accrues from drink, though happily this is diminishing. He concludes with an interesting comparison between our budget and those of France and Belgium. In France the increase since 1867 has been more than sixty-four per cent. against twenty per cent. increase in our own country. Again we regret that the book is without an index; so valuable a series deserves that everything should be done to promote its usefulness.



END OF VOL. LVIII.

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